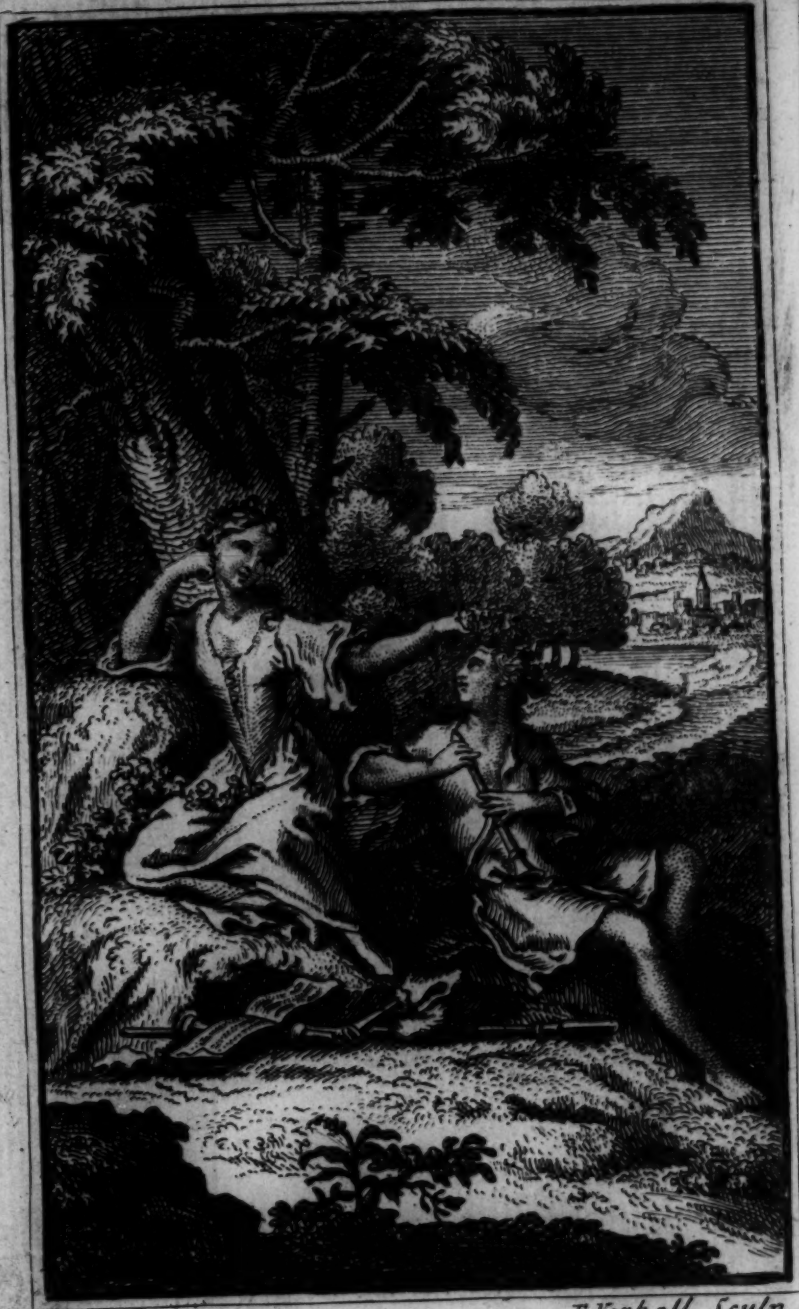






1078. l. 5.





E. Kirkall Sculp.

The FOURTH PART of
Miscellany Poems.

Containing Variety of New

TRANSLATIONS
OF THE
ANCIENT POETS:

Together with Several
ORIGINAL POEMS.

By the Most Eminent Hands.

Publish'd by Mr. *DRYDEN*.

The FIFTH EDITION.

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. TONSON in the *Strand*.

M DCC XXVII.

THE FOURTH PART OF
MILTON'S POEMS

Containing

TRANSLATIONS

OF
MILTON'S POEMS

TO WHICH IS ADDED

ORIGINAL POEMS.

42

6

27

374



LONDON

Printed for J. Tonson in the Strand

MDCCLXXII

T H E
C O N T E N T S.

To Sir Godfrey Kneller, Principal Painter to His Majesty. By Mr. Dryden. } Page 1

A Translation of all Virgil's Fourth Georgick, except the Story of Aristæus. By Mr. Jo. Addifon, of Mag. Col. Oxon. } P. 6

Prologue to the Queen, upon her Majesty's coming to see the Old Batchelour. By Mr. Congreve. } P. 17

To Cynthia Weeping and not Speaking. By Mr. Congreve. } P. 18

A Song. For St. Cecilia's Day at Oxford. By Mr. Jo. Addifon. } P. 20

The Enquiry after his Mistress. Written by Horatio Fownsend. } P. 22

To Anthony Hammond, Esq; By Mr. Charles Hopkins. } P. 23

The CONTENTS.

<i>A Song. By the same Hand.</i>	p. 25
<i>A Farewell to Poetry. By the same Hand.</i>	ibid.
<i>To Mr. Watson, on his Ephemeris of the Celestial Motions, presented to her Ma- jesty. By Mr. Yalden.</i>	p. 26
<i>Fortuna favo Læta negotio, &c. Out of Horace. By the late Duke of Buckingham.</i>	p. 28
<i>To the Honourable Mrs. Mohun, on her Recovery. By Mr. Charles Hop- kins.</i>	ibid.
<i>The Rape of Thentilla, imitated from the Latin of Famian. Strada. By Mr. Tho. Yalden.</i>	p. 30
<i>An Ode, for St. Cecilia's Day, 1693. Written by Mr. Tho. Yalden, and Com- posed by Mr. Daniel Purcell.</i>	p. 35
<i>The Dedication of the Version of Fra- castorius's Syphilis, to Dr. Thomas Hobbs.</i>	p. 37
<i>The Story of Ceyx and Halcyone: From the Eleventh Book of Ovid's Meta- morphoses. By Mr. Charles Hop- kins.</i>	p. 38
<i>The Force of Jealousie. To a Lady asking if her Sex was as sensible of that Passion as Men. By Mr. Tho. Yalden.</i>	p. 33
<i>To Mr. Dryden, upon his Translation of the Third Book of Virgil's Georgicks. Pindarick Ode. By Mr. John Dennis.</i>	p. 55
	The

The CONTENTS.

	<i>The Enjoyment. A Song.</i>	p. 57
	<i>The Enjoyment.</i>	ibid.
	<i>To his Perjur'd Mistress. From Horace.</i>	} p. 59
	By Mr. T. Yalden.	
	<i>Song. Advice to Cælia.</i>	p. 61
	<i>Cornelius Gallus Imitated. A Lyrick.</i>	} p. 62
	By my Lord R.	
	<i>To Walter Moyle, Esq; By Mr. Charles Hopkins.</i>	} p. 63
	<i>Horace, B. II. Ode XII. By Mr. Glanvil.</i>	} p. 64
	<i>In Imitation of Horace. Ode XXII. Written by Mr. Tho. Yalden.</i>	} p. 66
	<i>The Sixteenth Ode of the Second Book of Horace. Translated by an unknown Hand.</i>	} p. 67
	<i>Patroclus's Request to Achilles for his Arms. Imitated from the Beginning of the Sixteenth Iliad of Homer. By Mr. Tho. Yalden.</i>	} p. 69
	<i>A Song. By ———</i>	p. 71
	<i>An Epistle to Mr. B ——— By Mr. Fr. Knapp of Magdalen College in Oxford.</i>	} p. 72
	<i>To Myra. By Mr. George Granville.</i>	p. 75
	<i>Canonization. By Mr. J. Donne.</i>	p. 76
	<i>A Fever. By the same Hand.</i>	p. 77
	<i>Break of Day. By the same Hand.</i>	p. 78
	<i>Twicknam Garden. By the same Hand.</i>	p. 79
	<i>Confined Love. By the same Hand.</i>	p. 80
	<i>Love's Alchymy. By the same Hand.</i>	p. 81
		Batt

The CONTENTS.

<i>Batt upon Batt. To the Land and Praise of Bartholomew Kempster, Clerk, Poet, and Cutler, of Holy-Roods in South- ampton. By Dr. Speed, Physician at Southampton. Written in the Year 1679.</i>	}	p. 82
<i>A Song for St. Cecilia's Day, 1690. Writ- ten by Tho. Shadwell, Esq; Compos'd by Mr. King.</i>	}	p. 91
<i>Love's Martyr.</i>		p. 93
<i>Good Advice.</i>		p. 95
<i>The Lancashire Song.</i>		p. 96
<i>The Leather Bottel.</i>		p. 97
<i>The Maiden's Longing.</i>		p. 99
<i>The Hobgoblin.</i>		p. 101
<i>Sir Eglamore.</i>		ibid.
<i>The Gelding of the Devil.</i>		p. 104
<i>The Old Courtier.</i>		p. 106
<i>Narcissus.</i>		p. 109
<i>The Jovial Tinker.</i>		p. 110
<i>A Song.</i>		p. 113
<i>Experience.</i>		p. 114
<i>A Rant against Cupid.</i>		ibid.
<i>Song of Hey ho.</i>		p. 116
<i>Harry and Moll.</i>		ibid.
<i>The Indifferent. By Mr. J. Donne.</i>		p. 118
<i>The Bait. By the same Hand.</i>		p. 119
<i>The Broken Heart. By the same Hand.</i>		p. 120
<i>The Ecstasie. By the same Hand.</i>		p. 121
<i>A Valediction forbidding Mourning. By the same Hand.</i>	}	p. 123
		Love's

The CONTENTS.

<i>Love's Diet. By the same Hand.</i>	p. 124
<i>Love's Opportunity neglected. A Song.</i>	} p. 125
<i>By Mr. Nat. Lee.</i>	
<i>Song.</i>	p. 126
<i>Advice to Cupid: In a Song.</i>	p. 127
<i>Kisses, with an Addition.</i>	p. 128
<i>Song. By Mr. Glanvil.</i>	p. 129
<i>A Short Visit.</i>	p. 130
<i>The Passion of Dido for Æneas: As it is incomparably express'd in the Fourth Book of Virgil. Translated by S. Godolphin and E. Waller, Esqrs.</i>	} p. 131
<i>A Song.</i>	
<i>The Art of Poetry, Written in French by the Sieur de Boileau. Made English by Sir William Soame, Bar. And Revis'd and Alter'd by Mr. John Dryden.</i>	} p. 151
<i>The Imperfect Enjoyment.</i>	
<i>The Hind and the Panther. A Poem. In Three Parts. By Mr. Dryden.</i>	} p. 185
<i>A Song.</i>	
<i>The Voyage.</i>	ibid.
<i>Cupid's Pastime. By Sidney Godolphin, Esq;</i>	} p. 267
<i>A Poem dedicated to the Blessed Memory of her late Gracious Majesty Queen Mary. By Mr. Stepney.</i>	
<i>For the New Year: To the Sun. Intended to be Sung before their Majesties on New-Years-Day, 1693. Written by Mr. Prior at the Hague.</i>	} p. 273

The

The CONTENTS.

- The Duel.* By Henry Savil, Esq; Written soon after the Duel of the Stags. } p. 275
- Translated from Seneca's Troas. Act. II.* } p. 277
Chorus. By Mr. Glanvill.
- Horace, Book I. Ode XIII. By the } p. 278
same Hand.
- Horace, Book I. Ode XXIII. By the } p. 280
same Hand.
- An Account of the greatest English Poets.* }
To Mr. H. S. April 3, 1694. By } p. 281
Mr. Jo. Addison
- On the Happiness of a Retir'd Life.* By }
Mr. Charles Dryden. Sent to his Fa- } p. 285
ther from Italy.
- To my Lady Dursley, on her Reading* }
Milton's Paradise Lost. By Mr. } p. 288
Prior.
- Upon the Poems of the English Ovid,* }
Anacreon, Pindar and Virgil, Abra- } ibid.
braham Cowley, in Imitation of his }
own Pindarick Odes. By T. Sprat.
- News from Newcastle.* p. 296
- A Hymn to Harmony, written in Ho-* }
nour of St. Cecilia's Day, 1701. By } p. 300
Mr. Congreve. Set to Musick by Mr. }
John Eccles, Master of her Majesty's }
Musick.
- The Hypocrite, written upon the L. —* }
Shaft — in the Year 1678. By } p. 304.
Mr. Carryl.
- Prologue to the Prophetess. Written by* }
Mr. Dryden, and Spoken by Mr. } p. 306
Betterton.

The CONTENTS.

- The Vision of Ben. Johnson, on the
Muses of his Friend Michael Dray-
ton, Esq;* } p. 307
- To my Honour'd Friend Sir Robert
Howard, on his Excellent Poems. By
Mr. John Dryden.* } p. 310
- To the Lady Castlemain, upon her in-
couraging his first Play. By the same
Hand.* } p. 313
- A Poem to His Majesty, presented to the
Lord Keeper, in the Year 1695. By
Mr. Addison, of Magdalen College,
Oxon.* } p. 315
- Letters and Poems, Amorous and Gal-
lant. By William Walch, Esq;* } p. 329



T O

The CONTENTS

The Vision of Ben Jonson, in 1619	p. 507
Address of Sir Francis Michael Dwyer, Bart.	p. 510
To my Honoured Friend - Dr. Robert Howard, on his Excellent Poem, &c.	p. 510
Mr. John Dryden.	
To the Lady Catherine, upon her Poem, containing his first Play. By the same Poet.	p. 515
A Poem to His Majesty, presented to him, &c.	p. 517
Mr. Addison, of Middlesex County, Essex.	
Letters and Poems, &c. &c. &c. By William Walsh, Esq.	p. 523





T O

Sir *Godfrey Kneller*,

Principal Painter to His MAJESTY.

By Mr. DRYDEN.



NCE I beheld the fairest of her Kind;
(And still the sweet Idea charms my
Mind :)

True, she was dumb; for Nature gaz'd
so long,

Pleas'd with her Work, that she forgot

her Tongue :

But, smiling, said, She still shall gain the Prize ;

I only have transferr'd it to her Eyes.

Such are thy Pictures, *Kneller* : Such thy Skill,

That Nature seems obedient to thy Will :

Comes out, and meets thy Pencil in the Draught :

Lives there, and wants but words to speak her thought.

At least thy Pictures look a Voice ; and we

Imagine Sounds, deceiv'd to that degree,

We think 'tis somewhat more than just to see.

Shadows are but Privations of the Light,

Yet when we walk, they shoot before the Sight ;

With us approach, retire, arise, and fall ;

Nothing themselves, and yet expressing all.

VOL. IV.

B

Such

Such are thy Pieces, imitating Life
 So near, they almost conquer in the strife;
 And from their animated Canvass came,
 Demanding Souls; and loosen'd from the Frame.

Prometheus, were he here, wou'd cast away
 His *Adam*, and refuse a Soul to Clay:
 And either wou'd thy noble Work inspire;
 Or think it warm enough, without his Fire.

But vulgar Hands may vulgar Likeness raise,
 This is the least Attendant on thy Praise:
 From hence the Rudiments of Art began;
 A Coal, or Chalk, first imitated Man:
 Perhaps, the Shadow, taken on a Wall,
 Gave Out-lines to the rude Original:
 Ere Canvass yet was strain'd: before the Grace
 Of blended Colours found their use and place:
 Or Cypress Tablets first receiv'd a Face.

By slow degrees, the Godlike Art advanc'd;
 As Man grew polish'd, Picture was inhanc'd;
 Greece added Posture, Shade, and Perspective;
 And then the Mimick Piece began to Live.
 Yet Perspective was lame; no distance true;
 But all came forward in one common View:
 No point of Light was known, no bounds of Art;
 When Light was there, it knew not to depart:
 But glaring on remoter Objects play'd:
 Not languish'd, and insensibly decay'd.

Rome rais'd not Art, but barely kept alive;
 And with Old Greece, unequally did strive:
 'Till Goths, and Vandals, a rude Northern Race,
 Did all the matchless Monuments deface.
 Then all the Muses in one ruin lye;
 And Rhime began t'enervate Poetry.
 Thus in a stupid Military State,
 The Pen and Pencil find an equal Fate.
 Flat Faces, such as wou'd disgrace a Skreen,
 Such as in *Bantam's* Embassy were seen,
 Unrais'd, unrounded, were the rude delight
 Of Brutal Nations, only born to Fight.

MISCELLANY POEMS.

3

Long time the Sister Arts, in Iron sleep,
A heavy Sabbath did supinely keep :
At length in *Raphael's* Age, at once they rise ;
Stretch all their Limbs, and open all their Eyes.

Thence rose the *Roman*, and the *Lombard* Line :
One colour'd best, and one did best design.
Raphael's, like *Homer's*, was the nobler Part ;
But *Titian's* Painting look'd like *Virgil's* Art.

Thy Genius gives thee both ; where true Design,
Postures unforc'd, and lively Colours join.
Likeness is ever there ; but still the best,
Like proper Thoughts in lofty Language dress.
Where Light to Shades descending, plays, not strives ;
Dies by degrees, and by degrees revives.

Of various Parts a perfect Whole is wrought :
Thy Pictures think, and we Divine their Thought.

* *Shakespear*, thy Gift, I place before my Sight ;
With awe, I ask his Blessing ere I write ;
With Reverence look on his Majestick Face ;
Proud to be less ; but of his Godlike Race.
His Soul inspires me, while thy Praise I write,
And I like *Tenecer*, under *Ajax* Fight.

Bids thee, thro' me, be bold ; with dauntless Breast
Contemn the bad, and emulate the best.

Like his, thy Criticks in th' Attempt are lost :
When most they rail, know then, they envy most.

In vain they snarl a-loof ; a noisie Crowd,
Like Womens Anger, impotent and loud.

While they their barren Industry deplore,
Pass on secure ; and mind the Goal before :

Old as she is, my Muse shall march behind ;
Bear off the Blast, and intercept the Wind.

Our Arts are Sisters ; though not Twins in Birth ;
For Hymns were sung in *Eden's* happy Earth :

But oh, the Painter Muse, tho' last in place,
Has seiz'd the Blessing first, like *Jacob's* Race.

* *Shakespear's Picture* drawn by *Sir Godfrey Kneller*, and
given to the Author.

4 *The* FOURTH PART of

Apelles' Art an *Alexander* found ;
 And *Raphael* did with *Leo's Gold* abound ;
 But *Homer* was with barren *Laurel* crown'd,
 Thou hadst thy *Charles* a while, and so had I ;
 But pass we that unpleasing Image by,
 Rich in thy self ; and of thy self Divine,
 All Pilgrims come and offer at thy Shrine.
 A graceful Truth thy Pencil can Command :
 The Fair themselves go mended from thy Hand :
 Likeness appears in every Lineament ;
 But Likeness in thy Work is Eloquent :
 Tho' Nature there, her true Resemblance bears,
 A nobler Beauty in thy Piece appears.
 So warm thy Work, so glows the gen'rous Frame,
 Flesh looks less living in the lovely Dame.
 Thou paint'st as we describe, improving still,
 When on wild Nature we ingraft our Skill :
 But not creating Beauties at our Will.

But Poets are confin'd in narr'wer space,
 To speak the Language of their Native Place :
 The Painter widely stretches his Command :
 Thy Pencil speaks the Tongue of ev'ry Land,
 From hence, my Friend, all Climates are your own ;
 Nor can you forfeit, for you hold of none.
 All Nations, all Immunities will give
 To make you theirs ; where-e'er you please to live ;
 And not sev'n Cities, but the World wou'd strive.

Sure some propitious Planet then did smile,
 When first you were conducted to this Isle :
 (Our Genius brought you here, t' enlarge our Fame)
 (For your good Stars are ev'ry where the same)
 Thy matchless Hand, of ev'ry Region free,
 Adopts our Climate ; not our Climate thee.

* Great *Rome* and *Venice* early did impart
 To thee th' Examples of their wondrous Art.
 Those Masters then, but seen, not understood,
 With generous Emulation fir'd thy Blood :

* He travell'd very young into Italy.

MISCELLANY POEMS.

5

For what in Nature's Dawn the Child admir'd,
The Youth endeavour'd, and the Man acquir'd.

If yet thou hast not reach'd their high Degree,
'Tis only wanting to this Age, not thee.
Thy Genius, bounded by the Times, like mine,
Drudges on petty Draughts, nor dare design
A more exalted Work, and more Divine.

For what a Song, or senseless Opera
Is to the living Labour of a Play;
Or, what a Play to *Virgil's* Work wou'd be,
Such is a single Piece to History.

But we, who Life bestow, ourselves must live;
Kings cannot Reign, unless their Subjects give.
And they who pay the Taxes, bear the Rule:
Thus thou, sometimes, art forc'd to draw a Fool:
But so his Follies in thy Posture sink,
The senseless Idiot seems at last to think.

(Good Heav'n! that Sots and Knaves shou'd be so vain,
To wish their vile Resemblance may remain!
And stand recorded, at their own Request,
To future Days, a Libel or a Jest.)

Else shou'd we see your noble Pencil trace
Our Unities of Action, Time, and Place.
A Whole compos'd of Parts; and those the best;
With ev'ry various Character exprest.
Heroes at large; and at a nearer View;
Less, and at distance, an ignobler Crew.
While all the Figures in one Action join,
As tending to compleat the main Design.

More cannot be by mortal Art exprest;
But venerable Age shall add the rest.
For Time shall with his ready Pencil stand;
Retouch your Figures, with his ripening Hand;
Mellow your Colours, and imbrown the Teint;
Add every Grace, which Time alone can grant:
To future Ages shall your Fame convey;
And give more Beauties than he takes away.

*A Translation of all VIRGIL's Fourth
Georgick, except the Story of ARISTEUS.*

By Mr. JO. ADDISON, of Mag. Col. Oxon.

ET herial Sweets shall next my Muse engage,
And this, *Macenas*, claims your Patronage.
Of little Creatures wondrous Acts I treat,
The Ranks, and mighty Leaders of their State,
Their Laws, Employments, and their Wars relate.
A trifling Theam provokes my Humble Lays,
Trifling the Theam, not so the Poet's Praise :
If Great *Apollo*, and the Tuneful Nine
Join in the Piece, to make the Work Divine.

First, for your Bees a proper Station find,
That's fenc'd about, and shelter'd from the Wind ;
For Winds divert 'em in their Flight, and drive
The Swarms, when loaded homeward, from their Hive.
Nor Sheep, nor Goats, must pasture near their Stores,
To trample under foot the springing Flowers ;
Nor frisking Heifers bound about the place,
To spurn the Dew-drops off, and bruise the rising Grass :
Nor must the *Lizzard's* painted Brood appear,
Nor *Wood-pecks*, nor the *Swallow* harbour near.
These waste the Swarms, and as they fly along
Convey the tender Morsels to their Young.

Let purling Streams, and Fountains edg'd with Moss,
And shallow Rills run trickling through the Grass ;
Let branching Olives o'er the Fountain grow,
Or Palms shoot up, and shade the Streams below ;
That when the Youth, led by their Princes, shun
The crowded Hive, and sport it in the Sun,
Refreshing Springs may tempt 'em from the Heat,
And shady Coverts yield a cool Retreat.

Whether the neighbouring Water stands or runs,
Lay Twigs across, and bridge it o'er with Stones ;

That

That if rough Storms, or sudden blasts of Wind
Should dip, or scatter those that lag behind,
Here they may settle on the friendly Stone,
And dry their reeking Pinions at the Sun.
Plant all the flow'ry Banks with *Lavender*,
With store of *Sav'ry* scent the fragrant Air,
Let running *Betony* the Field o'erspread,
And Fountains soak the *Violets* dewy Bed.

Tho' Barks, or plaited *Willows* make your Hive,
A narrow Inlet to their Cells contrive;
For Colds congeal and freeze the Liquors up,
And, melted down with Heat, the waxen Buildings
The Bees, of both Extreame alike afraid, [drop.
Their Wax around the whistling Crannies spread,
And suck our clammy Dews from Herbs and Flow'rs,
To smear the Chinks, and plaister up the Pores:
For this they hoard up Glew, whose clinging Drops
Like Pitch, or Birdlime, hang in stringy Ropes.
They oft, 'tis said, in dark Retirements dwell,
And work in subterraneous Caves their Cell;
At other times th' industrious Insects live
In hollow Rocks, or make a Tree their Hive.

Point all their chinky Lodgings round with Mud,
And Leaves must thinly on your Work be strow'd;
But let no baleful Eugh-Tree flourish near,
Nor rotten Marshes send out streams of Mire;
Nor burning Crabs grow red, and crackle in the Fire.
Nor neigh'ring Caves return the dying sound,
Nor Ecchoing Rocks the doubled Voice rebound.
Things thus prepar'd —

When th' under-World is seiz'd with Cold, and Night,
And Summer here descends in streams of Light,
The Bees thro' Woods and Forests take their flight;
They rise ev'ry Flow'r, and lightly skim
The Crystal Brook, and sip the running Stream;
And thus they feed their Young with strange delight,
And knead the yielding Wax, and work the slimy Sweet.
But when on high you see the Bees repair,
Born on the Winds thro' distant tracts of Air,
And view the winged Cloud all blackning from afar;

While shady Coverts, and fresh Streams they chuse,
 Milfoil and common *Honey-suckles* bruise,
 And sprinkle on their Hives the fragrant Juice.
 On Brazen Vessels beat a tinkling sound,
 And shake the Cymbals of the Goddess round;
 Then all will hastily retreat, and fill
 The warm resounding Hollow of their Cell.

If once two Rival Kings their Right debate,
 And Factions and Cabals embroil the State,
 The Peoples Actions will their Thoughts declare;
 All their Hearts tremble, and beat thick with War;
 Hoarse broken sounds, like Trumpets harsh Alarms,
 Run thro' the Hive, and call 'em to their Arms;
 All in a hurry spread their shiv'ring Wings,
 And fit their Claws, and point their angry Stings;
 In Crowds before the King's Pavillion meet,
 And boldly challenge out the Foe to fight:
 At last, when all the Heav'ns are warm and fair,
 They rush together out, and join; the Air
 Swarms thick, and eccho's with the Humming War.
 All in a firm round Cluster mix, and strow
 With Heaps of little Corps, the Earth below;
 As thick as Hail-stones from the Floor rebound,
 Or shaken Acorns rattle on the Ground.
 No sense of Danger can their Kings Controul,
 Their little Bodies lodge a mighty Soul:
 Each obstinate in Arms, pursues his Blow,
 'Till shameful Flight secures the routed Foe.
 This hot Dispute, and all this mighty Fray,
 A little Dust flung upward will allay.

But when both Kings are settl'd in their Hive,
 Mark him who looks the worst, and lest he live
 Idle at home in Ease and Luxury,
 The Lazy Monarch must be doom'd to Die;
 So let the Royal Insect rule alone,
 And Reign without a Rival in his Throne.

The Kings are different; one of better Note
 All speckt with Gold, and many a shining Spot,
 Looks gay, and glistens in a gilded Coat;

But

But love of Ease, and Sloth in one prevails,
That scarce his Hanging Paunch behind him trails :
The Peoples Looks are different as their King's,
Some sparkle bright, and glitter in their Wings;
Others look loathsome and diseas'd with Sloth,
Like a faint Traveller whose dusty Mouth
Grows dry with Heat, and spits a maukish Froth.
The first are Best -----

From their o'erflowing Combs, you'll often press
Pure luscious Sweets, that mingling in the Glass,
Correct the Harshness of the Racy Juice,
And a rich Flavour through the Wine diffuse.
But when they sport abroad, and rove from home,
And leave the cooling Hive, and quit th' unfinished
Comb ;

Their Airy Ramblings are with ease confin'd :
Clip their King's Wings, and if They stay behind,
No bold Usurper dares Invade their Right,
Nor sound a March, nor give the Sign for Flight.
Let flow'ry Banks entice 'em to their Cells,
And Gardens all Perfum'd with Native Smells ;
Where Carv'd *Priapus* has his fix'd abode,
The Robbers Terror, and the Scare-crow God.
Wild *Tyme* and *Pine-Trees* from their Barren Hill
Transplant, and nurse 'em in the Neighbouring Soil,
Set Fruit-Trees round, nor e'er indulge thy Sloth,
But Water 'em, and urge their shady Growth,

And here, perhaps, were not I giving o'er,
And striking Sail, and making to the Shore,
I'd shew what Art the Gard'ners Toils require,
Why Rosy *Pastum* Blushes twice a Year ;
What Streams the verdant *Succory* supply,
And how the Thirsty Plant drinks Rivers dry ;
What with a chearful Green does *Parsley* grace,
And writhes the bellying *Cucumber* along the twisted
Nor wou'd I pass the soft *Acanthus* o'er, [Grass ;
Ivy nor *Myrtle-Trees* that love the Shore ;
Nor *Daffadils*, that late from Earth's slow Womb
Unrumples their swoln Buds, and shew their yellow
Bloom.

For once I saw in the *Tarentine* Vale,
 Where slow *Galefus* drencht the washy Soil,
 An old *Corician* Yeoman, who had got
 A few neglected Acres to his Lot,
 Where neither Corn nor Pasture grac'd the Field,
 Nor wou'd the Vine her Purple Harvest yield;
 But sav'ry Herbs among the Thorns were found,
Vervain and *Poppy-flowers* his Garden crown'd,
 And drooping *Lillies* whiten'd all the Ground.
 Blest with these Riches he cou'd Empires flight,
 And when he rested from his Toils at Night,
 The Earth unpurchas'd Dainties wou'd afford,
 And his own Garden furnish out his Board:
 The Spring did first his op'ning *Roses* blow,
 First ripening Autumn bent his fruitful Bough,
 When piercing Colds had burst the brittle Stone,
 And freezing Rivers stiffen'd as they run,
 He then wou'd prune the tender'st of his Trees,
 Chide the late Spring, and lingring Western Breeze:
 His Bees first swarm'd, and made his Vessels foam
 With the rich squeezing of the juicy Comb.
 Here *Lindons* and the sappy *Pine* increas'd;
 Here, when gay Flow'rs his smiling Orchard drest,
 As many Blossoms as the Spring cou'd show,
 So many dangling Apples mellow'd on the Bough.
 In Rows his Elms and knotty Pear-trees bloom,
 And Thorns ennobled now to bear a Plumb.
 And spreading Plane-trees, where supinely laid
 He now enjoys the Cool, and quaffs beneath the Shade.
 But these for want of room I must omit,
 And leave for future Poets to recite.

Now I'll proceed their Natures to declare,
 Which *Jove* himself did on the Bees confer;
 Because, invited by the *Timbrel's* sound,
 Lodg'd in a Cave, th' Almighty Babe they found,
 And the young God nurst kindly under Ground.

Of all the wing'd Inhabitants of Air,
 These only make their young the Publick Care;
 In well-dispos'd Societies they Live,
 And Laws and Statutes regulate their Hive;

Nor stray, like others, unconfin'd abroad,
 But know set Stations and a fix'd Aboard :
 Each provident of Cold, in Summer flies
 Thro' Fields, and Woods, to seek for new Supplies,
 And in the common Stock unlades his Thighs.

Some watch the Food, some in the Meadows ply,
 Taste ev'ry Bud, and suck each Blossom dry ;
 Whilst others, lab'ring in their Cells at home,
 Temper *Narcissus'* clammy Tears with Gum,
 For the first Ground-work of the Golden Comb ;
 On this they found their Waxed Works, and raise
 The Yellow Fabrick on its Glewy Base.

Some educate the Young, or hatch the Seed
 With vital warmth, and future Nations breed ;
 Whilst others thicken all the slimy Dews,
 And into purest Honey work the Juice ;
 Then fill the Hollows of the Comb, and swell
 With luscious *Nectar*, ev'ry flowing Cell.

By turns they Watch, by turns with curious Eyes
 Survey the Heav'ns, and search the clouded Skies,
 To find out breeding Storms, and tell what Tem-
 pests rise.

By turns they ease the loaden Swarms, or drive
 The Drone, a lazy Insect, from their Hive.
 The Work is warmly ply'd through all the Cells,
 And strong with *Tyme* the new-made Honey smells.

So in their Caves the brawny *Cyclops* sweat,
 When with huge strokes the stubborn Wedge they beat,
 And All th' unshapen Thunder-Bolt compleat ;
 Alternately their Hammers rise and fall ;

Whilst Gripping Tongs turn round the Glowing Ball.
 With puffing Bellows some the Flames increase,
 And some in Waters dip the hissing Mass ;
 Their beaten Anvils dreadfully resound,
 And *Etna* shakes all o'er, and thunders under Ground.

Thus, if great Things we may with small compare,
 The busy Swarms their different Labours share.
 Desire of Profit urges all Degrees ;
 The Aged Insects, by Experience Wise,

Attend

Attend the Comb, and fashion ev'ry part;
 And shape the Waxen Fret-work out with Art:
 The young at Night, returning from their Toils,
 Bring home their Thighs clog'd with the Meadows
 On *Lavender*, and *Saffron* Buds they feed, [Spoils.
 On Bending *Osfers*, and the Balmy *Reed*,
 From purple *Violets* and the *Teile*, they bring
 Their gather'd Sweets, and rifle all the Spring.

All Work together, all together Rest,
 The Morning still renews their Labours past;
 Then all rush out, their diff'rent Tasks pursue,
 Sit on the Bloom, and suck the rip'ning Dew;
 Again when Ev'ning warns 'em to their Home,
 With *weary Wings*, and *heavy Thighs* they come,
 And crowd about the Chink, and mix a drowsie
 Hum.

Into their Cells at length they gently creep,
 There all the Night their peaceful Station keep,
 Wrapt up in Silence, and dissolv'd in Sleep.
 None range abroad when Winds or Storms are nigh,
 Nor trust their Bodies to a faithless Sky,
 But make small Journeys, with a careful Wing,
 And fly to Water at a neighb'ring Spring;
 And lest their airy Bodies should be cast
 In restless Whirls, the sport of ev'ry Blast,
 They carry Stones to poise 'em in their Flight,
 As Ballast keeps th' unsteady Vessel right.

But of all Customs that the Bees can boast,
 'Tis this may challenge Admiration most;
 That none will *Hymen's* softer Joys approve,
 Nor waste their Spirits in Luxurious Love,
 But All a long Virginity maintain,
 And bring forth Young without a Mother's Pain:
 From Herbs and Flow'rs they pick each tender Bee,
 And cull from Plants a Buzzing Progeny;
 From these they chuse out Subjects, and create
 A little Monarch of the Rising State;
 Then build Wax-Kingdoms for the Infant Prince,
 And form a Palace for his Residence.

But

But often in their Journeys, as they fly,
On Flints they tear their silken Wings, or lye }
Gro'ling beneath their flow'ry Load, and die. }
Thus Love of Honey can an Insect fire,
And in a Fly such gen'rous Thoughts inspire.
Yet by repeopling their decaying State,
Tho' sev'n short Springs conclude their vital Date,
Their ancient Stocks eternally remain,
And, in an endless Race, the Childrens Children Reign.

No Prostrate Vassal of the East can more
With slavish Fear his haughty Prince adore;
His Life unites 'em all; but when he dies,
All in loud Tumults and Distractions rise;
They waste their Honey, and their Combs deface,
And wild Confusions reigns in every Place.
Him all admire, all the great Guardian own,
And croud about his Courts, and buz about his Throne.
Oft on their Backs their weary Prince they bear,
Oft in his Cause embattl'd in the Air, }
Pursue a glorious Death, in Wounds and War. }

" Some from such Instances as these have taught
" The Bees Extract is Heav'nly; for they thought
" The Universe alive; and that a Soul
" Diffus'd throughout the Matter of the whole,
" To all the vast unbounded Frame was giv'n,
" And ran through Earth, and Air, and Sea, and all
the Deep of Heav'n;
" That This first kindled Life in Man and Beast,
" Life that again flows into This at last.
" That no compounded Animal cou'd die,
" But when dissolv'd; the Spirit mounted high, }
" Dwelt in a Star; and settl'd in the Sky. }

When-e'er their balmy Sweets you mean to seize,
And take the liquid Labours of the Bees,
Spirt Draughts of Water from your Mouth, and drive
A loathsome Cloud of Smoke amidst their Hive.

Twice in the Year their Flow'ry Toils begin,
And twice they fetch their Dewy Harvest in;
Once when the lovely *Pleiades* arise,
And add fresh Lustre to the Summer Skies;

14 *The FOURTH PART of*

And once when hast'ning from the wat'ry Sign
They quit their Station, and forbear to Shine.

The Bees are prone to Rage, and often found
To Perish for Revenge, and die upon the Wound.
Their venom'd Sting produces aking Pains,
And swells the Flesh, and shoots among the Veins.

When first a cold hard Winter's Storms arrive,
And threaten Death, or Famine to their Hive,
If now their sinking State and low Affairs
Can move your Pity, and provoke your Cares,
Fresh burning Tyme before their Cells convey,
And cut their dry and husky Wax away;
For often Lizzards seize the luscious Spoils,
Or Drones that Riot on another's Toils:
Oft Broods of *Moths* infest the Hungry Swarms,
And oft the furious *Wasp* their Hive alarms
With louder Hums, and with unequal Arms;
Or else the *Spider* at their Entrance sets
Her Snares, and spins her Bowels into Nets.

When Sicknes reigns (for they as well as we
Feel all th' Effects of frail Mortality)
By certain Marks the new Disease is seen,
Their Colour changes, and their Looks are thin;
Their Fun'ral Rites are form'd, and every Bee
With Grief attends the sad Solemnity;
The few Diseas'd Survivors hang before
Their sickly Cells, and droop about the Door,
Or slowly in their Hives their Limbs unfold,
Shrunk up with Hunger, and benum'd with Cold;
In drawling Hums, the feeble Insects grieve,
And doleful Buzzes ecchio thro' the Hive,
Like Winds that softly murmur thro' the Trees,
Like Flames pent up, or like retiring Seas.
Now lay fresh Honey near their empty Rooms,
In Troughs of hollow Reeds, whilst frying Gums
Cast round a fragrant Mist of Spicy Fumes.
Thus kindly tempt the famish'd Swarm to eat,
And gently reconcile 'em to their Meat.
Mix Juice of *Galls*, and *Wine*, that grow in time
Condens'd by *Fire*, and thicken to a Slime;

To

To these dry'd *Roses*, *Tyme* and *Cent'ry* join,
And *Raisins* ripen'd on the *Psythian* Vine.

Besides there grows a Flow'r in Marshy Ground,
Its Name *Amellus*, easie to be found;
A mighty Spring works in its Root, and cleaves
The sprouting Stalk, and shews it self in Leaves:
The Flow'r it self is of a golden Hue,
The Leaves inclining to a darker Blue;
The Leaves shoot thick about the Flow'r, and grow
Into a Bush, and shade the Turf below:
The Plant in holy Garlands often twines
The Altars Posts, and beautifies the Shrines;
Its Taste is sharp, in Vales new-thorn it grows,
Where *Mella's* Stream in wat'ry Mazes flows.
Take plenty of its Roots, and boil 'em well
In Wine, and heap 'em up before the Cell.

But if the whole Stock fail, and none survive;
To raise new People, and recruit the Hive,
I'll here the great Experiment declare,
That spread th' *Arcadian* Shepherd's Name so far,
How Bees from Blood of slaughter'd Bulls have fled,
And Swarms amidst the Red Corruption bred.

For where th' *Egyptians* yearly see their Bounds
Refresh'd with Floods, and sail about their Grounds,
Where *Persia* borders, and the rolling *Nile*
Drives swiftly down the swarthy *Indians* Soil,
'Till into sev'n it multiplies its Stream,
And fattens *Egypt* with a fruitful Slime:
In this last Practice all their Hope remains,
And long Experience justifies their Pains.

First then a close contracted space of Ground,
With streighten'd Walls and low-built Roof, they found;
A narrow shelving Light is next assign'd
To all the Quarters, one to ev'ry Wind;
Through these the glancing Rays obliquely pierce:
Hither they lead a Bull that's young and fierce,
When *two-years* growth of Horn he proudly shows,
And shakes the comely Terrours of his Brows:
His Nose and Mouth, the Avenues of Breath,
They muzzle up, and beat his Limbs to death;

With

With Violence to Life, and stifling Pain.
 He flings and spurns, and tries to snort in vain,
 Loud heavy Mows fall thick on ev'ry Side,
 'Till his bruis'd Bowels burst within the Hide,
 When dead, they leave him *Rotting* on the Ground,
 With Branches, *Tyme* and *Cassia* strew'd around.
 All this is done when first the Western Breeze
 Becalms the Year, and smooths the troubled Seas;
 Before the chatt'ring Swallow builds her Nest,
 Or Fields in Spring's Embroidery are drest.
 Mean-while the tainted Juice ferments within,
 And Quickens as it works: And now are seen
 A wond'rous Swarm, that o'er the Carcass crawls,
 Of shapeless, rude, unfinish'd Animals.
 No Legs at first the Insects Weight sustain,
 At length it moves its new-made Limbs with Pain;
 Now strikes the Air with quiv'ring Wings, and tries
 To lift its Body up, and learns to rise;
 Now bending Thighs and gilded Wings it wears
 Full grown, and all the Bee at length appears;
 From every Side the fruitful Carcass pours
 Its swarming Brood, as thick as Summer-show'rs,
 Or Flights of Arrows from the *Parthian* Bows,
 When twanging Strings first shoot 'em on the Foes.
 Thus have I sung the Nature of the Bee;
 While *Cesar*, tow'ring to Divinity,
 The frighted *Indians* with his Thunder aw'd,
 And claim'd their *Homage*, and commenc'd a *God*;
 I flourish'd all the while in Arts of Peace,
 Retir'd, and shelter'd in inglorious Ease:
 I who before the Songs of Shepherds made,
 When gay and young my rural Lays I play'd,
 And set my *Tityrus* beneath his Shade.



*Prologue to the QUEEN, upon Her
MAJESTY'S coming to see the Old
Batchelor.*

By Mr. CONGREVE.

BY this repeated Act of Grace, we see
Wit is again the Care of Majesty;
And while thus honour'd our proud Stage appears,
We seem to rival ancient Theatres.
Thus flourish'd Wit in our Forefathers Age,
And thus the Roman and Athenian Stage.

Whose Wit is best, we'll not presume to tell;
But this we know, our Audience will excel:
For never was in Rome, nor Athens, seen
So fair a Circle, and so bright a Queen.

Long has the Muses Land been over-cast,
And many rough and stormy Winters past;
Hid from the World, and thrown in Shades of Night,
Of Heat depriv'd, and almost void of Light:
While Wit, a hardy Plant, of Nature bold,
Has struggled strongly with the killing Cold:
So does it still through Opposition grow,
As if its Root was warmer kept by Snow:
But when shot forth, then draws the Danger near,
On ev'ry Side the gath'ring Winds appear,
And Blasts destroy that Fruit, which Frosts wou'd spare.
But now, new Vigour and new Life it knows,
And Warmth that from this Royal Presence flows.

O wou'd She shine with Rays more frequent here!
How Gay wou'd then this drooping Land appear!
Then, like the Sun, with Pleasure might she view
The smiling Earth, cloath'd by her Beams anew.
O'er all the Meads shou'd various Flowers be seen,
Mix'd with the Laurel's never-fading Green,
The new Creation of a Gracious Queen.

To CYNTHIA Weeping and not
Speaking.

By Mr. CONGREVE.

E L E G Y.

WHY are these Hours, which Heav'n in pity lent
To longing Love, in fruitless Sorrow spent?
Why Sighs my Fair? Why does that Bosom move
With any Passion stirr'd, but rising Love?
Can Discontent find Place within that Breast,
On whose soft Pillows ev'n Despair might rest?
Divide thy Woes, and give me my sad Part,
I am no Stranger to an aking Heart;
Too well I know the Force of inward Grief,
And well can bear it, to give you Relief:
All Love's severest Pangs I can endure;
I can bear Pain, tho' hopeless of a Cure.
I know what 'tis to Weep, and Sigh, and Pray,
To wake all Night, yet dread the breaking Day;
I know what 'tis to Wish, and Hope, and all in vain,
And meet, for humble Love, unkind Disdain;
Anger, and Hate, I have been forc'd to bear,
Nay Jealousie — and I have felt Despair.
These Pains, for you, I have been forc'd to prove,
For Cruel you, when I began to Love.
'Till warm Compassion took at length my Part,
And melted to my Wish your yielding Heart.
O the dear Hour, in which you did resign!
When round my Neck your willing Arms did twine,
And, in a Kiss, you said your Heart was mine.
Thro' each returning Year, may that Hour be
Distinguish'd in the Rounds of all Eternity;
Gay be the Sun, that Hour, in all his Light,
Let him collect the Day, to be more bright,
Shine all, that Hour, and all the rest be Night.

And

And shall I all this Heav'n of Bliss receive
From you, yet not lament to see you grieve!
Shall I, who nourish'd in my Breast Desire,
When your cold Scorn, and Frowns forbid the Fire;
Now when a mutual Flame you have reveal'd,
And the dear Union of our Souls are seal'd,
When all my Joys compleat in you I find,
Shall I not share the Sorrows of your Mind?
O tell me, tell me all ---- whence does arise
This Flood of Tears? whence are these frequent Sighs?
Why does that Lovely Head like a fair Flow'r
Oppress'd with Drops of a hard-falling Show'r,
Bend with its Weight of Grief, and seem to grow
Downward to Earth, and kiss the Root of Woe?
Lean on my Breast, and let me fold thee fast;
Lock'd in these Arms, think all thy Sorrows past;
Or, what remain, think lighter made by me;
So I shou'd think, were I so held by thee.
Murmur thy Complaints, and gently wound my Ears,
Sigh on my Lip, and let me drink thy Tears;
Join to my Cheek thy cold and dewy Face,
And let pale Grief to growing Love give place.
O speak ---- for Woe in Silence most appears;
Speak, ere my Fancy magnifie my Fears.
Is there a Cause, which Words cannot express!
Can I not bear a Part, or make it less?
I know not what to think ---- Am I in Fault?
I have not, to my Knowledge, err'd in Thought,
Nor wander'd from my Love, nor wou'd I be
Lord of the World, to live depriv'd of thee.
You weep a-fresh, and at that Word you start!
Am I to be depriv'd then? ---- must we part!
Curse on that Word so ready to be spoke,
For through my Lips, unmeant by me, it broke.
Oh no, we must not, will not, cannot part,
And my Tongue talks unprompted by my Heart.
Yet speak, for my Distraction grows apace,
And racking Fears and restless Doubts increase;
And Fears and Doubts to Jealousie will turn;
The hottest Hell, in which a Heart can burn.

A SONG. For St. CECILIA's Day
at Oxford.

By Mr. Jo. ADDISON.

I.

CECILIA, whose exalted Hymns
With Joy and Wonder fill the Blest,
In Quires of warbling Seraphims
Known and distinguish'd from the rest,
Attend, harmonious Saint, and see
Thy vocal Sons of Harmony;
Attend, harmonious Saint, and hear our Pray'rs;
Enliven all our Earthly Airs,
And, as thou sing'st thy God, teach us to sing of thee:
Tune ev'ry String and ev'ry Tongue,
Be thou the Muse and Subject of our Song.

II.

Let all Cecilia's Praise proclaim,
Employ the Eccho in her Name.
Hark how the Flutes and Trumpets raise,
At bright Cecilia's Name, their Lays,
The Organ labours in her Praise.
Cecilia's Name does all our Numbers grace,
From ev'ry Voice the tuneful Accents fly,
In soaring Trebles, now it rises high,
And now it sinks, and dwells upon the Base.
Cecilia's Name through all the Notes we Sing,
The Work of ev'ry skilful Tongue,
The Sound of ev'ry trembling String,
The Sound and Triumph of our Song.

III.

For ever Consecrate the Day,
To Musick and Cecilia;
Musick, the greatest Good that Mortals know,
And all of Heav'n we have below:
Musick can noble Hints impart,
Engender Fury, kindle Love;

With

With unsuspected Eloquence can move,
 And manage all the Man with secret Art.
 When *Orpheus* strikes the trembling Lyre,
 The Streams stand still, the Stones admire;
 The listning Savages advance,
 The Wolf and Lamb around him trip,
 The Bears in aukward Measures leap,
 And Tigers mingle in the Dance.
 The moving Woods attended as he play'd,
 And *Rhodope* was left without a Shade.

IV.

Musick, Religious Heats inspires,
 It wakes the Soul, and lifts it high,
 And wings it with sublime Desires,
 And fits it to bespeak the Deity.
 Th' Almighty listens to a tuneful Tongue,
 And seems well-pleas'd, and courted with a Song.
 Soft moving Sounds, and Heav'nly Airs,
 Give Force to ev'ry Word, and recommend our
 When Time it self shall be no more, [Pray'rs.
 And all things in Confusion hurl'd,
 Musick shall then exert its Pow'r,
 And Sound survive the Ruins of the World:
 Then Saints and Angels shall agree
 In one eternal Jubilee:
 All Heav'n shall Eccho with their Hymns Divine,
 And God himself with pleasure see
 The whole Creation in a Chorus join.

CHORUS.

Consecrate the Place and Day,
 To Musick and *Cecilia*.
 Let no rough Winds approach, or dare
 Invade the hallow'd Bounds,
 Nor rudely shake the tuneful Air,
 Nor spoil the fleeting Sounds.
 Nor mournful Sigh nor Groan be heard,
 But Gladness dwell on ev'ry Tongue;
 Whilst all, with Voice and Strings prepar'd,
 Keep up the loud harmonious Song,

And

22 *The FOURTH PART of*

And imitate the Blest above
In Joy, and Harmony, and Love.

The Enquiry after his Mistress.

Written by HORATIO TOWNSEND.

THOU Shepherd, whose intentive Eye,
O'er ev'ry Lamb, is such a Spie,
No wily Fox can make 'em less,
Where may I find my Shepherdess?

II.

A little pausing, then said he,
How can that Jewel stray from thee?
In Summer's Heat, in Winter's Cold,
I thought thy Breast had been her Fold.

III.

That is indeed the constant Place,
Wherein my Thoughts still see her Face,
And print her Image in my Heart;
But yet my fond Eyes crave a Part.

IV.

With that he smiling said, I might
Of *Chloris* partly have a Sight,
And some of her Perfections meet
In ev'ry Flower was Fresh and Sweet.

V.

The growing Lillies bear her Skin,
The Violets her blue Veins within;
The blushing Rose new-blown and spread
Her sweeter Cheeks, her Lips the Red.

VI.

The Winds that wanton with the Spring,
Such Odours as her Breathing bring;
But the Resemblance of her Eyes,
Was never found beneath the Skies.

VII. Her

VII.

Her charming Voice who strives to hit,
His Object must be higher yet;
For Heav'n, and Earth, and all we see
Dispers'd, collected is but she.

VIII.

Amaz'd at this Discourse, methought
Love and Ambition in me wrought,
And made me covet to engross
A Wealth wou'd prove a publick Loss.

IX.

With that I sigh'd, asham'd to see
Such Worth in her, such Want in me;
And closing both mine Eyes, forbid
The World my Sight, since she was hid.

To ANTHONY HAMMOND, Esq;

By Mr. CHARLES HOPKINS.

AS when a Prophet feels the God retir'd,
By whom he had a long time lain inspir'd,
His Eyes no more with sacred Fury rous'd,
No more divine Impulses move his Soul:
The Fires that warm'd him, with the God are gone,
The Deity with-drawn, the Charm is done:
So now my Muse can no more Rapture boast,
Since you went hence, her Inspiration's lost.
Robb'd of her Flame, all languishing she lyes,
And, Swan-like, only sings before she dies.
But you, my Friend, to different Fortune move,
And crown your Days with Wine, your Nights with
In endless Bliss, unbounded Time you waste, [Love.
Your ravishing Delights for ever last.
Long, long ere this, you've often been possess'd,
Of all your Wish could frame to make you blest.

When

When you, and *Southern*, *Moyle*, and *Congreve* meet,
 The best good Men, with the best-natur'd Wit,
 Good Wine, good Company, the better Feast,
 And whene'er *Wicherly* is present, best,
 Then, then your Joys are perfectly compleat,
 And sacred Wit is at the noblest Height.
 Oh! how I long to be allow'd to share,
 And gain a Fame, by mingling with you there.
 The Country now can be no longer born,
 And since you first are gone, I must return;
 I come, I come, dear *Hammond*, to pursue
 Pleasures I cannot know, depriv'd of you.
 Restless, as Lovers, 'till we meet, I live,
 And envy this, because 'twill first arrive.
 With Joy I learnt, *Dryden* designs to crown
 All the great Things he has already done.
 No Loss, no Change of Vigour, can he feel;
 Who dares attempt the sacred *Mantuan* still.
 Adieu -----

And yet methinks, I owe too much to you,
 To part so coldly with a bare Adieu.
 But what Requital can I make you more?
 You've put all Recompence beyond my Power.
 Fain wou'd my working Thoughts contrive a Way;
 For ev'ry gen'rous Man's in Pain to pay.
 'Tis not a suitable Return I give,
 Yet what it is, my best-good Friend receive;
 Take the best Wishes of a grateful Soul;
Congreve, and *Moyle*, and you, possess it whole.
 Take all the Thanks a Country Muse can send,
 And in accepting this, oblige your Friend.



A S O N G.

By the same Hand.

I.

AFTER the Pangs of fierce Desire,
The Doubts and Hopes that wait on Love,
And feed, by turns, the raging Fire;
How charming must Fruition prove!

II.

When the triumphant Lover feels
None of those Pains, which once he bore;
Or, when reflecting on his Ills,
He makes his present Pleasure more.

III.

To Mariners, who long have lain
On a tempestuous Ocean tost,
The Storms, that threatned on the Main,
Serve only to indear the Coast.

A FAREWELL to POETRY.

By the same Hand.

AS famish'd Men, whom pleasing Dreams delude,
Seem to grow full with their imagin'd Food:
Appease their Hunger, and indulge their Taste,
With fancy'd Dainties, while their Visions last:
'Till some rude Hand breaks up the flatt'ring Scene;
Awaken'd, with Regret, they starve again:
So the false Muse prepares her vainer Feasts,
And so she treats her disappointed Guests:

She promises vast Things, immortal Fame,
 Vast Honour, vast Applause, a deathless Name;
 But well awake, we find it all a Dream.
 She tells soft Tales, with an enchanting Tongue,
 And lulls our Souls, with the bewitching Song:
 How she, alone, makes Heroes truly Great;
 How, dead long since, she keeps them living yet.
 Shews her *Parnassus*, like a flow'ry Grove,
 Fair, and Delightful, as the Bowers above;
 The fittest Place for Poetry and Love.
 We hunt the Pleasures thro' the fairy Coast,
 'Till in our fruitless Search our selves are lost.
 So the great Artist drew the lively Scene
 Where hungry Birds snatch'd at the Grapes in vain.
 Tir'd with the Chase, I give the Phantom o'er,
 And am resolv'd to be deceiv'd no more.
 Thus the fond Youth, who long, in vain, has strove,
 With the fierce Pangs of unsuccessful Love;
 With Joy, like mine, breaks the perplexing Chain,
 Freed, by some happy Chance, from all his Pain,
 With Joy, like mine, he grows himself again.

To Mr. WATSON, on his *Ephemeris*
 of the *Celestial Motions*, presented to
 Her Majesty.

By Mr. YALDEN.

ART, when in full Perfection, is design'd
 To please the Eye, or to inform the Mind:
 This Nobler Piece performs the double Part,
 With graceful Beauty, and instructive Art.
 Since the great *Archimedes*' Sphere was lost,
 The noblest Labour finish'd it cou'd boast:
 No generous Hand durst that fam'd Model trace,
 Which Greece admir'd, and Rome cou'd only praise.

This you, with greater Lustre, have restor'd;
 And taught those Arts we ignorantly ador'd:
 Motion in full Perfection here you've shown,
 And what Mankind despair'd to reach, have done.

In Artful Frames your Heav'nly Bodies move,
 Scarce brighter in their beauteous Orbs above:
 And Stars depriv'd of all malignant Flames,
 Here court the Eye, with more auspicious Beams.
 In graceful Order the just Planets rise,
 And here compleat their Circles in the Skies:
 Here's the full Consort of revolving Spheres,
 And Heav'n in bright Epitomy appears.

With Charms the Ancients did invade the Moon,
 And from her Orb compell'd her struggling down:
 But here she's taught a Nobler Change by you,
 And moves with Pride in this bright Sphere below.
 While your Celestial Bodies thus I view,
 They give me bright Ideas of the true:
 Inspir'd by them, my Thoughts dare upward move,
 And visit Regions of the Blest above.

Thus from your Hand w' admire the Globe in small,
 A Copy fair as its Original:
 This Labour's to the whole Creation just,
 Second to none, and Rival to the First.
 The artful Spring, like the diffusive Soul,
 Informs the Machine, and directs the whole:
 Like Nature's Self, it fills the spacious Throne,
 And unconfin'd sways the fair Orbs alone;
 Th' unactive Parts with awful Silence wait,
 And from its Nod their Birth of Motion date:
 Like Chaos, they obey the pow'rful Call,
 Move to its Sound, and into Measures fall.



She promises vast Things, immortal Fame,
 Vast Honour, vast Applause, a deathless Name;
 But well awake, we find it all a Dream.
 She tells soft Tales, with an enchanting Tongue,
 And lulls our Souls, with the bewitching Song:
 How she, alone, makes Heroes truly Great;
 How, dead long since, she keeps them living yet.
 Shews her *Parnassus*, like a flow'ry Grove,
 Fair, and Delightful, as the Bowers above;
 The fittest Place for Poetry and Love.
 We hunt the Pleasures thro' the fairy Coast,
 'Till in our fruitless Search our selves are lost.
 So the great Artist drew the lively Scene
 Where hungry Birds snatch'd at the Grapes in vain.
 Tir'd with the Chase, I give the Phantom o'er,
 And am resolv'd to be deceiv'd no more.

Thus the fond Youth, who long, in vain, has strove,
 With the fierce Pangs of unsuccessful Love;
 With Joy, like mine, breaks the perplexing Chain,
 Freed, by some happy Chance, from all his Pain,
 With Joy, like mine, he grows himself again.

*To Mr. WATSON, on his Ephemeris
 of the Celestial Motions, presented to
 Her Majesty.*

By Mr. YALDEN.

ART, when in full Perfection, is design'd
 To please the Eye, or to inform the Mind:
 This Nobler Piece performs the double Part,
 With graceful Beauty, and instructive Art.
 Since the great *Archimedes*' Sphere was lost,
 The noblest Labour finish'd it cou'd boast:
 No generous Hand durst that fam'd Model trace,
 Which Greece admir'd, and Rome cou'd only praise.

This you, with greater Lustre, have restor'd;
And taught those Arts we ignorantly ador'd:
Motion in full Perfection here you've shown,
And what Mankind despair'd to reach, have done.

In Artful Frames your Heav'nly Bodies move,
Scarce brighter in their beauteous Orbs above:
And Stars depriv'd of all malignant Flames,
Here court the Eye, with more auspicious Beams.
In graceful Order the just Planets rise,
And here compleat their Circles in the Skies:
Here's the full Consort of revolving Spheres,
And Heav'n in bright Epitomy appears.

With Charms the Ancients did invade the Moon,
And from her Orb compell'd her struggling down:
But here she's taught a Nobler Change by you,
And moves with Pride in this bright Sphere below.
While your Celestial Bodies thus I view,
They give me bright Ideas of the true:
Inspir'd by them, my Thoughts dare upward move,
And visit Regions of the Blest above.

Thus from your Hand w' admire the Globe in small,
A Copy fair as its Original:
This Labour's to the whole Creation just,
Second to none, and Rival to the First.
The artful Spring, like the diffusive Soul,
Informs the Machine, and directs the whole:
Like Nature's Self, it fills the spacious Throne,
And unconfin'd sways the fair Orbs alone;
Th' unactive Parts with awful Silence wait,
And from its Nod their Birth of Motion date:
Like Chaos, they obey the pow'rful Call,
Move to its Sound, and into Measures fall.



Fortuna sævo Læta negotio, &c.

*Out of HORACE.**By the late Duke of BUCKINGHAM.*

Fortune, made up of Toys and Impudence,
 That Common Jade, that has not Common Sense;
 But fond of Business, insolently dares
 Pretend to Rule, and spoils the World's Affairs;
 She, flutt'ring up and down, her Favours throws
 On the next met, not minding what she does,
 Nor why, nor whom she helps, or injures, knows. }
 Sometimes she smiles, then like a Fury raves;
 And seldom truly loves, but Fools or Knaves:
 Let her love whom she please, I scorn to woo her,
 Whilst she stays with me, I'll be civil to her;
 But if she offers once to move her Wings,
 I'll fling her back all her vain Gew-gaw things;
 And, arm'd with Virtue, will more glorious stand,
 Than if the Bitch still bow'd at my Command:
 I'll marry Honesty, tho' ne'er so poor,
 Rather than follow such a dull blind Whore.

*To the Honourable Mrs. MOHUN, on
 her Recovery.*

By Mr. CHARLES HOPKINS.

AS when the Queen of Love, ingag'd in War,
 Was rashly wounded with a *Gracian* Spear;
 All Parties were concern'd to see her bleed,
 And he himself did first repent the Deed:

He left th' inglorious Field, with Grief and Shame,
 Where his late Conquest had destroy'd his Fame.
 So Sickness flies from you, with such a Grief,
 Asham'd that ever she began the Strife.
 Better than *Venus* in the Fight you fare,
 For tho' more wounded, you're without a Scar.
 All Claim to you, th' Invader has resign'd,
 And left no Marks of Hostile Rage behind.
 No Signs, no Tracks of Tyranny, remain,
 But exil'd Beauty is restor'd again.
 Fix'd in a Realm, which was before her own,
 More firm than ever, she secures the Throne.
 Mildly, ah! mildly then, your Pow'r maintain,
 And take Example from *Maria's* Reign.
 Wide, may your Empire, unders hers, be seen,
 The fair Vicegerent of the fairest *Queen*.
 Thro' you, may all our Prayers to Her, be heard,
 Our humble Verse, be all, by you preferr'd.
 No Blessing can the Pious Suppliant want,
 Where She the Goddess is, and you the Saint.



*The Rape of THEUTILLA, imitated
from the Latin of Famian. Strada.*

By Mr. THO. YALDEN.

The Introductory Argument.

*Theutilla, a fair young Virgin, who, to avoid the Ad-
dresses of those many Admirers her Beauty drew a-
bout her, assum'd the Habit of a Religious Order, and
wholly withdrew her self from the Eye and Converse
of the World. But the common Report of her Beauty,
had so inflam'd Amalis (a young Person of Quality)
with Love; that one Night in a Debauch of Wine,
he commands his Servants to force her Dormitory,
and bear off, tho' by Violence, the lovely Votress.
Which having successfully perform'd, they bring Theu-
tilla to their expecting Lord's Apartment; the Scene
of the ensuing Poem.*

SOON as the Tyrant her bright Form survey'd,
He grew inflam'd with the fair Captive Maid;
A graceful Sorrow in her Looks she bears,
Lovely with Grief, and beautiful in Tears;
Her Mien, and Air, resistless Charms impart,
Forcing an easie Passage to his Heart.
Long he devours her Beauties with his Eyes,
While thro' his glowing Veins th' Infection flies:
Swifter than Lightning to his Breast it came,
Like that a fair, but a destructive Flame.
Yet she, tho' in her young and blooming State,
Possess'd a Soul, beyond a Virgin's, great:
No Charms of Youth her colder Bosom move,
Chast were her Thoughts, and most averse to Love.
And as some timorous Hind in Toils betray'd,
Thus in his Arms strove the resisting Maid:
Thus did she combat with his strict Embrace,
And spurn'd the guilty Cause of her Disgrace.

Revenge

Revenge she courted, but despair'd to find
A Strength, and Vigour, equal to her Mind:
While checks of Shame her willing Hands restrain,
Since all a Virgin's Force, is her Disdain.
Yet her Resolves are nobly fix'd to Die,
Rather than Violate her Chastity,
Than break her Vows to Heav'n, than blot her Fame,
Or soil her Beauties with a lustful Flame.

The Night from its Meridian did decline,
An Hour propitious to the black Design:
When Sleep, and Rest, their peaceful Laws maintain,
And o'er the Globe b' infectious Silence reign:
While Death-like Slumbers ev'ry Bosom seize,
Unbend our Minds, and weary'd Bodies ease.
Now fond *Amalis* finds his drooping Breast
Heavy with Wine, with am'rous Cares oppress'd:
Not all the Joys expecting Lovers feel,
Can from his Breast the drowsie Charm repel;
In vain from Wine his Passion seeks redress,
Whose treacherous Force, the Flame it rais'd, betrays,
Weak and Un-nerv'd his uselefs Limbs became,
Bending beneath their ill-supported Frame;
Vanquish'd by that Repose from which he flies,
Now Slumbers close his unconsenting Eyes.

But sad *Thentilla*'s Cares admit no Rest,
Repose is banish'd from her mournful Breast:
A faithful Guard does injur'd Virtue keep,
And from her weary Limbs repulses Sleep.
Oft she reflects with Horror on the Rape,
Oft tries each Avenue for her Escape:
Tho' still repulse upon repulse she bears,
And finds no passage, but for Sighs and Tears.
Then, with the wildness of her Soul let loose,
And all the Fury that her Wrongs infuse:
She Weeps, she Raves, she rends her flowing Hair,
Wild in her Grief, and raging with Despair,
At length her restless Thoughts an utterance find,
And vent the Anguish of her lab'ring Mind:
Whilst all dissolv'd in calmer Tears, she said,
" Shall I again be to his Arms betray'd!

" Again the Toil of loath'd Embraces bear,
 " And for some blacker Scene of Lust prepare!
 " First may his Bed my guiltless Grave become,
 " His Marble Roof my unpolluted Tomb:
 " Then just to Honour, and unstain'd in Fame,
 " The Urn that hides my Dust, conceals my Shame.
 " Heav'n gave me Virtue, Woman's frail Defence;
 " And Beauty, to molest that Innocence:
 " In vain I call my Virtue to my aid,
 " When thus by treach'rous Beauty I'm betray'd.
 " Yet to this hour my Breast no Crime has known,
 " But coldly Chaste, with Virgin Brightness shone,
 " As now unfully'd by a Winter's Sun. }
 " Not Arts, nor ruder Force of Men prevail'd,
 " My Tears found pity, when my Language fail'd.
 " Oft have these violated Locks been torn,
 " And injur'd Face their Savage Fury born:
 " Oft have my bloody Robes their Crimes confess,
 " And pointed Daggers glitter'd at my Breast;
 " Yet free from guilt, I found some happier Charm
 " To vanquish Lust, and wildest Rage disarm.
 " But ah! the greatest Labour's yet behind;
 " No Tears can soften this obdurate Mind:
 " No Prayers inexorable Pity move,
 " Or guard me from the worst of Ruins, Love.
 " Tho' Sleep and Wine allow this kind Reprieve,
 " Yet to the Youth they'll Strength and Fury give:
 " Then, wretched Maid! then think what Artifice,
 " What Charm shall rescue from his nerv'd Embrace!
 " When with supplies of Vigour next he storms,
 " And ev'ry dictate of his Lust performs.
 " But you blest Pow'r, that own a Virgin's Name, }
 " Protect my Virtue, and defend my Fame,
 " From pow'rful Lust, and the reproach of Shame. }
 " If I a strict religious Life have led, [Bed!
 " Drank the cold Stream, and made the Earth my
 " If from the World a chaste Recluse I live,
 " Redress my Wrongs, and gen'rous Succour give.
 " Allay this raging Tempest of my Mind,
 " A Virgin should be to a Virgin kind:
 " Prostrate

" Prostrate with Teas from you I beg Defence,
 " Or take my Life, or guard my Innocence.
 While thus th' afflicted Beauty pray'd, she spy'd
 A fatal Dagger by *Amalis*' Side :
 This Weapon's mine, she cries! (then grasp'd it fast)
 And now the lustful Tyrant sleeps his last.
 With eager Hands the pointed Steel she draws,
 Ev'n Murder pleases in so just a Cause :
 Nor Fears, nor Dangers now Resistance make,
 Since Honour, Life, and dearer Fame's at stake.
 Yet in her Breast does kind Compassion plead,
 And fills her Soul with horror of the Deed :
 Her Sex's Tenderness resumes its Place,
 And spreads in conscious Blushes o'er her Face.
 Now stung with the remorse of Guilt, she cries,
 " Ah frantick Girl, what wild Attempt is this !
 " Think, think *Theutilla*, on the Murderer's Doom,
 " And tremble at a Punishment to come :
 " Stain not thy Virgin Hands with guilty Blood,
 " And dread to be so criminally good.
 " Lay both thy Courage and thy Weapon down,
 " Nor fly to Aids a Maid must blush to own :
 " Nor Arms, nor Valour with thy Sex agree,
 " They wound thy Fame, and taint thy Modesty.
 Thus diff'rent Passions combat in her Mind,
 Oft she's to Pity, oft to Rage inclin'd :
 Now from her hand the hated Weapon's cast,
 Then seiz'd again with more impetuous haste :
 Unfix'd her Wishes, her Resolves are vain,
 What she attempts, she straight rejects again ;
 Her Looks, the Emblems of her Thoughts, appear
 Vary'd with Rage, with Pity and Despair :
 Alone her Fears incline to no Extream,
 Equally poiz'd, betwixt Revenge and Shame.
 At length, with more prevailing Rage possess'd,
 Her jealous Honour steels her daring Breast :
 The thoughts of injur'd Fame new Courage gave,
 And nicer Virtue now confirms her brave.
 Then the fam'd *Judith* her whole Mind employs,
 Urges her hand, and sooths the fatal Choice :

This great Example pleas'd, inflam'd by this,
 With wild Disorder to the Youth she flies;
 One hand she wreaths within his flowing Hair,
 The other does the ready Weapon bear:
 " Now guide me, cries, fair *Hebrew*, now look down,
 " And pity Labours thou hast undergone.
 " Direct the Hand that takes thy Path to Fame,
 " And be Propitious to a Virgin's Name,
 " Whose Glory's but a Refuge from her Shame. }
 Thus rais'd by Hopes, and arm'd with Courage now,
 She with undaunted Looks directs the Blow:
 Deep in his Breast the spacious Wound she made,
 And to his Heart dispatch'd th' unerring Blade.

When their expiring Lord the Servants heard,
 Whose dying Groans the fatal Act declar'd:
 Like a *fierce Torrent* with no *Bounds* they're stay'd,
 But vent their Rage on the defenceless Maid:
 Not Virtue, Youth, nor Beauty in distress,
 Can move their savage Breasts to tenderness:
 But Death, with horrid Torments they prepare,
 And to her Fate th' undaunted Virgin bear.
 Tortures and Death seem lovely in her Eyes,
 Since she to Honour falls a Sacrifice:

Amidst her Sufferings, still her Mind is great,
 And, free from Guilt, she triumphs o'er her Fate.

But Heav'n, that's suff'ring Virtue's sure Reward,
 Exerts its Power, and is it self her Guard:

Amalis, conscious of his black Offence,
 Now feels Remorse for her wrong'd Innocence;
 Tho' now he's struggling in the pangs of Death,
 And all Life's purple Stream is ebbing forth:
 Yet, raising up his pale and drooping Head,
 He recollects his Spirits as they fled,
 And, with his last remains of Voice, he said, }

" Spare the chaste Maid, your impious Hands restrain,

" Nor Beauty with such Insolence prophane:

" Learn by my Fate wrong'd Innocence to spare,

" Since injur'd Virtue's Heav'n's peculiar Care.

But you, brave Virgin, now shall stand enrol'd
 Amongst the noblest Heroines of old:

Thy

Thy fam'd Attempt, and celebrated Hand,
 Shall lasting Trophies of thy Glory stand;
 And, if my Verse the just Reward can give,
Theutilla's Name shall to new Ages live.
 For to thy Sex thou hast new Honours won,
 And *France* now boasts a *Judith* of its own.

An ODE, for St. CECILIA's Day, 1693.

*Written by Mr. Tho. Yalden, and Composed
 by Mr. Daniel Purcell.*

I.

Begin, and strike th' harmonious Lyre!
 Let the loud Instruments prepare
 To raise our Souls, and charm the Ear,
 With Joys which Musick only can inspire;
 Hark how the willing Strings obey!
 To consecrate this happy Day,
 Sacred to Musick, Love, and blest *Cecilia*.
 In lofty Numbers, tuneful Lays,
 We'll celebrate the Virgin's Praise:
 Her skilful Hand first taught our Strings to move,
 To her this sacred Art we owe,
 Who first anticipated Heav'n below, [Above.
 And play'd the Hymns on Earth, that she now sings:

II.

What moving Charms each tuneful Voice contains,
 Charms that thro' the willing Ear,
 A Tide of pleasing Raptures bear,
 And, with diffusive Joys, run thrilling thro' our Veins.
 The listning Soul does Sympathize,
 And with each vary'd Note complies:
 While gay and sprightly Airs delight,
 Then free from Cares, and unconfin'd;
 It takes, in pleasing Ecstasies, its flight.

With

With mournful Sounds, a sadder Garb it wears,
Indulges Grief, and gives a loose to Tears.

III.

Musick's the Language of the Blest above,
No Voice but Musick's can express
The Joys that happy Souls possess,
Nor in just Raptures tell the wond'rous Pow'r of Love.
'Tis Nature's Dialect, design'd
To charm, and to instruct the Mind
Musick's an Universal Good!
That does dispence its Joys around,
In all the Elegance of Sound,
To be by Men admir'd, by Angels understood.

IV.

Let ev'ry restless Passion cease to move!
And each tumultuous Thought obey
The happy influence of this Day,
For Musick's Unity and Love.
Musick's the soft Indulger of the Mind,
The kind Diverter of our Care,
The surest Refuge mournful Grief can find;
A Cordial to the Breast, and Charm to ev'ry Ear.
Thus, when the Prophet struck his tuneful Lyre,
Saul's evil Genius did retire:
In vain were Remedies apply'd,
In vain all other Arts were try'd;
His Hand and Voice alone the Charm cou'd find,
To heal his Body, and compose his Mind.

V.

Now let the Trumpet's louder Voice proclaim
A solemn Jubilee:
For ever Sacred let it be,
To Skilful *Jubal's*, and *Cecilia's* Name.
Great *Jubal* Author of our Lays,
Who first the hidden Charms of Musick found:
And thro' their airy Paths did trace,
The secret Springs of Sound.
When from his hollow chorded Shell
The soft melodious Accents fell,

With

With Wonder, and Delight he play'd,
While the harmonious Strings his skilful Hand obey'd.

VI.

But fair *Cecilia* to a pitch Divine
Improv'd her artful Lays :
When to the Organ she her Voice did join,
In the Almighty's Praise ;
Then Choirs of Listning Angels stood around,
Admir'd her Art, and blest the Heav'nly Sound.
Her Praise alone no Tongue can reach,
But in the Strains her self did teach :
Then let the Voice and Lyre combine,
And in a tuneful Confort join ;
For Musick's her Reward and Care,
Above sh' enjoys it, and protects it here.

Grand Chorus.

Then kindly treat this happy Day,
And grateful Honours to *Cecilia* pay :
To her these lov'd harmonious Rites belong,
To her that Tunes our Strings, and still Inspires our
Song.

*The Dedication of the Version of Fra-
castorius's Syphilis, to Dr. Tho.
HOBBS.*

A Ccept, great Son of *Art*, this faint effect
Of a most active and unfeign'd Respect :
Numbers that yield (alas !) too just survey
Of Physick's growth, and Poetry's decay :
That shew a generous Muse impair'd by Me,
As much as th' Author's Skill's out-done by Thee.

This *Indian Conqueror's* fatal March he sung,
To the same Lyre his own *Apollo* strung ;
Whose Notes yet fail'd the Monster to assuage,
Revenging here, invading *Spaniard's* Rage.

Dear

Dear was the Conquest of a New-found World,
 Whose Plague e'er since thro' all the Old is hurl'd.
 Had *Fracastorius*, who in Numbers told
 (Numbers more rich than those new Lands of Gold)
 This great Destroyer's Progress, seen this Age,
 And thy Success against the Tyrant's Rage,
Bembus had then been no Immortal Name,
 Thou and thy *Art* had challeng'd all his Flame!
 Thou driv'st th' Usurper to his last Retreats,
 Repairing as thou go'st the ruin'd Seats:
 Thus while the Foe is by thy *Art* remov'd,
 The Holds are strengthen'd, and the Soil improv'd.
 Thy happy Conquest do's at once expel
 Th' Invader's Force, and inbred Factions quell.
 Thy Patients and *Augusta's* Fate's the same,
 To rise more fair and lasting for the Flame:
 While meaner *Artists* this bold Task essay,
 I' th' little *World of Man* they lose their way.
 Thou know'st the secret Passes to each Part,
 And, skill'd in *Nature*, can'st not fail in *Art*.

N. TATE

The Story of CEYX and HALCYONE:
From the Eleventh Book of Ovid's
Metamorphoses.

By Mr. CHARLES HOPKINS.

ARGUMENT.

Ceyx, the Son of Lucifer, and King of Trachis, a City
in Thessaly, having been alarm'd by several Prodi-
gies, prepares to go and consult Apollo's Oracle at
Claros, to learn the Will of Heav'n, and receive the
God's Instructions: His Voyage: The Description of a
Storm and Shipwrack: The Description of the God of
Sleep, and his Palace: The Lamentation of Halcy-
one,

one, the Daughter of Æolus, and Wife of Ceyx, for the loss of her Husband; with the change of both into Sea Fowls, call'd after her Name, Halcyons; are the Subjects of the following Verses; beginning with her Speech to her Husband, to dissuade him from his intended Voyage.

HOW are you chang'd of late, my Love, how
 So tir'd of me, so pressing to be gone? [grown
 What have I done, to make my Lord remove
 So far from her, who once had all his Love?
 Is your *Halcyone* no longer dear?
 Or, to whatever Place your Course you steer,
 Can you enjoy yourself, and she not there?
 Yet, if you went by Land, 'twere some Relief,
 For all that wou'd torment me then, were Grief.
 But now, at once, with Grief and Fear oppress'd,
 A thousand anxious Thoughts destroy my Rest,
 And not one dawn of Comfort cheers my Breast.
 The faithless Seas are what, alas! I fear;
 I must not let my *Ceyx* venture there.
 Oft have I heard their troubled Waters roar,
 And seen their foaming Waves surmount the Shoar.
 Oft seen the Wreck come floating to the Coast,
 And vent'rous Wretches by their Folly lost.
 Nor have I seldom sad Inscriptions read,
 On Marble Tombs, which yet inclos'd no Dead.
 Let me alone, my *Ceyx*, be believ'd,
 And be not by your flatt'ring Hopes deceiv'd.
 Trust not the Seas, altho' my Father binds,
 Within his rocky Caves, the struggling Winds.
 If once broke loose, nought can their Rage restrain.
 They sweep o'er all the Earth, swell all the Main;
 Drive Clouds on Clouds, by an abortive Birth,
 From their dark Wombs, flashing the Thunder forth.
 More, more than what my feeble Words express,
 Which only represent their Fury less.
 Let me persuade, for I have seen them rage,
 Seen all the Wars, the fighting Winds cou'd wage.

Did

Did you, like me, their stern Encounters know,
 As daring as you are, you wou'd not go.
 If all this fail to move your stubborn Mind,
 And you will go, oh ! leave me not behind.
 Take me along, let me your Fortunes share,
 There's nought too hard for Love like mine to bear.
 In Storms and Calms together let us keep,
 Together brave the Dangers of the Deep.
 The grant of this my flatt'ring Love assures,
 Which knows no Joys, and feels no Griefs but yours.

Thus spoke the lovely Queen, all drown'd in Tears,
 Nor was her Husband's Passion less than hers.
 Yet wou'd he not his first Resolves recall,
 Nor, suff'ring her to venture, hazard all.
 He said whate'er he fancy'd might abate
 Her Griefs, altho' his own were full as great,
 Yet all in vain he labour'd to remove
 The tender Fears of her Prophetick Love.
 Still the same Sighs from her heav'd Heart arise,
 And the same Streams still bubble at her Eyes.
 All this succeeding not, My Love, he cry'd,
 (The last best Speech, that cou'd be then apply'd.)
 To you shou'd *Ceyx* Absence tedious seem,
 Believe that yours is not less so to him :
 For by my Father's brightest Fires, I swear,
 By your dear self, believe my mournful Dear,
 Ere twice the Moon renews her blunted Horns,
 If Destiny permits, your Love returns.
 This just suffic'd to ease her troubled Heart,
 And of her many Cares, dispel a part.
 And now he bids them launch without delay,
 While she took truce with Grief, to Sail away.
 That last Command awak'd her sleeping Fears,
 And she again seem'd all dissolv'd in Tears.
 Around his Neck her circling Arms she threw,
 And, mix'd with Sighs, forc'd out a faint Adieu.
 Then, as he left her hold, too feeble grown
 (Robb'd of her dear Support) to stand alone,
 The last sad Pangs, at parting, sunk her down.

Th' im-

Th' impatient Seamen call upon their Lord,
 And almost bear him thence by force, aboard,
 Then, having fix'd their Oars, begin to sweep,
 And cleave, with well-tim'd Stroaks, the yielding Deep.
 Faintly, her op'ning Eyes the Ship survey,
 Which bears her Lord, and her last Hopes away.
 In their own Tears, her trembling Eye-balls swim,
 Which hinder'd not, but she distinguish'd him :
 Too distant now for Words, aloft he stands
 On the tall Deck, and she upon the Sands,
 Wafts her last Farewell, with her lifted Hands.
 Then as the Ship drove farther from the Coast,
 And that dear Object in the Crowd was lost ;
 The flying Bark, her following Eyes pursue ;
 That gone, the Sails employ'd her latest View.
 All out of sight, she seeks the Widow'd Bed,
 Where Ceyx and her self so oft were laid.
 But now half fill'd, the sad remembrance mov'd
 Of the dear Man, who made the whole be lov'd.
 By this, the gathering Winds began to blow,
 Their useless Oars the joyful Seamen stow,
 Then hoist their Yards, while loosen'd from the Masts
 The wide-stretch'd Sails receive the coming Blasts.

Description of a Storm and Shipwrack.

Now, far from either Shore, they plow'd their way,
 And all behind them, and before, was Sea :
 When, with the growing Night, the Winds rose high,
 And swelling Seas presag'd a Tempest nigh.
 Aloud the Master cries, Furl all the Sails,
 No longer spread, to catch the flying Gales.
 But his Commands are born unheard away,
 Drown'd in the Roar of a far louder Sea.
 Yet, of themselves, their Tasks the Sailors know,
 And are, by former Storms, instructed now.
 Some to the Masts the struggling Canvas bind,
 And leave free passage to the raging Wind.

Some

Some stop the Leaks, while some the Billows cast
 Back on the Sea, which rolls them back as fast.
 Thus, in Confusion, they their Parts perform,
 While fighting Winds increase th' impetuous Storm,
 Amaz'd, the Pilot sees the Waves come on,
 Too thick, and fast, for his weak Skill to shun.
 On ev'ry side the threat'ning Billows fall,
 And Art is at a loss to 'scape them all.
 The cries of Men, the rattling of the Shrouds,
 Floods dash'd on Floods, and Clouds encount'ring
 Clouds ;

Fierce Winds beneath, above a thund'ring Sky,
 Unite their Rage to work the Tempest high.
 Vast Billows, after Billows, tumbling come,
 And rolling Seas grow white with angry Foam ;
 To Mountainous heights the swelling Surges rise,
 Waves pil'd on Waves, seem equal with the Skies.
 Now rushing headlong with a rapid Force,
 Look black as Hell, to which they bend their Course,
 The Ship on rising Seas is lifted up,
 And now seems seated on a Mountain top,
 Surveying thence the *Stygian* Lakes that flow,
 And roll their distant Waters far below ;
 Now downwards, with the tumbling Billows driv'n,
 From Hell's profoundest Depth, looks up to Heav'n.
 Waves after Waves the shatter'd Vessel crush,
 All sides alike they charge, on all they rush.
 While with a noise th' assaulting Billows roar,
 As loud as batt'ring Rams, that force a Tow'r.
 As Lions, fearless, and secure from Harms,
 Rush with prodigious Rage on pointed Arms :
 Chaf'd, if repuls'd, they run the fiercer on,
 And lash themselves to Fury, as they run.
 So roll the Seas, with such resistless force,
 And gather strength in their impetuous Course :
 Now start the Planks, and leave the Vessel's sides
 Wide open, to receive the conqu'ring Tides :
 In at the Breach, the raging Waters come,
 All pressing to pursue their Conquest home.

Fierce

Eierce Neptune now, who long alone had strove,
(As if too weak himself) seeks aid from Jove.
Whole Heav'n dissolves in one continu'd Rain,
Descending, in a Deluge, to the Main,
Whose mounting Billows tofs it back again :
Seeming, by turns, each other to supply ;
The Sky the Seas, and now the Seas the Sky.
Showers join with Waves, and pour in Torrents down,
And all the Floods of Heav'n and Earth grow one.
No glimpse of Light is seen, no Sparkles fly
From friendly Stars, thro' the benighted Sky.
Double the horror of the Night is grown,
The Tempest's Darknes added to her own :
'Till Thund'ring Clouds strike out a dismal Light,
More dreadful than the depth of blackest Night.
Upwards the Waves, to catch the Flames, aspire,
And all the rolling Surges seem on fire.
Now o'er the Hatches, mad with Rage, they towre ;
And strive, possess'd of them, to conquer more :
As a brave Soldier, whom the strong Desire,
And burning Thirst of Glory set on Fire,
With more than common Ardour in his Breast,
And higher Hopes, spurr'd farther than the rest,
Of scales, in vain, a well-defended Town,
But mounts at length, and leaps victorious down.
Alone, of all, the dreadful shock abides,
While thousand others perish by his sides.
So the tenth Billow, rolling from afar,
More vigorous than the rest, maintains the War :
Now gains the Deck, and with success grown bold,
Pours thence in Triumph down, and sacks the Hold.
Part, still without, the batter'd sides assail,
And where that led the way, attempt to scale.
As in a Town, already half possess'd,
By Foes within it, and without it prest ;
All tremble, of their last Defence bereft,
And see no hope of any Safety left.
No Aid their oft-successful Arts can boast ;
At once their Courage and their Skill is lost.

Help-

Helpless, they see the raging Waters come,
 Each threatens Death, and each presents a Tomb.
 One mourns his Fate in loud Complaints and Tears;
 Another, more astonish'd, quite forbears
 From Sighs, or Words, too faint to tell his Fears.
 This, calls them blest'd, who Funeral Rites receive,
 Possess'd, in quiet, of a peaceful Grave.
 This, rears his suppliant Hands unto the Sky,
 And vainly looks to what he cannot spy.
 This, thinks upon his Friends he left behind,
 And his (now Orphan) Children rack his Mind;
Halcyone, alone, cou'd *Ceyx* stir,
 His anxious Thoughts ran all alone on her.
 One farewell View of her was all his Care,
 And yet he then rejoyc'd she was not there.
 For a last Look, fain wou'd he turn his Eyes
 On her Abode, but knows not where it lyes.
 The Seas so whirl, with such prodigious Might,
 While pitchy Clouds, obscuring Heav'n from Sight,
 Encrease the native horror of the Night.
 Now splits the Mast, by furious Whirlwinds torn,
 And now, the Rudder to the Seas is born.
 A Billow, with those Spoils encourag'd, rides
 Aloft, in Triumph o'er the lower Tides.
 Thence, as some God had pluck'd up Rocks, and thrown
 Whole Mountains on the Main; she tumbles down.
 Down goes the Ship, with her unhappy Freight,
 Unable to sustain the pressing Weight.
 Part of her Men along with her are born,
 Sunk in a Gulph, whence they must ne'er return.
 Part catch at Planks, in hopes to float to Shore,
 Or stem the Tempest, 'till its rage is o'er.
 Ev'n *Ceyx* of the like Support possest,
 Swims, undistinguish'd now, among the rest:
 To his Wife's Father, and his own, prefers
 His ardent Vows for help, which neither hears;
 To both repeats his still-neglected Prayer,
 Calls oft on both, but oftner calls on her.
 The more his Danger grew, the more it brought
 Her dear Remembrance to his restless Thought.

W hose

Whose dying wish, was, that the friendly Stream
Wou'd roll him to those Coasts, whence late he came,
To her dear Hands, to be interr'd by them.
Still; as the Seas a breathing Space afford,
Halcyone rehears'd, forms ev'ry Word.

Half of her Name, his Lips, now sinking, sound,
When the remaining half in him was drown'd.
An huge black arch of Waters, which had hung
High, in the gloomy Air, and threat'ned long,
Bursting asunder, hurls the dreadful Heap
All on his Head, and drives him down the Deep.
His Father *Lucifer*, that dismal Night,
Sought to retire, to shun the Tragick Sight.
But, since he cou'd not leave his destin'd Sphere,
Drew round the blackest Clouds to veil him there.

Mean-while, his Wife counts ev'ry tedious hour,
And knew not yet, she was a Wife no more;
But works two Robes against his wish'd Return,
To be by her, and her dear *Ceyx*, worn.
She pays her Vows to ev'ry Pow'r Divine,
And pays them frequentest at *Juno's* Shrine,
Bribes ev'ry Goddess, at a mighty cost
Of precious Gums, but still bribes her at most.
Vain were the Gifts she offer'd in her Fane,
She made her loaded Altars smoak in vain:
Where, for his Life, and safe Return, she pray'd,
Who was already lost, already dead.

Let me again, she cry'd, my *Ceyx* see;
And, while away, by your severe Decree,
Let him give none the Love that's due to me.
Let none, she pray'd, before me be prefer'd;
And this alone, of all her Prayers, was heard.
The pitying Goddess wou'd no more receive
Vows for that Succour, which she cou'd not give,
But from her Altar shakes her awful Hand,
And gives her faithful *Iris* this Command.

Haste quickly, where the drowsie God of Sleep,
Remote from Day, does his dark Mansions keep;
Tell him, I bid him in a Dream reveal
To sad *Halcyone*, how *Ceyx* fell.

All his Misfortunes in her Sleep unfold,
And by the Vision let her Lots be told.

Thus speaks the Queen of Heav'n; nor Iris stays
To make Reply, but as she speaks, obeys,
Strait in a thousand-colour'd Robe array'd,
And all her Orient Bow o'er Heav'n display'd,
Downwards she slides, to find the dark^d Abode,
And bear her Message to the Slothful God.

*Description of the God of Sleep, and his
Palace.*

Near the *Cimmerians*, hid from Human sight,
Lyes a vast hollow Cave, all void of Light;
Where, deep in Earth, the God his Court maintains,
And undisturb'd, in Ease and Silence reigns.
Not seen by *Phæbus*, at his Morning rise,
Nor at Mid-day, with his most piercing Eyes,
Nor when, at Evening, he descends the Skies.
Thick, gloomy Mists, come steaming from the Ground,
And the Fog spreads a dusky Twilight round.
No crested Fowls foretel the Day's return,
Nor with shrill Notes call forth the springing Morn.
No watchful Dogs the secret Entry keep,
Nor Geese, more watchful, guard the Court of Sleep.
No tame nor savage Beast dwells there, no Breeze
Shakes the still Boughs, or whispers thro' the Trees.
No Voice of Man is heard, no Human Call
Sounds thro' the Cave, deep Silence reigns o'er all.
Yet from the Rock, a silver Spring flows down,
Which purling o'er the Stones, glides gently on.
Her easie Streams with pleasing Murmurs creep,
At once inviting; and assisting Sleep.
At the Cave's Mouth spring pregnant Poppies up,
And hide the Entrance with their baleful top,
Whose drowsie Juice affords the nightly Birth
Of all the Sleep, diffus'd, and shed on Earth.
No Guards the Passage to this Court secure,
No jarring Hinge sustains a creaking Door.

Yet in the midst, with sable Cov'rings spread,
High, but unshaken, stands a downy Bed ;
Where his soft Limbs the slothful Monarch lays,
Dissolv'd in endless Luxury and Ease.
Fantastick Dreams lye scatter'd on the Ground,
And compass him in various Figures round :
More num'rous than the Sands that bind the Seas,
Or Ears of standing Corn, or Leaves of Trees.
But *Iris*, now arriv'd, Divinely bright,
Fills all the Palace with unusual Light.
Her Garments flowing with diffusive Beams,
Gild the dark Cell, and chase the frighted Dreams.
Away they fly, to leave her Passage clear,
And shun the Glories, which they cannot bear.
The God his Eye-lids struggles to unloose,
Seal'd, by his deep unbroken Slumbers, close.
Half way his Head he rears, with sluggish Pain,
Which heavily, anon, sinks down again.
Frequent Attempts, without Success, he makes,
But, at the last, with long endeavour, wakes.
Half rais'd, and half reclining in his Bed,
And leaning on his Hands his nodding Head,
With fault'ring Words, he asks the Heav'nly Fair,
What Message from her Goddess brought her there ?
At once the God, and Goddess she obeys,
Deliv'ring her Commands, in Words like these.
Thou Peace of Mind, thou most propitious Pow'r,
Thou meekest Deity that Men adore ;
Thou, who giv'st Ease to ev'ry troubled Breast,
And set'st tir'd Limbs, and fev'rish Souls at Rest ;
Thou, at whose Presence Cares and Sorrows flee,
Under whose Guard the fetter'd Slave is free,
Lovers, the worst of Slaves, still finding ease in thee :
Send thou a Dream, assuming *Ceyx* Form,
Like him appearing shipwreck'd in a Storm ;
From whose pale Lips his widow'd Queen may know
His certain Loss, and her as certain Woe.
Here ends the shining Nymph, who dares not stay
For farther Words, but flies in haste away.

She

She feels the thick'ning Mists begin to rise,
 And conqu'ring Sleep steal o'er her yielding Eyes.
 Thence, by her painted Bow, her Course she bends,
 And, the same way she came, again ascends.
 Around his drowsie Off-spring goes the God,
 And chuses *Morpheus* from among the Crowd.
 None can, like him, a perfect Man express,
 His Speech, and Mien, his Action, and his Dress.
 But he alone in Human Shape appears,
 While the less noble Forms a second wears,
 Of Snakes, or Birds, of Lions, or of Bears.
 Still there's a third, still meaner in degree,
 Which shows a Field, a River, or a Tree,
 Of things inanimate, presents the Scene,
 Hills, Valleys, Ships, or Houses, Earth or Main.
 These three to Generals, Kings, or Courts, belong;
 More vulgar Dreams wait the more vulgar Throng.
 The first of these, their Monarch sets at large,
 Dispatch'd to *Trachis*, on *Thumantia's* Charge.
 Then stagg'ring he returns, and seeks his Bed,
 In whose soft Down he sinks his drooping Head.
 Again his Eye-lids are with Sleep oppress'd,
 And the whole God dissolves again to Rest.

Swift as a Thought, and secret as the Night,
Morpheus, on noiseless Pinions, takes his flight.
 His fleeting Wings their silent Course pursue;
 Soft, as the liquid Air they travell'd through.
 Who, now arriv'd, lays by his useles Plumes,
 And *Ceyx* Form, in his own Court, assumes.
 Naked he stood, as late bereav'd of Life,
 Close by the Bed of his unhappy Wife.
 His Hair still dropping seem'd, still wet his Beard,
 Still shiv'ring with the Cold, all his pale Frame ap-
 pear'd.

When, with a mournful Gesture, o'er the Bed,
 Pensively hanging his dejected Head,
 All drown'd in well-dissembled Tears, he said;

Is not your *Ceyx*, wretched Woman, known?
 Is he so alter'd, or forgot so soon?

Turn

Turn here, *Halcyone*, behold him lost,
 Or in your *Ceyx* stead, behold his Ghost.
 To the relentless Gods, in vain, you pray'd,
 You are deceiv'd, alas ! and I am dead.
 Surpris'd by Storms, in the *Ægean* Sea,
 Which cast my Life and all thy Hopes away.
 Where, as I call'd on thy lov'd Name, my Breath,
 With half thy Name pronounc'd, was stop'd in Death.
 This from no doubtful Messenger you hear,
 'Tis I who tell it, I, who perish'd there.
 Arise, and weep, now let your Eyes run o'er,
 Your once-lov'd *Ceyx* is, alas ! no more.
 Let a few Tears be to my Mem'ry paid ;
 And, as you lov'd me living, mourn me dead.
 He speaks, and adds, to these his doleful Words,
 A Voice, she too well knew, express'd her Lord's.
 The same the Gesture of his Hands appears,
 Unforc'd his Action, and unfeign'd his Tears.
 She, frighted with the Vision, sighs and weeps,
 Torn with most mortal Anguish, as she sleeps ;
 Then stretches out her Arms, to hold him there,
 Which came back empty, thro' the yielding Air.
 Stay, stay, she cries, ah ! whither wou'd you now ?
 We'll go together, if again you go.
 With her own Voice, and her dead Husband's sight,
 Starting, she leaves her Dream, but not her Fright.
 Awak'd, she turns her fearful Eyes around,
 And looks for him, who cou'd no more be found.
 For now her Maids, rais'd with her Shrieks, were come,
 And with their Lamps enlighten'd all the Room.
 Not seeing what she sought, enrag'd, she tare,
 At once, her Face, her Habit, and her Hair :
 When ask'd the Cause, whence such Despair shou'd spring,
 And what sad Loss cou'd such Distraction bring ?
 She wrings her Hands, and beats her panting Breast ;
 Long silent, in a load of Sorrow prest,
 But thus, at last, her cruel Loss confest.
 There's no *Halcyone*, ah ! none, she cry'd ;
 With *Ceyx*, dearer than her self, she Dy'd,

Now, let no Sounds of Comfort reach mine Ear,
 All mention of a future Hope forbear,
 Leave me, oh! leave me to my just Despair. }
 Ah! these, these Eyes, my shipwrack'd Lord did see,
 And knew, too well, it cou'd be none but he.
 These Hands I stretch'd, in hopes to make him stay,
 But from these Hands he slid unfelt away.
 No mortal Grasp cou'd hold his fleeting Ghost,
 And I, a second time, my Ceyx lost.
 He look'd not with the same Majestick Grace,
 As when he liv'd, nor shone his awful Face }
 With the peculiar Glories of his Heav'nly Race.
 His Eyes were fix'd, and all their Fires gone out,
 No longer roll'd their sparkling Beams about ;
 The Colour from his faded Cheeks was fled, }
 And all his Beauty with himself lay dead,
 Retaining nought at all, except the Shade.
 Retaining still, tho' all the rest was gone,
 Too much, alas! to make his Shadow known :
 Pale, wan, and meagre, by the Bed he stood,
 His Hair still dropping with the briny Flood.
 Here, here in this, ah! this unhappy place, }
 'Twas here he stood, she cry'd ; and sought to trace,
 But found no foot-steps of his airy Pace.
 Oh ! this, this my too true presaging Soul divin'd,
 When you forsook me, to pursue the Wind.
 But, since compell'd by rigorous Fate you went,
 And this was destin'd for the sad Event ;
 Oh ! that together we had put to Sea,
 That so, with you, it might have swallow'd me.
 Absent I'm lost ; and ah! tho' not with you,
 Yet am I wreck'd, yet am I ruin'd too.
 Oh ! I were sprung from a most savage Kind, }
 My Soul as barb'rous as the Seas, or Wind,
 If I, now you are gone, thou'd wish to stay behind.
 No, Ceyx, no ; my much-lov'd Lord, I come :
 And tho' not laid together in a Tomb ;
 Tho' far from mine your floating Corps is born,
 Nor with my Ashes mingl'd in an Urn,

Yet

She

Yet on one Marble shall our Names be told,
 And the same Stone shall both our Stories hold.
 Where Ages, yet unborn, with praise shall read,
 How I disdain'd to live, when you were dead.
 Here, choak'd with Grief, she the sad Tale gave o'er,
 Her swelling Sorrows wou'd permit no more.
 Sobs, mingled with her words, their accents part,
 And Sighs fly faster from her throbbing Heart.
 Now dawns the Day, when she, with fearful haste,
 Goes to that Shore, where She had seen him last.
 There, while she stood reflecting on her Loss,
 Forgetting nought that might augment her Woes :
 Here he took Leave, she cry'd, and here, she said,
 Unwilling to be gone, again he staid ;
 He gave me here, alas ! the last Embrace,
 Then launch'd from this, ah ! this unhappy place.
 While, all that past, she labour'd to recall,
 Severely for her self rememb'ring all ;
 And while around her watry Eyes survey
 The wave-beat Coast, and the still-troubled Sea,
 Something she spies, from far, come floating on,
 Tho' at the first, too distant to be known ;
 Which, as the Tide drove nearer to the Coast,
 Presents a Man in a late Shipwrack lost.
 She pities him, whom yet she does not know,
 And mourns his Fate, since Ceyx perish'd so.
 Pities his Wife, if he a Wife had left,
 Like her, of all she reckon'd dear, bereft.
 Now floating nearer to the fatal Shore,
 She eyes him more distinctly than before,
 While all her Hopes diminish, all her Fears grow more :
 Apace her beating Heart begins to pant,
 And all, at once, her sinking Spirits faint.
 Now, on the Beach, by tossing Billows thrown,
 The Coarse, was to her sad confusion, known,
 Her self, the Wife she mourn'd, the Man her own.
 'Tis he, she cry'd, my Dear, my Shipwrack'd Lord,
 Whom I but too too justly have deplor'd.
 Then, with her Hands stretch'd to him, where he lay,
 She said what Grief wou'd give her leave to say.

Fed with false Hopes, have I your absence born?
 And is it thus, ah! thus, that you return?
 And do I live, and you bereav'd of Life?
 Ah! wretched Man, but more, more wretched Wife!

Far, in the Sea, a Peer erected stood,
 To break the rapid Fury of the Flood;
 Thither (almost beyond belief) she springs,
 Born thro' the yielding Air, on new-grown Wings.
 Along the surface of the Sea she flies,
 And wonders at her own unusual Cries;
 Now hov'ring o'er his pale, and bloodless Coarse,
 In new-found Notes laments her sad Divorce;
 Now stooping, perches on his wat'ry Face,
 And gives him, with her Bill, a strange Embrace.
 Whether he felt it, or the circling Flood
 Then chanc'd to move him, is not yet allow'd;
 Yet he took Sense, from her transporting Touch,
 (Ev'n in the Dead, the force of Love is such.)
 Aloft his now reviving Head he rears,
 And mounts on Pinions which resemble hers.
 Both chang'd to Birds, their Wings together move,
 And nought remain'd unchang'd, except their Love.
 In close Embraces, as before, they join'd,
 And now, o'er Seas, produce, and spread their Kind.
 Seven Days she sits upon her Floating Nest,
 While each rude Blast imprison'd, and suppress'd,
 Close in its Cavern, leaves the Sea at Rest.
 Then every Sail may safely trust the Deep,
 While all the Winds lye hush'd, the Waves asleep.



*The FORCE of JEALOUSIE. To a
Lady asking if her Sex was as sen-
sible of that Passion as Men.*

An Allusion to

O! Quam cruentus Fœminas stimulat Dolor.

Seneca's Hercules OETREUS.

By Mr. THO. YALDEN.

WHAT raging Thoughts transport the Woman's
Breast,

That is with Love, and Jealousie possest!
More with Revenge, than soft Desires she burns,
Whose slighted Passion meets no kind Returns;
That courts the Youth with long-neglected Charms,
And finds her Rival happy in his Arms.

Dread *Scylla's* Rocks 'tis safer to engage,
And trust a Storm, than her destructive Rage:
Not Waves contending with a boist'rous Wind,
Threaten so loud, as her tempestuous Mind:
For Seas grow calm, and raging Storms abate,
But most implacable's a Woman's hate:
Tygers and Savages less wild appear,
Than that fond Wretch abandon'd to Despair.

Such were the Transports *Deianira* felt,
Stung with a Rival's Charms, and Husband's Guilt:
With such Despair she view'd the captive Maid,
Whose fatal Love her *Hercules* betray'd;
Th' unchast *Iole*, but divinely Fair!
In Love Triumphant, tho' a Slave in War:
By Nature lewd, and form'd for soft delight,
Gay as the Spring, and Fair as Beams of Light;
Whose blooming Youth wou'd wildest Rage disarm,
And ev'ry Eye, but a fierce Rival's, charm.

D 3

Fix'd

54 *The FOURTH PART of*

Fix'd with her Grief the Royal Matron stood,
When the fair Captive in his Arms she view'd:
With what regret her Beauties she survey'd,
And curst the Pow'r of the too lovely Maid,
That reap'd the Joys of her abandon'd Bed!
Her furious Looks with wild Disorder glow,
Looks that her Envy and Resentment show!
To blast that fair detested Form she tries,
And Lightning darts from her distorted Eyes.

Then o'er the Palace of false *Hercules*,
With Clamour, and impetuous Rage she flies;
Late a dear Witness of their mutual Flame,
But now th' unhappy Object of her Shame;
Whose conscious Roof can yield her no Relief,
But with polluted Joys upbraids her Grief.

Nor can the spacious Court contain her now;
It grows a Scene too narrow for her Woe.
Loose and undrest all Day she strays alone,
Does her Abode and lov'd Companions shun.
In Woods complains, and sighs in ev'ry Grove,
The mournful Tale of her forsaken Love.
Her Thoughts to all th' extreams of Frenzy fly,
Vary, but cannot ease her Misery:
Whilst in her Looks the lively Forms appear,
Of Envy, Fondness, Fury and Despair.

Her Rage no constant Face of Sorrow wears,
Oft scornful Smiles succeed loud Sighs and Tears:
Oft o'er her Face the rising Blushes spread,
Her glowing Eye-Balls turn with fury red;
Then pale and wan her alter'd Looks appear,
Paler than Guilt, and drooping with Despair.
A tide of Passions ebb and flow within,
And oft she shifts the Melancholy Scene:
Does all th' excess of Woman's Fury show,
And yields a large variety of Woe.

Now calm as Infants at the Mother's Breast,
Her Grief in softest Murmurs is exprest:
She speaks the tend'rest Things that Pity move,
Kind are her Looks, and *Languishing* with Love.

Then

Then loud as Storms, and raging as the Wind,
 She gives a loose to her distemper'd Mind:
 With *Shrieks* and *Groans* she fills the Air around,
 And makes the Palace her loud Griefs resound.
 Wild with her Wrongs, she like a Fury strays,
 A Fury, more than Wife of *Hercules*:
 Her Motion, Looks, and Voice, proclaim her Woes,
 While Sighs, and broken Words, her wilder Thoughts
 disclose.

*To Mr. DRYDEN, upon his Transla-
 tion of the Third Book of VIR-
 GIL's Georgicks.*

PINDARICK ODE.

By Mr. JOHN DENNIS.

While mounting with expanded Wings
 The *Mantuan* Swan unbounded Heav'n explores;
 While with Seraphick Sounds he Towing Sings,
 'Till to Divinity he Soars:
 Mankind stands wond'ring at his Flight,
 Charm'd with his Musick, and his Height:
 Which both transcend our Praise.
 Nay Gods incline their ravish'd Ears,
 And tune their own harmonious Spheres
 To his Melodious Lays.
 Thou, *Dryden*, canst his Notes recite
 In modern Numbers, which express
 Their Musick, and their utmost Might:
 Thou, wondrous Poet, with Success
 Canst emulate his Flight.

II.

Sometimes of humble Rural Things,
 Thy Muse, which keeps great *Maro* still in Sight,

In middle Air with varied Numbers Sings;
 And sometimes her sonorous Flight
 To Heav'n sublimely Wings.
 But first takes time with Majesty to rise,
 Then, without Pride, divinely Great,
 She mounts her Native Skies;
 And, Goddess-like, retains her State
 When down again she flies.
 Commands, which Judgment gives, she still obeys,
 Both to depress her Flight, and raise.
 Thus *Mercury* from Heav'n descends,
 And to this under World his Journey bends,
 When *Jove* his dread Command has giv'n.
 But, still, Descending, Dignity maintains,
 As much a God upon our humble Plains,
 As when he, Tow'ring, re-ascends to Heav'n.

III.

But when thy Goddess takes her Flight,
 With so much Majesty, to such a Height
 As can alone suffice to prove,
 That she descends from mighty *Jove*:
 Gods! how thy Thoughts then rise, and soar, and
 Immortal Spirit animates each Line, [shine!
 Each with bright Flame that fires our Souls is crown'd,
 Each has Magnificence of Sound,
 And Harmony Divine.
 Thus the first Orbs in their high Rounds,
 With Shining Pomp advance;
 And to their own Celestial Sounds
 Majestically Dance.
 On, with eternal Symphony they rowl,
 Each turn'd in its harmonious Course,
 And each inform'd, by the prodigious Force
 Of an Empyrean Soul.



The ENJOYMENT. *A* SONG.

A N O N Y M U S.

YE Gods! the Raptures of that Night!
 What Fierce Convulsions of Delight!
 How in each other's Arms invol'd,
 We lay Confounded, and Dissolv'd!
 Bodies mingling, Sexes blending,
 Which shou'd most be lost contending.
 Darting fierce, and flaming Kisses,
 Plunging into boundless Bliss;
 Our Bodies, and our Souls on Fire,
 Tost by a Tempest of Desire:
 'Till with utmost Fury driv'n
 Down, at once we sunk to Heav'n.

The E N J O Y M E N T.

GO, Love, thy Banners round the World display,
 And teach Rebellious Mortals to obey;
 Triumph o'er those, who proudly slight thy Pow'r,
 And make them, what they now Deride, Adore.
 If any yet can be so senseless grown,
 To scorn thy Pleasures, and approve their own:
 To Conquer, only bid 'em Taste, and Know,
 And soon their fancy'd Pleasures they'll forego,
 And soon acknowledge thee, the Lord of all below.
 Convince the reading Sots, who wou'd seem Wise,
 And cloak their Follies by a grave Disguise;
 The learned Ignorants will straight lay by
 Their useless Books, and, Joyful, follow thee.
 Blest be the Day, when first *Celinda* came
 To me Despairing, and reveal'd her Flame;

D 5

When

38 *The FOURTH PART of*

When blushing she her Passion did disclose,
And softest Words, and tender'st Accents chose
To make me Happy, and compleat my Joys. }

Oh! what a Rapture did my Soul surround,
When first I heard the dear transporting Sound!

" Now, Youth, said she, your Fears and Doubts re-

" For know 'tis you, and only you I Love; [move,

" And that you may my Love unfeign'd believe,

" Take all that you can ask, or I can give.

While tell-tale Blushes told me what she meant,

And wishing Looks betray'd her kind Intent.

Encourag'd thus, I boldly did invade

With eager ardour the forgiving Maid;

But when I clasp'd her Body close to mine,

'Twas more than Rapture all! 'twas all Divine!

Such Joys I knew, as Words want Pow'r to tell,

Joys! which the feeble reach of Thoughts excel:

My Soul, surpriz'd at the excess of Joy,

Unable to sustain it, wing'd away,

Wilst all entranc'd, and ecstasi'd I lay. }

Tell me, ye mighty Learned, (if you know)

Where did my Soul in that short Transport go?

Did it with willing haste to her depart?

It did, I'm sure it did, and flutter'd round her Heart;

Blest with the unknown Beauties of the Fair,

It heav'd, it trembled, and it panted there.

Unwilling to depart, 'twou'd still remain,

But all the weak Efforts to stay were vain, }

A Kiss restor'd the Fugitive again:

That Kiss which wou'd a Long Dead Corps revive,

Reverse its Doom, and kindly make it live;

My Soul re-enter'd, we repeated o'er

A Thousand Joys, unknown to both before.

Pardon me, Love, (thou Pow'rful Deity)

That I so long abstain'd from tasting thee:

I thought indeed (vain Fool!) in Books to meet

With solid Wisdom, and with true Delight:

To noisie Nothings I betray'd my Ease,

And idly dreamt away my sprightly Days;

But now, (though late) my Errors I perceive,
And know, I only now begin to Live:
Hence, ye usurping Whimfies, hence retreat,
Whilst exil'd Love regains its lawful Seat;
Love, whose bewitching Dictates I'll obey,
For I, with *Titus*, should repenting say,
Those Blessings wanting, I have lost a Day:
No time shall pass without that dear Delight,
I'll talk of Love all Day, and act it all the Night;
Pleasure and I, as to one Goal design'd,
Will run with equal pace, while Sorrows lag behind.

O that I had but *Jove's* unbounded Might,
To lengthen Pleasures, and extend a Night!
Three trivial Nights shou'd not my Wish confine,
Whole *Years* themselves, and *Ages* shou'd combine
To make my Joys as lasting, as Divine.
Then wou'd I lye enclos'd within her Arms,
Fierce as my Love, and Vig'rous as her Charms;
And both shou'd be, (cou'd I decree their State)
As fixt, and as immutable as Fate:
Then wond'ring Mortals shou'd with Envy see,
That only those were blest who Lov'd like me;
And Gods themselves should at my Bliss repine,
And learn to mend their now imperfect Joys by mine.

To his Perjur'd Mistress. From Horace.

Nox erat, & cælo fulgebat luna sereno, &c.

By Mr. T. YALDEN.

IT was one Evening, when the rising Moon
Amidst her Train of Stars distinctly shone;
Serene and calm was the inviting Night,
And Heav'n appear'd in all its lustre bright;
When you, *Neara*, you my perjur'd Fair,
Did, to abuse the Gods and me, prepare.
'Twas then you swore, remember faithless Maid,
With what indearing Arts you then betray'd:

Remem.

Remember all the tender things that past,
 When round my Neck your willing Arms were cast.
 The circling *Ivys* when with *Oaks* they join,
 Seem loose, and coy, to those fond Arms of thine.

Believe, you cry'd, this solemn Vow believe,
 The noblest Pledge that Love and I can give;
 Or if there's ought more sacred here below,
 Let that confirm my Oath to Heav'n and you.
 If e'er my Breast a guilty Flame receives,
 Or covets Joys, but what thy Presence gives;
 May ev'ry injur'd Pow'r assert thy Cause,
 And Love avenge his violated Laws:
 While cruel Beasts of Prey infest the Plain,
 And Tempests rage upon the faithless Main:
 While Sighs and Tears shall listning Virgins move,
 So long, ye Powers, will fond *Neara* love.

Ah faithless Charmer, lovely perjur'd Maid!
 Are thus my Vows, and generous Flame repaid?
 Repeated slights I have too tamely bore,
 Still doated on, and still been wrong'd the more.
 Why do I listen to that *Syren's* Voice,
 Love ev'n thy Crimes, and fly to guilty Joys!
 Thy fatal Eyes my best Resolves betray,
 My Fury melts in soft Desires away:
 Each look, each glance, for all thy Crimes atone,
 Elude my Rage, and I'm again undone.

But if my injur'd Soul dares yet be brave,
 Unless I'm fond of Shame, confirm'd a Slave,
 I will be deaf to that enchanting Tongue,
 Nor on thy Beauties gaze away my Wrong.
 At length I'll loath each prostituted Grace,
 Nor court the leavings of a cloy'd Embrace;
 But show, with manly Rage, my Soul's above
 The cold returns of thy exhausted Love.
 Then thou shalt justly mourn at my Disdain,
 Find all thy Arts, and all thy Charms in vain:
 Shalt Mourn, whilst I, with nobler Flames, pursue
 Some Nymph, as fair, tho' not unjust, as you;
 Whose Wit, and Beauty, shall like thine excel,
 But far surpass in Truth, and loving well.

But

But wretched thou, who-e'er my Rival art,
 That fondly boasts an Empire o'er her Heart;
 Thou that enjoy'st the fair inconstant Prize,
 And vainly triumph'st with my Victories;
 Unenvy'd now, o'er all her Beauties rove,
 Enjoy thy Ruin, and *Neara's* Love:
 Tho' Wealth and Honours grace thy nobler Birth,
 To bribe her Love, and fix a wand'ring Faith:
 Tho' ev'ry Grace, and ev'ry Virtue join,
 T' enrich thy Mind, and make thy Form divine:
 Yet blest with endless Charms, too soon you'll prove
 The Treacheries of false *Neara's* Love.
 Lost, and abandon'd by th' ungrateful Fair
 Like me you'll Love, be Injur'd, and Despair.
 When left th' unhappy Object of her Scorn,
 Then shall I smile to see the Victor mourn,
 Laugh at thy Fate, and triumph in my Turn.

SONG. *Advice to CÆLIA.*

I.

IS it not Madness thus to be
 Coy, and your Minutes waste;
 To let the World be envying me
 Pleasures I ne'er did taste?

II.

Since this foul Scandal we have got,
 Consent, and yield for shame;
 For all your Virtue now will not
 Patch up your broken Fame.

III.

Why should our Bliss then be delay'd?
 The World can say no more
 Than what it has already said,
 And that is, thou'rt a Whore.

CORNELIUS GALLUS *Imitated.*

A L Y R I C K.

By my Lord R.

MY Goddess, *Lydia*, Heav'nly Fair!
 As Lillys sweet, as soft as Air:
 Let loose thy Tresses, spread thy Charms,
 And to my Love give fresh Alarms.

II.

O let me gaze on those bright Eyes;
 Tho' sacred Lightning from 'em flies:
 Shew me that soft, that modest Grace,
 Which paints with Charming Red thy Face.

III.

Give me *Ambrosia* in a Kiss,
 That I may Rival *Jove* in Bliss;
 That I may mix my Soul with thine,
 And make the Pleasure all Divine.

IV.

O hide thy Bosom's killing White,
 (The Milky-way is not so Bright;)
 Lest you my ravish'd Soul oppress
 With Beauty's Pomp, and sweet Excess.

V.

Why draw'st thou from the Purple Flood
 Of my kind Heart, the vital Blood?
 Thou art all over endless Charms!
 O take me, dying, to thy Arms.



T
 With
 Fron
 Hou
 Tho
 In V
 Now
 We
 Her
 Tha
 Blea
 And
 No
 No
 Ham
 Ham
 Alik
 Whi
 Whi
 Den
 My
 Lost
 To
 Hon
 Wit
 Este
 Tho
 I en
 Still
 Nor
 Tim
 And
 Wh

TO WALTER MOYLE, Esq;

By Mr. CHARLES HOPKINS.

TO you, dear Youth, in these unpolish'd Strains,
 And rural Notes, your exil'd Friend complains.
 With pain, this tedious Banishment I bear
 From the dear Town, and you, the dearest there.
 Hourly, my Thoughts present before my View,
 Those charming Joys, which once, alas! I knew,
 In Wine, in Love, in Friendship, and in you. }
 Now Fortune has withdrawn that pleasing Scene,
 We must not for a while appear again.
 Here, in its stead, unusual Prospects rise,
 That dull the Fancy, and disgust the Eyes.
 Bleak Groves of Trees, shook by the Northern Winds,
 And heavy Aspects of unthinking Hinds.
 No beauteous Nymph to fire the youthful Heart,
 No Swain instructed in the Muses Art.
 Hammond alone is from this Censure free,
 Hammond, who makes the same Complaint with me;
 Alike on both, the Want of you does strike,
 Which both repine at, and lament alike;
 While here I stay, condemn'd to desert Fields,
 Deny'd the Pleasures which the City yields,
 My Fortunes, by the Chance of War deprest,
 Lost at these Years, when I might use them best.
 To crown your Youth, conspiring Graces join,
 Honour, and Bounty, Wealth, and Wit, are thine.
 With Charms united, ev'ry Heart you move,
 Esteem in Men, in vanquish'd Virgins, Love.
 Tho' clog'd with Cares, I drag my restless Hours,
 I envy not the flowing Ease of yours;
 Still may they roll with circling Pleasures on,
 Nor you neglect to seize them as they run.
 Time hastes away with an impetuous flight,
 And all its Joys soon vanish from our Sight,
 Which we shall mourn, we us'd not, while we might. }
 In

64 *The* FOURTH PART of

In full Delights, let sprightly *Southern* live,
 With all that Woman, and that Wine, can give.
 May generous *Wicherly*, all Suff'rings past,
 Enjoy a well-deserv'd Estate, at last.
 Fortuné, with Merit, and with Wit, be Friends,
 And sure, tho' slowly, make a large amends.
 Late, very late, may the great *Dryden* die:
 But when deceas'd, may *Congreve* rise as high.
 To him, my Service, and my Love commend,
 The greatest Wit, and yet the truest Friend.
 Accept, dear *Moyle*, a Letter writ in haste,
 Which, my impatient Friendship dictates fast.
 Friendship, like Love, imperfectly exprest,
 Yet by their being so, they're both shown best.
 Each, no cold leisure for our Thoughts affords,
 But at a Heat, strikes out our eager Words.
 The Soul's Emotion, most her Truth assures,
 Such as I feel, while I subscribe me

YOURS.

HORACE, Book II. ODE XII.

Nolis longa fere Bella Numantie, &c.

By Mr. GLANVIL.

URGE me no more to write of Martial Things,
 Of fighting Heroes, and of conqu'ring Kings:
 Our brave Fore-fathers Glory to advance,
 Shew subdu'd *Ireland*, and sing vanquish'd *France*;
 Tell how *Spain's* Blood the *British* Ocean swell'd,
 With Shame invading, and with more Repell'd,
 No, these high Theams of the Heroick Strain,
 Suit ill with my low feeble Vein:
 To equal Numbers I'd in vain aspire,
 How shall I make a Trumpet of a Lyre?
 Much less dare I, in an unhallow'd Strain,
 Great *Nassau's* Wars and Victories prophane.

You

You better may in lasting Prose rehearse
 Things which defie my humble Verse.
 'Tis a fond thing to think to reconcile
 Such Glorious Actions with so mean a Style.

II.

Me fair *Lycinnia*'s softer Praise,
 Her native Charms, and winning Ways,
 The Muse ordain'd to sing in gentle Lays.
 Me the sweet Song, which *Syrens* Art defies,
 Me the serenely shining Eyes,
 And, above all, the gen'rous grateful Heart,
 True to the mutual Love, and faithful to its part.
Lycinnia, whose becoming Dance
 With Airy Motion does Love's Fire advance,
 Whose wanton Wit, wild as her Eyes,
 The tickled Mind does pleasantly surprize;
 Whose various Arts all our loose Powers alarm,
 A Grace each Action, and each Word's a Charm.

III.

Ah! when her willing Head she greatly bends,
 And fragrant Kisses languishingly lends:
 When with fond artful Coyness she denies,
 More glad to lose, than we to win the Prize,
 Or when the Wanton, in a toying Vein,
 Snatches the Kiss from the prevented Swain;
 Wou'd you then give one Bracelet of her Hair,
 For the poor Crowns that Monarchs wear?
 Wou'd you exchange, for all those Favourite Isles
 The Sun laughs on, one of her pleasing Smiles?
 Wou'd you, for both the *Indies* Wealth, decline
 The hidden Treasures of her richer Mine?
 Not I, for such vain Toys I'd ne'er remove;
 My Wealth, my Pomp, my Heav'n should all be Love,



In Imitation of HORACE.

O D E XXII.

*Integer vite, &c.**Written by Mr. THO. YALDEN.*

THE Man that's uncorrupt, and free from Guilt,
 That the Remorse of secret Crimes ne'er felt;
 Whose Breast was ne'er debauch't with Sin,
 But finds all calm, and all at Peace within:
 In his Integrity secure,
 He fears no danger, dreads no pow'r:
 Useless are Arms for his defence,
 That keeps a faithful guard of Innocence.

II.

Secure the happy Innocent may rove,
 The Care of ev'ry Pow'r above:
 Altho' unarm'd he wanders o'er
 The treacherous *Libya's* Sands, and faithless Shore.
 Tho' o'er th' inhospitable Brows
 Of savage *Caucasus* he goes:
 Thro' *Africk's* Flames, thro' *Scythia's* Snows,
 Or where *Hydaspes*, fam'd for Monsters, flows.

III.

For as within an unfrequented Grove,
 I tun'd my willing Lyre to Love:
 With pleasing amorous Thoughts betray'd,
 Beyond my Bounds insensibly I stray'd:
 A Wolf that view'd me fled away,
 He fled, from his defenceless Prey:
 When I invok'd *Maria's* Aid,
 Altho' unarm'd, the trembling Monster fled.

IV.

Not *Daunia's* teeming Sands, nor barb'rous Shore,
 E'er such a dreadful Native bore:

No

Nor *Africk's* nursing Caves brought forth
 So fierce a Beast, of such amazing growth.
 Yet vain did all his Fury prove,
 Against a Breast that's arm'd with Love;
 Tho' absent, fair *Maria's* Name
 Subdues the fierce, and makes the savage tame.

V.

Commit me now to that abandon'd Place,
 Where chearful Light withdraws its Rays:
 No Beams on barren Nature smile,
 Nor fruitful Winds refresh th' intemperate Soil.
 But Tempests, with eternal Frost,
 Still rage around the gloomy Coast:
 Whilst angry *Jove* infects the Air,
 And, black with Clouds, deforms the sullen Year.

VI.

Or place me now beneath the Torrid Zone,
 To live a Borderer on the Sun:
 Send me to scorching Sands, whose heat
 Guards the destructive Soil from Human Feet.
 Yet there I'll sing *Maria's* Name,
 And sport, uninjur'd, midst the Flame:
Maria's Name! that will create, even there,
 A milder Climate, and more temperate Air.

*The Sixteenth ODE of the Second
 Book of HORACE.*

Translated by an unknown Hand.

Beginning, *Otium Divos rogat, &c.*

WHEN stormy Winds begin to rise,
 And Moon and Stars do disappear;
 Then to the Gods the Seaman cries,
 Wishing himself at Quiet here.

II. For

II.

For Peace the Soldier takes up Arms;
 For Peace he boldly ventures Life:
 For that he follows Wars Alarms:
 Hoping to gain by Toil and Strife.

III.

That Quiet, and Content of Mind,
 Which is not to be bought or sold;
 Quiet, which none as yet cou'd find
 In Heaps of Jewels, or of Gold.

IV.

For neither can Wealth, Pow'r, or State
 Of Courtiers, or of Guards the Rout,
 Or Gilded Roof, or Brazen Gate,
 The Troubles of the Mind keep out.

V.

That Man alone is happy here,
 Whose *All* will just himself maintain:
 His Sleep is not disturb'd with Fear,
 Or broke with fardiv Thirst of Gain.

VI.

Then why do we, since Life's so short,
 Lay our Designs for what's to come?
 Why to another Air resort,
 Forfaking this our Native Home?

VII.

Trouble will at our Heels be still,
 Swift as the Roe-buck, or the Wind;
 'Twill follow us against our Will,
 For none can leave himself behind.

VIII.

What does our Wandring then avail?
 Care will not be forgot, or lost;
 'Twill reach us tho' we're under Sail;
 And find us on another Coast.

IX.

Man, with his present State content,
 Shou'd leave to Providence the rest:
 Using the time well Heav'n has lent,
 For no one here's entirely Blest.

X. *Achilles*

X.

Achilles yielding soon to Fate,
Was snatch'd from off this Mortal Stage:
Ere thou enjoy'd a longer Date,
And labour'd under lingring Age.

XI.

So if it please the Fates, you may
Resign your Soul to sudden Death;
Whilst I, perhaps, behind must stay,
To breathe a longer share of Breath.

XII.

You round you daily do behold
Your thriving Flocks, and fruitful Land:
Which bounteous Fortune has bestow'd
On you, with no Penurious Hand.

XIII.

A little Country Seat by Heav'n
Is what's allotted unto me:
A Genius too the Gods have giv'n,
Not quite averse to Poetry:
And a firm steady Soul, that is above
Either the Vulgar's Hatred, or their Love.

PATROCLUS's Request to ACHILLES
for his Arms.

*Imitated from the Beginning of the Sixteenth
Iliad of Homer.*

By Mr. THO. YALDEN.

Divine Achilles, with Compassion mov'd,
Thus to Patroclus spake, his best-belov'd.
Why like a tender Girl dost thou complain!
That strives to reach the Mother's Breast in vain:
Mourns by her Side, her Knees embraces fast,
Hangs on her Robes, and interrupts her Haite;
Yet

Yet when with fondness to her Arms she's rais'd,
Still mourns, and weeps, and will not be appeas'd,
Thus my *Patroclus* in his Grief appears,
Thus like a froward Girl profuse of Tears.

From *Phthia* dost thou Mournful Tidings hear,
And to thy Friend some fatal Message bear?
Thy Vallant Father (if we Fame believe,)
The good *Menatius*, he is yet alive:
And *Peleus*, tho' in his declining Days,
Reigns o'er his *Myrmidons* in Health and Peace;
Yet, as their latest Obsequies we paid,
Thou mourn'st them living, as already dead.

Or thus with Tears the *Grecian* Host deplore,
That with their Navy perish on the Shore:
And with Compassion their Misfortunes view,
The just Reward to Guilt and Falsehood due?
Impartial Heav'n avenges thus my Wrong,
Nor suffers Crimes to go unpunish'd long.
Reveal the Cause so much afflicts thy Mind,
Nor thus conceal thy Sorrows from thy Friend.

When, gently raising up his drooping Head,
Thus, with a Sigh, the sad *Patroclus* said,

Godlike *Achilles*, *Peleus'* valiant Son!
Of all our Chiefs, the greatest in Renown:
Upbraid not thus th' Afflicted with their Woes,
Nor triumph now the *Greeks* sustain such Loss!
To Pity let thy generous Breast incline,
And show thy Mind is, like thy Birth, Divine.
For all the valiant Leaders of their Host,
Or Wounded lye, or are in Battel lost.

Ulysses great in Arms, and *Diomedes*,
Languish with Wounds, and in the Navy bleed:
This common Fate great *Agamemnon* shares,
And stern *Eurypylus*, renown'd in Wars.
Whilst powerful Drugs th' experienc'd Artists try,
And to their Wounds apt Remedies apply:
Easing th' afflicted *Heroes* with their Skill,
Thy Breast alone remains implacable!

What, will thy Fury thus for ever last!
Let present Woes atone for Inj'ries past:

How
Thy
What
That
Usele
Defor
Co
Or be
Thee
And t
Thy f
So har
But
Or dr
What
Receiv
If so-
And F
Whilf
We y
Let m
With
That v
Deceiv
Thu
We m
Vigore
And fi
O'er h
And d

M
While

MISCELLANY POEMS.

71

How can thy Soul retain such lasting Hate!
 Thy Virtues are as useleſs, as they're great.
 What injur'd Friend from thee ſhall hope redreſs!
 That will not aid the *Greeks* in ſuch diſtreſs:
 Uſeleſs is all the Valour that you boaſt,
 Deform'd with Rage, with ſullen Fury loſt.
 Could Cruelty like thine from *Peleus* come,
 Or be the Off-ſpring of fair *Thetis'* Womb!
 Thee raging Seas, thee boiſtrous Waves brought forth;
 And to obdurate Rocks thou ow'ſt thy Birth!
 Thy ſtubborn Nature ſtill retains their Kind,
 So hard thy Heart, ſo ſavage is thy Mind.

But if thy boading Breſt admits of Fear,
 Or dreads what ſacred Oracles declare!
 What awful *Thetis* in the Courts above,
 Receiv'd from the unerring Mouth of *Jove*!
 If ſo ---- Let me the threat'ning Danger ſ face,
 And Head the Warlike Squadrons in thy place:
 Whiſt me thy valiant *Myrmidons* obey,
 We yet may turn the Fortune of the day.
 Let me in thy diſtinguiſh'd Arms appear,
 With all thy dreadful Equipage of War:
 That when the *Trojans* our Approaches view,
 Deceiv'd, they ſhall retreat, and think 'tis you.

Thus from the Rage of an inſuking Hoſt,
 We may retrieve that Fame the *Greeks* have loſt:
 Vigorous, and freſh, th' unequal Fight renew,
 And from our Navy force the drooping Foe;
 O'er harras'd Men an eaſie Conqueſt gain,
 And drive the *Trojans* to their Walls again.

A S O N G. By —

MAY the Ambitious ever find
 Succeſs in Crouds and Noiſe,
 While gentle Love does fill my Mind
 With ſilent real Joys.

II. May

II.

May Knaves and Fools grow Rich and Great,
 And the World think 'em wise;
 While I lye dying at her Feet,
 And all the World despise.

III.

Let Conquering Kings new Triumphs raise,
 And melt in Court Delights:
 Her Eyes can give much brighter Days,
 Her Arms much softer Nights.

An EPISTLE to Mr. B——

By Mr. Fr. Knapp, of Magdalen College in Oxford.

Dear Friend,

I Hear that you, of late, are grown
 One of those squeamish Criticks of the Town,
 That think they have a Licence to abuse
 Each honest Author, that pretends to Muse.
 But be advis'd, why should you spend your time
 In Heath'nish Satyr, 'cause a Fool will Rhime?
 Poor harmless *W——ly*! let him write again,
 Be pitied in his old Heroic Strain;
 Let him in Reams proclaim himself a Dunce,
 And break a dozen Stationers at once.
 What is't to you? Why shou'd you take't amiss
 If *Grubstreet*'s stock'd with Tenants, if the Press
 Is hugely ply'd, and labours to produce
 Some mighty Folio, for the Chandler's use?
 Let *Grubstreet* scribble on, nor need you care
 Though ev'ry Garret held a Poet there.

You know, that are acquainted with the Town,
 How the poor Tribe are worry'd up and down:
 How pensively the hungry Authors sit,
 And, in their upper Regions, strain for Wit.

Such

Such a poor tatter'd Small-beer Herd they're grown,
 That scarce an Author from his Hawker's known:
 No jolly Carbuncle through all the Race
 Appears, to justify a Poet's Face.
 This a sufficient Penance seems to me
 For *H---den's* Droll, or *S---tle's* Tragedy.
 Is't not enough to starve for Writing ill,
 That they ne'er Dine, but when they Smoak a Meal,
 That their Works only serve to wipe, or twine
 A Candle, or some feeble Banbox line?
 Consider, and let Charity prevail.
 What Christian Critick can have Heart to rail
 At such poor Rogues as these? Besides, you know
 A true stanch Poet can't Reform, what though
 His Works have furnish'd a Lampoon or two?
 They that have once in Print proclaim'd their Name,
 Are senseless all of Justice, as of Shame,
 And none but Stationers should Rail at them.
 Had e'er the Lewdest of 'em all the Grace,
 Or Conscience, to Repent of making Verse?
 For other Sins they feel Remorse sometimes,
 But sure no Poet e'er had Qualms for Rhimes;
 Alas! no wholsom Counsel can be us'd
 By a poor harden'd Wretch, when once *Bemus'd*:
 Then don't inhumanly your Pains mis-spend
 On Reprobates, that you can never mend.

Had we a Parliament dispos'd to lay
 A Tax on Metre, or invent some way,
 In Grand Committee call'd, to regulate
 This among other Grievances of State;
 Then you might hope to hear an Act would pass
 To limit all this Hackney jingling Race,
 And order some Commissioners to find
 Which way their Genius chiefly is inclin'd,
 See how it stands affected to a Muse,
 And as their Talents lye, their Business chuse.
 When a poor Thief to *Tyburn's* drawn, to be
 There made a Pendulum for Gallow Tree,
 Let *D---y* then his woful Exit sing,
 And with, *Good People all give ear*, begin.

In gentle Ditty tenderly relate
 The Inconvenience of his sudden Fate,
 Nor must judicious R-----r be forgot,
 Let him for Madrigals compose a Plot.
 Let Jonny C-----n in mild Acrosticks deal,
 His wondrous Skill in Anagram reveal;
 Let him in petty Verse describe his Flame,
 And edge his Sonnet with his Mistress' Name;
 Stop Thief the warbling Musick shall prolong,
 Stop Thief shall be the Burden of the Song.
 And R-----r too (for he above the rest
 Is richly with a double Talent blest,)
 Let him, for deep Reflections long renown'd,
 Be lawful Critick through all Grubstreet own'd,
 To be the Judge of each Suburbian Lay,
 If their Acrosticks all the Rules obey,
 Compos'd according to the Ancient way;
 If Felon does with as much Decence swing
 In Metre, as he did before in String.

I grant you such a Course as this might do
 To make 'em humbly Treat of what they know,
 Not vent'ring further than their Brains will go.
 But what should I do then, for ever spoil'd
 Of this Diversion which frail Authors yield?
 I should no more on D-----n's Counter meet
 Bards that are deeply skill'd in Rhime and Feet;
 For I am Charm'd with easie Nonsense more,
 Than all the Wit that Men of Sense adore:
 With Fear I view Great Dryden's hallow'd Page,
 With Fear I view it, and I read with Rage.
 I'm all with Fear, with Grief, and Love possess'd,
 Tears in my Eyes, and Anguish in my Breast;
 While I with mourning Antony repine,
 And all the Hero's Miseries are mine.
 If I read Edgar, then my Soul's at Peace,
 Lull'd in a lazy State of thoughtless Ease.
 No Passion's ruffled by the peaceful Lay,
 No Stream, no Depth, to hurry me away;
 R-----r in both Professions harmless proves,
 Nor Wounds when Critick, nor when Poet moves.

But

MISCELLANY POEMS.

75

But you condemn such lifeless Poetry,
And wildly talk of nothing else to me
But Spirit, Flame, Rapture, and Ecstasie;
Strange Mystick Things, I understand no more
Than Laity *Pax Tecum* did of Yore.
Therefore pray Pardon, if I rail at Sense,
And plead for Blockheads in my own Defence;
For whom I have a thousand Things to say,
Which you must wait for 'till another Day.
Forgive me if I'm too abrupt, you know
I never was Methodical, like you;
I have no Rule to make an End but one,
For when my Paper's out, my Letter's done.
So once Lay-Vicars, in the Days of Noll,
When faintly *Peters* did in Pulpits droll;
By Hour-Glass set their Sermons, and the Flock
Might safely Shore in spite of Zealous Knock;
'Till the last kind releasing Sand was run,
But when the Glass was out, the Cant was done.

3

TO MYRA.

*A great Flood having destroyed the Fruits of the
Ground, and the Corn every where in her Neigh-
bourhood, but upon her own Land.*

By Mr. GEORGE GRANVILLE.

WHAT Hands Divine have planted and protect,
The Torrent spares, and Deluges respect;
So when the Waters o'er the World were spread,
Cov'ring the Oaks, and ev'ry Mountain's Head,
The chosen *Noah* sail'd within his Ark,
Nor durst the Waves o'erwhelm the sacred Bark.
The Charming *Myra* is no less, we find,
The Favourite of Heav'n, than of Mankind:

E 2

The

The Gods, like Rivals, imitate our Care,
 And vie with Mortals to oblige the Fair;
 These Favours thus bestow'd on her alone,
 Are but the Homage which they sent her down.
 Oh *Myra*, may thy Virtue from above
 Be Crown'd with Blessings, endless as my Love.

CANONIZATION.

By Mr. J. DONNE.

FOR God's sake hold your Tongue, and let me love,
 Or chide my Palsie, or my Gout,
 My five grey Hairs, or ruin'd Fortunes flout,
 With Wealth your State, your Mind with Arts im-
 Take you a Course, get you a Place, [prove;
 Observe his Honour, or his Grace,
 Or the King's real, or his stamped Face
 Contemplate; what you will, approve,
 So you will let me Love.

Alas, alas, who's injur'd by my Love;
 What Merchant's Ships have my Sighs drown'd?
 Who says my Tears have overflow'd his Ground?
 When did my Colds a forward Spring remove?
 When did the Heats which my Reins fill,
 Add one Man to the plaguy Bill?
 Soldiers find Wars, and Lawyers find out still
 Litigious Men, whom Quarrels move,
 While She and I do love.

Call's what you will, we are made such by Love;
 Call her one, me another Fly,
 W'are Tapers too, and at our own Cost die,
 And we in us find th' Eagle and the Dove.

The

The Phoenix Riddle hath more Wit
 By us, we two being one, are it.
 So to one neutral Thing both Sexes fit.
 We die and rise the same, and prove
 Mysterious by this Love.

We can die by it, if not live by Love,
 And if unfit for Tomb or Hearse
 Our Legend be, it will be fit for Verse;
 And if no Piece of Chronicle we prove,
 We'll build in Sonnets pretty Rooms.
 As well a well-wrought Urn becomes
 The greatest Ashes, as Half-acre Tombs,
 And by those Hymns all shall approve
 Us *Canoniz'd* for Love:

And thus invoke us; You whom reverend Love
 Made one another's Hermitage;
 You to whom Love was Peace, that now is Rage,
 Who did the whole World's Soul contract, and drove
 Into the Glasses of your Eyes,
 So made such Mirrors, and such Spies,
 That they did all to you Epitomize,
 Countries, Towns, Courts, beg from above
 A Pattern of your Love.

A F F E V E R.

By the same Hand.

O H do not die, for I shall hate
 All Women so, when thou art gone,
 That thee I shall not celebrate,
 When I remember thou wast one.

But yet thou canst not die, I know:
 To leave this World behind, is Death:

E 3

But

78 *The FOURTH PART of*

But when thou from this World wilt go,
The whole World vapours in thy Breath.

Or if, when thou, the World's Soul, goest,
It stay, 'tis but thy Carcass then,
The fairest Woman, but thy Ghost,
But corrupt Worms, the worthiest Men.

O wrangling Schools, that search what Fire
Shall burn this World, had none the Wit
Unto this Knowledge to aspire,
That this her Fever might be it!

And yet she cannot waste by this,
Nor long endure this torturing Wrong;
For more Corruption needful is
To fuel such a Fever long.

These burning Fits but Meteors be,
Whose Matter in thee soon is spent.
Thy Beauty, and all Parts, which are thee,
Are an unchangeable Firmament.

And here as my Mind, seizing thee,
Though it in thee cannot persevere;
Yet I had rather Owner be
Of thee one Hour, than all else ever.

B R E A K of D A T.

By the same Hand.

I.

STAY, O Sweet, and do not rise;
The Light that shines, comes from thine Eyes;
The Day breaks not, it is my Heart,
Because that you and I must part.

Stay,

Stay, or else my Joys will die,
And perish in their Infancy.

II.

'Tis true, 'tis Day; what though it be?

O wilt thou therefore rise from me?

Why should we rise, because 'tis Light?

Did we lie down, because 'twas Night?

Love which in spight of Darknefs brought us hither,
Should in despight of Light keep us together.

III.

Light hath no Tongue, but is all Eye;

If it could speak as well as spy,

This were the worst that it could say,

That being well, I fain would stay,

And that I lov'd my Heart and Honour so,

That I would not from her, that had them, go.

IV.

Must Business thee from hence remove?

Oh, that's the worst Disease of Love,

The poor, the foul, the false Love can

Admit, but not the busied Man.

He which hath Business, and makes Love, doth do
Such wrong, as when a married Man doth woo.

TWICKNAM Garden.

By the same Hand.

BLasted with Sighs, and surrounded with Tears,

Hither I come to seek the Spring,

And at mine Eyes, and at mine Ears,

Receive such Balm as else cures every thing:

But O, Self-traitor, I do bring

The Spider Love which transubstantiates all,

And can convert Manna to Gall,

And that this Place may thoroughly be thought

True Paradise, I have the Serpent brought.

'Twere wholesomer for me, that Winter did
 Benight the Glory of this Place,
 And that a grave Frost did forbid
 These Trees to laugh, and mock me to my Face;
 But since I cannot this Disgrace
 Indure, nor leave this Garden, Love let me
 Some senseless Piece of this Place be;
 Make me a Mandrake, so I may grow here,
 Or a stone Fountain weeping out my Year.

Hither with crystal Vials, Lovers, come,
 And take my Tears, which are Love's Wine,
 And try your Mistress Tears at home,
 For all are false, that taste not just like mine;
 Alas, Hearts do not in Eyes shine,
 Nor can you more judge Woman's Thoughts by Tears,
 Than by her Shadow, what she wears.
 O perverse Sex, where none is true but she,
 Who's therefore true because her Truth kills me.

Confined L O V E.

By the same Hand.

SOME Man unworthy to be Possessor
 Of old or new Love, himself being false or weak,
 Thought his Pain and Shame would be lesser,
 If on Womankind he might his Anger wreak,
 And thence a Law did grow,
 One might but one Man know;
 But are other Creatures so?

Are Sun, Moon, or Stars by Law forbidden
 To smile where they list, or lend away their Light?
 Are Birds divorc'd, or are they chidden
 If they leave their Meat, or lie abroad all Night?

Beasts

Beasts do no Jointures lose,
Though they new Lovers chuse,
But we are made worse than those.

Who e'er rigg'd fair Ships to lie in Harbours,
And not to seek Lands, or not to deal with all?
Or built fair Houses, set Trees, and Arbours,
Only to lock up, or else to let them fall?
Good is not good, unless
A thousand it possess,
But doth waste with Greediness.

LOVE'S ALCHEMY.

By the same Hand.

SOME that have deeper digg'd Love's Mine than I,
Say, where his centrick Happiness doth lie:
I have lov'd, and got, and told,
But should I love, get, tell, 'till I were old,
I should not find that hidden Mystery;
Oh, 'tis Imposture all:
And as no Chymick yet th' Elixir got,
But glorifies his pregnant Pot,
If by the way to him befall
Some odoriferous Thing, or medicinal,
So, Lovers dream a rich and long Delight,
But get a Winter-seeming-summer's Night.

Our Ease, our Thrift, our Honour, and our Day,
Shall we, for this vain bubble's Shadow pay?

Ends Love in this, that my Man
Can be as happy as I can; if he can
Endure the short Scorn of a Bridegroom's Play:
That loving Wretch that swears,
'Tis not the Bodies marry, but the Minds,

E. 5.

Which

82 *The FOURTH PART of*

Which he in her Angelick finds,
 Would swear as justly, that he hears,
 In that Day's rude hoarse minstrelsey, the Spears.
 Hope not for Mind in Women, at their best
 Sweetness and Wit, they are but *Mummy* possesst.

B A T T upon B A T T.

*To the Laud and Praise of Bartholomew
 Kempster, Clerk, Poet, and Cutler, of
 Holy-Roods in Southampton.*

*By Dr. S P E E D, Physician at Southampton.
 Written in the Year 1679.*

HAD I! O had I! *Batt*, thy Face and Throat;
 Could I betune the Flock with such sweet Note,
 Could I with equal Metre *Hopkins* fit,
 Out-Sternhold Sternhold, *Wisdom* eke out-wit;
 Then would I venture to set forth thy Praise,
 And rob Church-Pews to crown thy Head with Bays.
 Or had I for thy sake the Triple-Sconce
 Of *Cerberus*, to bark three ways at once,
 Clerk, Poet, Butler, Baw, waw, waw, besides
 That Cardinal Virtue, for on Mules it rides,
 Patience I mean, in which thou dost excel;
 As all thy Neighbours, and thy Wife, can tell;
 Three Trumps then would I sound to thy Renown,
 And from thy Fame immortalize my own.
 Ingenious *Batt*! by Trade and Nature fit,
 To set an Edge both on our Knives and Wit.
Vulcan, they say, made mighty Arms for *Mars*,
 (Cuckolds are kind) but he ne'er made a Verse.
Apollo he made Verses, but in's Life
 I never heard that e'er he made a Knife.

Now

Now *Batt* does all that both these Gods could do ;
Hammers out Verses, and hard Iron too.

To sheath strong Sense in Metaphorick Words,
Is but the making Scabbards for his Swords.

He is a two-fac'd Pump, whose Spouts do run
Smith's Water one way, t' other *Helicon*.

Have you not seen the thing our Butler uses,
With cabin'd Belly, things call'd double Cruises?

The right Side Vinegar, the left holds Oil ;

The Emblem's *that* of Wit, and *this* of Toil.

Such is the Skull of *Batt*, in which the Brains

Are parted into Poetry and Pains.

He writes and works so equally, you'd think

One Cheek was black'd with Smoak, t'other with Ink.

Thrice happy Temper ! for what makes our Life

More pleasant than a good Wit and good Knife ?

Without their Help, who can good *Christmas* keep ?

Our Teeth would water, and our Eyes would weep :

Hunger and Dulness would invade our Feasts,

Did not *Batt* find us Arms against such Guests.

He is the cunning Engineer, whose Skill

Makes Tools to carve the Goose, and shape the Quill :

Fancy and Wit unto our Meals supplies ;

Carols, and not minc'd Meat, make *Christmas* Pies !

'Tis Mirth, not Dishies, sets a Table off ;

Brutes and Phanaticks eat and never laugh.

What Man of Teeth then can be so ingrate,

To slice Roast-beef, and not remember *Batt* ?

When Brawn with powdred Wig comes swaggering in,

And mighty Sergeant ushers in the Chine,

What ought a wise Man first to think upon ?

Have I my Tools ? if not I am undone :

For 'tis a Law concerns both Saint and Sinner,

That he that hath no Knife must have no Dinner.

So he falls on ; Pig, Goose and Capon feel

The Goodness of his Stomach, and *Batt*'s Steel.

In such fierce Frays, alas, there no Remorse is ;

All Flesh is Grass, which makes Men eat like Horses :

But when the Battle's done, off goes the Hat,

And each Man sheaths, with God-a-mercy *Batt*.

So when the Mistress cannot hit the Joint,
Which proves sometimes, you know, a difficult Point,
Think on a Cuckold, straight the Gossips cry:
But think on *Batt's* good Carving-Knife, say I;
That still nicks sure, without Offence and Scandal:
Dull Blades may be beholden to their Handle;
But those *Batt* makes are all so sharp, they scorn
To be so charmed by his Neighbour's Horn.
When I the Edges of his Ware have seen,
(Seen they could not be, they were all so keen)
When I have found their Temper all so good,
From the long Rapier to the Oyster-spud;
Happy, thrice happy 'tis, I us'd to say,
For all Mankind, who wish for Length of Day,
That *Batt* no Cutler is unto the Fates,
His Sheers would cut our Threads off at strange Rates:
Snip— 'tis no more; there's Work for *Batt*, and die
We must, to find him Cakes and Elegy.

O mortal Men! is eating all you do
At Christ-tide? or the making Sing-songs? No:
Our *Batt* can dance, play at high Jinks with Dice,
At any Primitive Orthodoxal Vice.
Shooing the wild Mare, tumbling the young Wenches,
Drinking all Night, and sleeping on the Benches.
I'll say that for him, were he to be hang'd,
He is as true a Blade as ever twang'd.
Shew me a Man can shuffle fair, and cut,
Yet always have three Trays in hand at Put:
Shew me a Man can turn up Noddy still,
And deal himself three Fives too when he will:
Concludes with One and Thirty and a Pair,
Never fails Ten in Stock, and yet plays fair.
If *Batt* be not that Wight, I lose my Aim;
If any else pretend unto the same,
And say we dare not match him for a Pot,
They lye— provided *Batt's* Wife knew it not.

Hark the Bells toll at *Holy-Roods*, away
To Church, this is *Batt's* Exercising-day.
He's sallied out from Sign of Pole and Bason,
With Clergy-cloak, clean Band, and Sunday-face on:

Some

Some commend Eunuchs chanting in the Quire,
But how they should learn Prick-song, I admire.
Some praise their Skill who in white Surplice sing
Fa, la, fa, sol, Anthems, or some such thing ;
But let them not our smutty Clerk despise ;
Blackbirds still whistle better than Magpies.
Their charming Trills and Thrombo's must give place
To the melodious Consort of *Batt's* Face ;
Where Eyes and Nose, Mouth, Beard and Chinagree.
In each sweet Note, a Quire themselves they be ;
And better Musick it most times appears
To see his Strains, than bear the best of theirs.

Then at the godly Twang, the two last Staves,
Without which Service is but done by halves :
Compar'd to him, what are they ? such a thing
As is his Bell-rope to a Fiddle-string ;
No more like him for Goggle, Snuff and Groan,
Than blind *Batt* is to *Batt*, with four Eyes on.

Search the Cathedrals, Colleges and Halls,
All Churches, Chappels, Meeting-houses, Stalls ;
Summon all Men of edifying Voice,
From Deans and Chapters, to the Singing-boys,
Chaplain, and Vicar, Lecturers to boot :
Nay, that our Challenge may be brave and stout,
Take in th' Apprentice by Indenture bound,
On every Sabbath-day the seven Years round,
To spell his Master fast asleep, and then
Hem----till he wakes, and gaping, cries----Amen.

If any (bar Mistakes) with greater Pace
Can read the Chapters, let 'em take *Batt's* Place.

Well then, put on thy Eyes, and look about thee :
Do what we can, we can do nought without thee :
Let's woo and woo, and gain Good-will; What then?
It comes to nothing 'till thou say Amen.

No Woman can be Church'd, till *Batt* appear ;
A Christening is no Christening, 'less he's there.
Without his Help, *Moll*, *Betty*, *Tom*, and *Will*,
Sweet Babes, God knows had all been Cakebread still.
If any well-dispos'd Person is-sick,
Batt's sent to : Collects cheaper are than Physick :

To

To say the Truth on't, *Batt*, no Man can be
 With Credit hang'd, without thy Faculty :
 For who without a *Psalms* doth take a Swing,
 Dies like a Dog ; hang him, he would not sing ;
 But who turns off in time, 's a proper Man,
 And, *Batt*, thy Knife may cut him down again.

Nay, were I to be buried for my Life,
 And all the learned Parish-Clerks at Strife
 Who should the Shovel shake, *Batt* should be he,
 Or else be buried who would for me.
 He can go through the Work, and close my Grave
 Not with Dust only, but an Epitaph.

Then, in a Word, he is the noblest Blade
 That ever grac'd the Wheel, and Whetstone Trade ;
 The Organ of our Church, the greatest Lay-man
 That ever solemnly squeez'd out an A-men.
 He is the Wit, the Mirth, Religion,
 The very Life and Death of the whole Town.
 He is----Hold, Muse ! *Batt's Batt*, and so will be ;
 Should I say more, 'twould be *Battologie*.

The V I S I O N.

Hold, hold my Head ! O *Jove*, thou know'st my pain,
 When *Vulcan* was Man-Midwife to thy Brain,
 As *Batt*, the better Workman is to mine ;
Batt ! thou that mak'st all the whole Parish whine ;
 Come, tune my Fancy, as thou dost the *Psalms*,
 And with thy Bellows raise Poetick Flames.
 No Inkhorn will I dip in but thy Mouth,
 Where Wool, black Wool, fit for sad purpose grow'th :
 But lest the doleful Theme should make it dry,
 We'll set, that's Mourning too, a black Pot by.

Bright *Sol*, with Perriwig of curled Carrot,
 And a Face laccar'd o'er like to his Chariot,
 The cheerful Author of all Wit and Light,
 But what the Bell-man stalks with in the Night,
 Had drove the Stage-Coach to the place of rest,
 Drest all his Horses, and himself undrest,

With

With Night's black Stocking had becap't his Head,
And softly crept to Madam *Thetis'* Bed :
Where what he did, I think, I need not name ;
We Mortals, by his Influence, do the same.

'Twas then, just then, soft Slumber seiz'd mine Eye,
I wink'd, and winking Men most Visions spie :
When to my Fancy (what can't Fancy do ?)
Appear'd a * Satyr, sad and full of Woe :
Bald was his Crown, and bristly was his Beard ;
I saw no Horns, but he was over-ear'd.
Grief had so sunk his Eyes, that through each Hole-
Methought I could look quite through to his Pole.
In his Dark-lanthorn-face, Nose stood for Handle,
And a white Tooth supply'd the Inch of Candle.
A Cloak upon one Shoulder hangs as thin,
But not so black as was the Wearer's Skin :
To which compar'd, Charcoal and Jet seem'd wan ;
'Twould make deep Mourning for an *African*.
A piece of dirty stretching Leather fac'd
His Breast ; an Apron, or his Conscience was't ?
He drivell'd Ink, from Nostrils Tar distill'd,
Piss'd Coffee, and with Piss his Hose full-fill'd.
No Fumes from sooty Hypochondria sent,
Could a more dismal Vision represent.

At first Approach, in Sweat and Fear I laid,
And softly *Fee faa fumm* thrice over said.
Enchanted so, Devil, what art ? I cry'd ;
Your very humble Servant, he reply'd.
I am the God of Wit in Masquerade,
The Grand Improver of the Rhyming Trade.
Mechanick Fancy, a true *Greshamite*,
One that can sing, file, hammer, and indite.
Or if you would in modern Language know it,
I am a Philo-pyro-technical Poet.

Surcease to wonder, reaking Mortal, that-here
I do appear in Elegiack Tatter.
Grief, Grief 'tis brings me unto thee to wait,
Both as chief Mourner for *Batt's* dearest Mate

* *Batt's Person described.*

And to complain of this ungrateful Town,
Which lets a Matron of so good Renown,
An Alderwoman of the sacred Hill,
Die, without Tribute from each Goose's Quill :
One at whose Grave all Muses ought to meet,
Like Swans, with paper Breasts and inky Feet,
And with sweet Ballad crown her godly Life,
The common Right of every Poet's Wife.

Hampton. O Hampton, in the Days of yore,
The lawful Pride of all the Southern Shore,
With all Advantages of Nature grac'd,
Betwixt the Arms of fair *Antona* plac'd,
Guarded by Forests both on Land and Sea,
From Storms, and Man the ruder Enemy,
By Neptune and his Argonauts carefs'd,
And all that were in black Tarpawlin dress'd,
Admir'd for Beauty, but for Riches more ;
For nothing can be handsome that is poor.

Fertile in Men of Valour and loud Fame,
In Knights and Giants, as thy Gates proclaim,
And gentle Poets, without whom those Wights
Had got but little Honour by their Fights.
Upon thy Banks fam'd (a) *Sternhold* did compose
Those two last Staves which *Batt* so oft doth Nose.
Batt to thy Altars too sweet Metre brings :
And makes as learned Anthems as he sings.

Here once each Tradesman could both work and write,
As Coblers whistle at it, they'd indite,
Invention was so pregnant, that oft-times
Men would talk Poetry that could not Rhymes.
Poems were (b) pasted up in every Hall,
As thick and thin as Cobwebs on the Wall.
Here you might view *Haman* in all his Pride,
Us'd like a Rogue, hang'd and then dittified.
Or the two Elders, Poets in their time,
Tempting *Susanna* in *Battoick* Rhyme.

(a) Sternhold born in Hampton.

(b) Formerly every House had several sacred Rhymes in it.

Each Kitchen, Parlor, Chamber, were all dress'd here
 With *Sampson*, *Joseph*, *Daniel*, or *Queen Hester*.
 No Room was thought well furnish'd for Converse,
 'Till hung with Buckram Paint, and Buckram Verse.
 Nay, I have seen a Ballad, full of Wit,
 Tore down to singe a Goose upon the Spit.

Bless'd Town ! where did the Gods e'er grant before,
 That Men might all be Poets, and not poor ?
 A Happiness ne'er in *Parnassus* known,
 Nor couldst thou, *Hampton*, call it long thy own :
 For Age, who like a Blood-hound, Glory traces,
 And destroys Towns as well as handsome Faces,
 Hath made thee poor and dull, like other Places.
 Imp'd with swift Wings, thy Beauty's fled away,
 The very Ruins of thy Pride decay.

Thy Gates are mouldred, the Portcullis shew'th
 Like rotten Teeth in an old Woman's Mouth.
 Walls, Forts, and Towers into their Trenches slide ;
 The Castle looks like a Nose Frenchify'd ;
 As though in vain the * *Monsieur* heretofore
 Had made thee shift thy Lodging for a Cure.

Whither are all thy winged Lovers flown,
 Thy mighty Carracks, and great Gallion,
 With all that numerous Train which did resort
 In Marine Coaches to thy crowded Port ?
 They cease their Courtship now, and only own
 Thou hast been once a rich and handsome Town :
 But Time hath put a Period to these Days ;
 Farewel---When Miss grows old, the Gallant strays.

Nor art thou Bankrupt grown only in Trade,
 But oh, thy very Wits too are decay'd.
 Whither are now thy Race of Chimers gone,
 Thy Quibble Squires, and Knights of *Helicon* ?
 All the Wit-Jobbers are quite broke, they say,
 Here's scarce one left that can at Crambo play,
 Nothing of Wit or Poetry remains,
 But thread-bare Coats, no Mony, and crack'd Brains.

* The Town burnt twice by the French.

Oh,

Oh, Heavens, how strange these Alterations are ?
 Shall we want Ballads in a Country Fair ?
 The merry (a) Fiddlers long since left the Town,
 And now of late the Gallows is broke down ;
 Which by the ancient Charter still did use
 To furnish Matter for the Tragick Muse.
 No wonder then if Poetry decay,
 When such Encouragements are ta'en away.

There was a time when not a Dog could die
 Within these Walls, (b) without an Elegy.
 A Dog of Note, I mean; not every Dog
 Bred up to tug the nasty Tail of Hog ;
 But such as *Quand*, who liv'd in general Fashion,
 And dy'd as Genteels do, (c) of Recreation.
 But at *Megg's* Grave they now all Silence keep,
 As though they fear'd to wake her from her Sleep :
 Not all the Market will afford a Verse
 To pin upon a Sister Poet's Hearse.
 Poet by Marriage, so she claims that Honour,
 As Madam hers, by a Knight's lying on her.
 Nay (d) *Batt* himself stands mute, as dull and dead,
 As Friar *Bacon's* thrice-neglected Head.
 That Son of Fancy, got in Raptures, he,
 Whose Life and Living is all Poetry,
 Who suck'd *Profodia* from his Mother's Tear,
 Till like a Caterpillar he was all Feet :
 A walking Ode, a Hymn of Ekes and Ayes,
 Whose Pulse is but the scanning of his Days ;
 He who ne'er speaks nor thinks, but in true time,
 Farts Epigrams, and snores 'em too in Rhyme ;
 He standeth disinspir'd, and some suppose
 Intends to take his leave of her in Prose.

A tame wild Beast of late, knowing he must,
 When he grew fat, he damn'd to Pasty-crust,
 Chose a more noble Fate, and licking in
 Poison, prevented the Cook's Rowling-pin.

- (a) There was formerly Musick for the Mayor and Town.
 (b) Batt made an Elegy upon Captain Narbon's Dog Quand.
 (c) The Dog died of a Clap.
 (d) Batt made no Elegy upon his Wife.

Heroick Act ! which noble (a) Batt did scorn
 (Hoping to be rewarded with a Horn)
 Should unbewail'd in Rhyme Heroick go :
 And could not his own Dear oblige him so ?
 Must Megg the Wife of Batt, aged Eighty,
 Deceas'd November thirteenth, seventy three,
 Be cast, like common Dust, into the Pit,
 Without one Line of Monumental Wit ?
 One Death's-head Distich, or Mortality-staff,
 With Sense enough for Church-yard Epitaph ?
 No stirrup-Verse at Grave before she go !
 Batt doth not use to part at Taverns so.

Grief here prevailing, struck the Satyr dumb,
 Who twisting hard his dropping Nose with Thumb,
 Like one that turns a Conduit-cock about,
 To let the Water gush more freely out :
 Methought I wept too then, and sighing said,
 Courage, kind Gobling, though the Times are bad,
 And Wit's as scarce as Money, yet no doubt
 Fame will provoke some worthy Poet out,
 Who from her Story will renown his Pen.
 He kindly bow'd, and smiling said *Amen*.
 At which I woke, as Men at Sermons use,
 And heard (b) Batt knocking at the Door for Dues.

A Song for St. Cecilia's Day, 1690.

*Written by Tho. Shadwell, Esq, and Compos'd
 by Mr. King.*

O Sacred Harmony, prepare our Lays,
 While on Cecilia's Day, we sing your Praise,
 From Earth to Heav'n our warbling Voices raise !

(a) Batt made an Elegy upon Captain Narbon's Buck.

(b) Batt collects the Parson's Dues.

II.

Join all ye glorious Instruments around,
The yielding Air with your Vibrations wound,
And fill Heav'n's Conclave with the mighty Sound.

III.

You did at first the warring Atoms join,
Made Qualities most opposite combine,
While Discords did with pleasing Concords twine.

IV.

The Universe you fram'd, you still sustain ;
Without you what in Tune does now remain
Wou'd jangle into *Chaos* once again.

V.

It does your most transcendent Glory prove,
That, to compleat immortal Joys above,
There must be Harmony to crown their Love.

VI.

Dirges with Sorrow still inspire
The doleful and lamenting Quire,
With swelling Hearts and flowing Eyes,
They solemnize their Obsequies ;
For Grief they frequent Discords chuse,
Long Bindings and Chromaticks use,
Organs and Viols sadly Groan
To the Voice's dismal Tone.

VII.

If Love's gentle Passions we
Express, there must be Harmony ;
We touch the soft and tender Flute,
The sprinkling and melodious Lute,
When we describe the tickling Smart
Which does invade a Love-sick Heart :
Sweet Nymphs in pretty Murmurs plain,
All chill and panting with the pleasing Pain,
Which can be eas'd by nothing but the Swain.

VIII.

If Poets, in a lofty Epic Strain,
Some ancient-noble History recite,
How Heroes love, and puissant Conquerors fight,
Or how on cruel Fortune they complain :

MISCELLANY POEMS. 93

Or if Muse the Fate of Empires sings,
The Change of Crowns, the Rise and Fall of Kings :

CHORUS.

'Tis sacred Musick does impart
Life and Vigour to the Art ;
It makes the dumb-Poetic Pictures breath,
Victor's and Poet's Names it saves from Death.

IX.

How does the thund'ring Martial Song
Provoke the Military Throng !
The Haut-boys and the warlike Fife,
With Clamors of the Deafning Drum,
Make Peasants bravely hazard Life,
And quicken those whom Fears benum !
The Clangor of the Trumpet's Sound
Fills all the dusty Place around,
And does from neighb'ring Hills rebound :
To triumph when we sing,

We make the trembling Valleys ring.

Grand CHORUS,

All Instruments and Voices fit the Quire,
While we enchanting Harmony admire.
What mighty Wonders by our Art are taught,
What Miracles by sacred Numbers wrought
On Earth : In Heav'n, no Joys are perfect found,
'Till by Celestial Harmony they're crown'd.

LOVE's MARTYR.

Alexis, instead of a Tear and a Kiss,
Wou'd yesterday Hector me out of a Bliss ;
He vow'd, if his Chloris he might not enjoy,
Himself, in revenge, wou'd Alexis destroy.
I smil'd at his Passion, and in the next Grove,
I bade him go expiate this Sin of his Love.

Tho'

Tho' he blush'd first, and started; yet kissing my Hand,
Like Light'ning he flew to obey my Command.

But I, for his sake, will never again

Make Wounds that admit a Self-cure to their Pain.

But I, for, &c.

I trac'd his warm Steps; indeed I was loth
The pettish young Shepherd shou'd keep his rash Oath:
I follow'd him, 'till my *Alexis* I found
A gasping for Breath upon the cold Ground,
Like Winter's bright Ornament, thawing away,
So fair and so beautifully dying he lay;
For I easily saw, by his trembling, and starting,
And quickness of Breathing, my Love was departing.

With that I cry'd out, I will never again

Make Wounds that admit a Self-cure to their Pain.

With that I cry'd out, &c.

When I in this desperate Fit did him view,
It soft'ned me so, methought I cou'd die too:
But e'er I cou'd hasten to him through the Bushes,
My succouring Flame b'ing o'er-aw'd by my Blushes,
I rustled i'th' Myrtles, as who wou'd have said,
Behold here an equally languishing Maid.
But all was in vain; for, alas! I did find
That Cupid is deaf too, as well as he's blind.

I sate down and wept, to see the fond Swain

Too far on his way, to be call'd back again.

I sate down and wept, &c.

By this time his Spirits and Sight were so failing,
My penitent Tears were nothing availing;
I purpos'd to quit my Life, tho' not my Shame,
When at his last Breath he call'd out on my Name:
Ah, Chloris! though dying, yet smiling, he said,
Thy Forces come now too late to my Aid.
For just as he spy'd me, like Snow at the Sun,
He melted away---The Youth's Business was done.

But I, for his sake, will never again

Make Wounds that admit a Self-cure to their Pain.

But I, for, &c.

GOOD ADVICE.

TO take in good part the Squeeze of the *Hand*,
 (The *Language* of *Lovers* that dare not demand)
 And when with another as close and as hard,
 You have made him believe there's nothing debar'd;
 Then to tell him a Tale of a *Cock* and a *Bull*,
 That you meant no such thing, and play'd but the Fool.

*Faith---Madam, to undeceive ye,
 For all your Pretences,
 And idle Defences,
 The World will never believe ye.*

II.

The tread of the *Toe* to admit, and be free
 To answer again with a *Toe-Repatee*;
 To express with her *Eyes* her inward Desires;
 And thus with false Hopes to kindle his Fires,
 Yet after all this to wheedle demurely,
 'Twas nothing of Love, but Civility purely;

*Faith---Madam, to undeceive ye,
 For all your Pretences,
 And idle Defences,
 The World will never believe ye.*

III.

To let him enjoy the Amorous Blisses,
 Of feeling your Breasts, and passionate Kisses;
 And with the same Passion to kiss him again,
 And make him believe you'll ease all his Pain;
 Yet after all this, your Lover to balk,
 For Fear of the World, and the Peoples odd talk;

*Faith---Madam, hear my short Speech:
 If he ask ye to do it,
 Go privately to it,
 And bid the World kiss your Breech.*



The

The LANCASHIRE SONG.

IN *Lancashire*, where I was born,
 And many a Cuckold bred ;
 I had not been Marry'd a quarter of a Year,
 But the Horns grew on my Head.
With hei the Toe bent, and hie the Toe bent,
Sir Piercy is under the Line ;
God save the good Earl of Shrewsbury,
For he's a good Friend of mine.

Doncaster Mayor, he sits in a Chair,
 His Mills they merrily go,
 His Nose it doth shine, with drinking of Wine,
 The Gout is in his great Toe.

But he that will fish for a *Lancashire* Lafs,
 At any time or tide,
 Must bait his Hook with a good Egg Pie,
 And an Apple with a red side.

He that Gallops his Horse on *Blackstone-edge*,
 By chance may catch a fall ;
 My Lord *Mounteagle's* Bears be dead,
 His Jack-an-Apes and all.

At *Shipton* in *Craven* there's never a Haven,
 Yet many a time foul Weather ;
 He that will not lye a fair Woman by,
 I wish he were hang'd in Leather.

My Lady has lost her left Leg hose,
 So has she done both her shoon ;
 She'll earn her Breakfast before she rise,
 She'll lye else a-bed till Noon.

Joane Molton's Cross is of no force,
 Though many a Cuckold go by ;

Let many a Man do all that he can,
Yet a Cuckold he shall die.

The good Wife o' the *Swan* has a Leg like a Man,
Full well it becomes her Hose;
She jets it apace with a very good Grace,
But falls back at the first Close.

The Prior of *Cour-tree* made a great *Pudding-pie*,
His Monks cry'd Meat for a King;
If the Abbot of *Chester* do die before *Easter*,
Then *Banbury* Bells must Ring.

He that will a *Welch* Man catch,
Must watch when the Wind's i'the South,
And put in a Net a good Piece of Roast Cheese,
And hang it close to his Mouth.

And *Lancashire*, if thou be true,
As ever thou hast been;
Go sell thy old Whittle, and buy a new Fiddle,
And cry God save the Queen.

The LEATHER BOTTEL.

NOW God alone that made all things,
Heaven and Earth and all therein,
The Ships that in the Sea do swim
To keep our Foes from coming in,
Then every one does what he can
All for the good Use of Man.

*And I wish in Heaven his Soul may dwell
That first invented the Leather Bottel.*

Now what d'ye say of Cans of Wood?
Faith they are naught, they cannot be good.

For when a Man for Beer doth send,
 To have them full he doth intend;
 The Bearer stumbles by the way,
 And on the Ground the Beer doth lay;
 Then doth the Man begin to Ban,
 And swears 'twas long o'th' Wooden Can,
 But had it been a Leather Bottel
 It had not been so, for all had been well,
 And safe therein the Drink would remain,
 Until the Man got up again.

Then I wish, &c.

What do you say to Glasses fine?
 Faith they shall have no Praise of mine;
 For when a Man's at Table set,
 And by him several sorts of Meat,
 The one loves Flesh the other Fish;
 Then with your Hand remove a Dish,
 Touch but the Glass upon the brim,
 The Glass is broke and naught left in.
 The Table-Cloath, though ne'er so fine,
 Is soil'd with Beer, or Ale, or Wine,
 And doubtless for so small Abuse
 A Servant may his Master lose.

Then I wish, &c.

What say you to the handled Pot?
 No Praise of mine shall be his Lot,
 For when a Man and Wife's at strife,
 (As many have been in their Life,)
 They lay their Hands upon it both,
 And break the same, although they're loth;
 But woe to them shall bear the Guilt,
 Between them both the Liquor's spilt;
 For which they shall answer another Day;
 For casting their Liquor so vainly away;
 But if it had been Leather-bottell'd,
 One might have tugg'd, the other have held,
 Both might have tugg'd till their Hearts should break
 No harm the *Leather-Bottel* could take.

Then I wish, &c.

Wh

What say you to Flagons of Silver fine?
 Why faith, they shall have no Praise of mine;
 For when a Lord for Sack doth send,
 To have them fill'd he doth intend;
 The Man with the Flagon runs away,
 And never is seen after that Day;
 The Lord then begins to Swear and Ban,
 For having lost both Flagon and Man;
 But had it been either Page or Groom,
 With a *Leather-Bottel* it had come home.
Then I wish, &c.

And when this Bottel is grown old,
 And that it will no longer hold,
 Out of the Side you may cut a Clout
 To mend your Shoes when they're worn out;
 Then hang the rest upon a Pin,
 'Twill serve to put odd Trifles in;
 As Candles ends, and Awls and Rings,
 For young Beginners have such things.
*Then I wish his Soul in Heaven may dwell,
 That first devised the Leather-Bottel.*

The MAIDEN's Longing.

A Maiden of late,
 Whose Name was sweet *Kate*,
 She dwelt in *London* near *Aldersgate*;
 Now list to my Ditty, declare it I can,
 She wou'd have a *Child*, without help of a *Man*.

To a Doctor she came,
 A Man of great Fame,
 Whose deep Skill in Physick Report did proclaim:
 Quoth she, Mr. Doctor, shew me, if you can,
 How I may conceive without help of a Man.

Then listen, quoth He,
Since so it must be.

This wondrous strange Med'cin I'll shew presently,
Take nine Pound of Thunder, six Legs of a Swan,
And you shall Conceive without help of a Man.

The Wood of a Frog,
The Juice of a Log,
Well parboyld together in the Skin of a Hog,
With the Egg of a Moon-Calf, if get it you can,
And you shall Conceive without help of a Man.

The Love of false Harlots,
The Faith of false Varlets,
With the Truth of Decoys that walk in their Scarlets,
And the Feathers of a Lobster well fry'd in a Pan,
And you shall Conceive without help of a Man,

Nine Drops of Rain
Brought hither from *Spain*,
With the Blast of a Bellows quite over the Main,
With eight Quarts of Brimstone brew'd in a Beer Can,
And you shall Conceive without help of a Man.

Six Pottles of Lard
Squeez'd from a Rock hard,
With nine Turkey Eggs, each as long as a Yard,
With a Pudding of Hail-stones well bak'd in a Pan,
And you shall Conceive without help of a Man.

These Med'cins are good,
And approved have stood,
Well temper'd together with a Pottle of Blood
Squeez'd from a Grasshopper and the Nail of a Swan,
To make Maids Conceive without help of a Man.



The HOBGOBLIN.

A Young Man lately in our Town,
 He went to Bed one Night,
 He had no sooner laid him down,
 But was troubled with a Sprite;
 So vigorously the Spirit stood,
 Let him do what he can.

Sure then, he said,
 It must be laid
 By Woman, not by Man.

A handsome Maid did undertake,
 And into the Bed she leap'd,
 And to allay the Spirit's Power
 Full close to him she crept;
 She having such a Guardian Care,
 Her Office to discharge,
 She open'd wide her Conjuring-Book,
 And laid the Leaves at large.

Her Office she did well perform,
 Within a little Space;
 Then up she rose, and down he lay,
 And durst not shew his Face.
 She took her leave, and away she went
 When she had done the Deed;
 Saying, if't chance to come again,
 Then send for me with speed.

Sir EGLAMORE.

SIR Eglamore, that valiant Knight,
 With a fa la, lanctre down dillie,
 He fetch'd his Sword, and he went to fight,
 Fa la lanctre down dillie,

F 3

And

102 *The FOURTH PART of*

And as he went over Hill and Dale
All Armed in his Coat of Male,
With a fa la lanctre down dillie.

A hugeous great Dragon leapt out of his Den,
With, &c.
Which had kill'd the Lord knows how many Men,
Fa la, &c.
But when he saw Sir Eglamore,
Good Lord! how the Dragon began to Roar!
With a fa, &c.

The Dragon he had an a plaguy Hide,
Fa la, &c.
Which could both Sword and Spear abide,
Fa la, &c.
He could not enter with Hacks and Cuts,
Which vext the Knight to the Heart Blood and Guts,
With his, &c.

All the Trees i' the Wood did shake
Fa la, &c.
Stars did tremble, and Man did quake,
Fa la, &c.
But had you seen how the Birds lay peeping,
'Twou'd ha' made a Man's Heart to have fallen a
With a fa la, &c. [weeping,

But now it was too late to fear,
Fa la, &c.
For now it was come to fight Dog fight Bear,
Fa la, &c.
And as a yawning he did fall
He thrust his Sword in, Hilt and all,
With his fa, &c.

But now as the Knight in Choler did burn
Fa la, &c.
He ow'd the Dragon a shrew'd Turn,
Fa la, &c.

In at his Mouth his Sword he bent,
The Hilt appear'd at his Fundament,
With a fa, &c.

Then the *Dragon* like a Coward began to fly
Fa la, &c.

Unto his Den that was hard by,
Fa la, &c.

And there he laid him down and roar'd;
The Knight was vexed for his Sword;
Fa la, &c.

The Sword it was an a right good Blade
With fa la, &c.

As ever *Turk*, or *Spaniard* made,
With a fa, &c.

I for my Part do forsake it,
And he that will fetch it, let him take it,
With a fa, &c.

When all this was done, to th' Alehouse he went,
Fa, &c.

And by and by his two Pence he spent,
Fa la, &c.

For he was so hot with tugging the *Dragon*,
That nothing wou'd quench him but a whole Flagon,
With a fa, &c.

Now God preserve our King and Queen,
Fa la, &c.

And eke in *London* may be seen,
Fa la, &c.

As many Knights, and as many more,
And all as good as Sir *Eglamore*,
With a fa la lanctre down dillie.



The Gelding of the DEVIL.

A Merry Jest I will you tell
 Of the Gelding of the *Devil* of *Hell*;
 And of the *Baker* of *Mansfield Town*:
 To *Manchester Market* as he was bound,
 And under a Grove of Willows clear,
 The *Baker* was singing with lusty Chear,
 Beyond the Willows there was a Well,
 And there he met with the *Devil* of *Hell*.

Oh, quoth the *Devil*, how chanceth that
 Thy *Horse* he is so fair and fat?
 Good Sir, quoth the *Baker*, by my *Fay*,
 'Cause both his Stones are cut away;
 For he that is a Gelding free,
 Both fat and lusty he will be:
 Oh quo' the *Devil*, and say'st thou me so,
 Thou shalt Geld me before thou dost go.

The *Baker* had a Knife of *Iron* and *Steel*,
 Wherewith he gelded the *Devil* of *Hell*,
 'Twas sharp and pointed for the Nonce,
 Fit for to carve all manner of Stones;
 The *Baker* he lighted from off his Horse
 And cut the *Devil's* Stones clear from his Arse.
 Oh! quoth the *Devil*, beshrew thy Heart,
 Thou dost not feel how I do smart.

For gelding of me thou art not quit,
 I mean to geld thee the same Day Sennight;
 The *Baker* hearing the Words he said,
 In his Heart was sore afraid:
 He hy'd him unto the next Market Town,
 To sell his Bread both White and Brown,
 And when the Market was done that Day,
 The *Baker* rode home another way;

And

And told his Wife how all befell,
 How he had Gelded the *Devil* of *Hell* :
 Strange Words, quo' he, I heard him say,
 He would Geld me the next Market Day.
 Therefore, quo' the *Baker*, I stand in doubt.
 Uds bobbs, I'd rather his Eyes were out,
 I'd rather thou should'st break thy Neck-bone,
 Than for to lose any manner of Stone.

For why; it is a loathsome thing,
 And every Man will call thee *Gelding*.
 Thus they remained both in fear,
 Untill the Market-day drew near.
 Then, quo' the Goodwife, well I wot,
 Go fetch me thy Doublet and thy Coat,
 Thy Hose and thy Shoes and thy Cap also,
 And I like a Man to the Market will go.

Then forth she hy'd her in all haste,
 With her Bread upon her Beast;
 And when she came unto the Hill Side,
 There she saw two *Devils* abide.
 A little *Devil* and another
 Were playing like to Sister and Brother.
 Oh, quo' the *Devil*, without fain,
 Yonder's the *Baker*, go call him again.

Be thou real *Baker*, or be thou wo,
 I mean to Geld thee before thou dost go.
 But these were the Words the Woman did say,
 Good Sir, I was Gelt but Yesterday.
 Oh, quo' the *Devil*, and that I will see,
 And he pull'd her Hose beneath her Knee:
 And looking upwards from the Ground,
 There he spy'd a most grievous Wound.

Oh, quo' the *Devil*, now I see
 He was nothing cunning that gelded thee,
 For when he had cut off thy Stones clean,
 He should have sow'd up the Hole again.

106 *The FOURTH PART of*

He call'd the little *Devil* to him anon,
And bid him look to that same Man,
While he did go to some private Place,
To get some Salve in little Space.

The *Devil* was no sooner gone his way,
But upon her Belly there crept a Flea,
The little *Devil* soon espied that,
He up with his Paw and gave it a Pat :
The Woman for fear began to start,
And out she thrust a most horrible Fart :
Hoop, hoop, quo' the little *Devil*, come again I say,
Here's another Hole broke hard by, by my fay.

Baker, quo' the *Devil*, thou canst not be found,
Thou smellest so soar above the Ground ;
Thy Life and Days they cannot be long,
Thy Breath it favours so horrible strong ;
The Hole is broke so near the Bone
'There will no Salve well stick thereon :
Therefore *Eaker*, hie thee away,
And in this Place no longer stay.

The Old COURTIER.

WITH an old Song made by an old ancient
Pate
Of an old worshipful Gentleman, that had a great
Estate,
Which kept an old House at a bountiful Rate,
And an old Porter to relieve the Poor at his Gate ;
Like an old Courtier of the Queen's,
And the Queen's old Courtier.

With an old Lady whose Anger a good Word affwages,
Who every Quarter pays her old Servants their Wages,
Who

MISCELLANY POEMS. 107

Who never knew what belong'd to Coachmen, Foot-
men nor Pages; [Badges.
But kept twenty old Fellows with blue Coats and
Like an old Courtier, &c.

With an old Study fill'd full of Learned old Books,
With an old reverend Parson, you may judge him by
his Looks.

With an old Buttery Hatch worn quite off the Hooks,
And an old Kitchen, that maintains half a Dozen old
Like an old, &c. [Cooks,

With an old Hall hung about with Guns, Pikes and Bows,
With old Swords and Bucklers that have born many
shrewd Blows,
And an old frize Coat to cover his Worship's trunk Hose,
And a Cup of old Sherry to comfort his Copper Nose,
Like an old, &c.

With an old Fashion when *Christmas* is come
To call in his Neighbours with Bagpipe and Drum;
And good Chear enough to furnish every old Room,
And old Liquor able to make a Cat speak and a Man
Like an old, &c. [dumb:

With an old Huntsman, a Falconer and a Kennel of
Hounds;
Which never hunted nor hawked but in his own
Grounds;
Who like an old wife Man kept himself within his own
Bounds:
And when he dy'd, gave every Child a thousand old
Like an old, &c. [Pounds.

But to his eldest Son, his House and Land he assign'd;
Charging him in his Will to keep the old bountiful
Mind; [be kind;
To love his good old Servants, and to his Neighbours
But in the ensuing Ditty you shall hear how he was
Like a young Courtier, &c. [enclin'd,
6 Like

108 *The FOURTH PART of*

Like a young Gallant newly come to his Land,
That keeps a brace of Whores at his Command,
And takes up a thousand Pound upon his own Land;
And lyes drunk in a new Tavern, 'till he can neither
Like a young, &c. [go nor stand;

With a neat Lady that is brisk and fair,
That never knew what belong'd to good House keep-
ing or Care;
But buys several Fans to play with the wanton Air;
And seventeen or eighteen Dressings of other Men's
Like a young, &c. [Hair;

With a new Hall built where the old one stood,
Wherein is burned neither Coal nor Wood,
And a Shovelboard-Table smooth and red as Blood,
Hung round with Pictures that do the Poor no good.
Like a young, &c.

With a new Study stuff full of Pamphlets and Plays;
With a new Chaplain that swears faster than he prays;
With a new Buttery Hatch that opens once in four or
five Days,
With a new French Cook to make Kickshaws and Toys.
Like a young, &c.

With a new Fashion when *Christmas* is come,
With a new Journey up to *London* we must be gone,
And leave no Body at Home but our new Porter *John*,
Who relieves the Poor with a thump on the Back with
Like a young, &c. [a Stone.

With a Gentleman-Usher whose Carriage is compleat;
With a Footman, Coachman, and Page to carry Meat;
With a Waiting-Gentlewoman whose Dressing is very
neat;
Who when the Master has din'd, lets the Servants not
Like a young, &c. [eat.

With a new Honour bought with the old Gold;
That many of his Father's old Manors had sold;
7 And

And this is the occasion that most Men do hold:
That good House-keeping is now grown so cold.
Like a young Courtier of the King's,
Or the King's young Courtier.

N A R C I S S U S.

AS I was walking I cannot tell how;
Nor I cannot tell whither nor where;
I met with Crew, of I cannot tell who:
Nor I cannot tell what they were;
But Virgins I think; for they cry'd,
Narcissus, come Kifs us, and love us beside.

They sung a fine Song of I cannot tell what,
Nor whether in Verse or Prose;
Nor knew I the meaning, although they all sat
Even as it were under my Nose;
But ever and anon they cry'd,
Narcissus, come kifs us, and love us beside.

There came in a Lad, but I cannot tell whence,
With I cannot tell what in his Hand,
It was a live Thing that had little Sense,
But yet it could lustily stand;
Then louder the Ladies they cry'd,
Narcissus, come kifs us, and love us beside.

Some shak'd it, some stroak'd it, some kifs'd it, 'tis
It look'd so lively indeed; [said;
All hugg'd it as Honey, and none were afraid
Because of their bodily need.
And louder the Ladies they cry'd,
Narcissus, come kifs us, and love us beside.

At length he did put in this pretty fine Toy
In I cannot tell where below,

Into

110 *The FOURTH PART of*

Into one of the Ladies, but I cannot tell why
Nor wherefore it should be so,
But in the mean time they all cry'd
Narcissus, come kifs us, and love us beside.

The Lad being tir'd began to retreat,
And hung down his Head like a Flower,
The Ladies the more did desire the Feat,
But alas, 'twas out of his Power.
Then louder and louder they cry'd,
Narcissus, come kifs us, and love us beside.

I then did return I cannot tell how,
Nor what was in my Mind;
Nor what else I heard I know not I vow,
Nor saw I, for *Cupid* is blind,
But only the Ladies still cry'd,
Narcissus, come kifs us, and love us beside.

The JOVIAL TINKER.

THERE was a Lady in the Land,
She lov'd a Gentleman,
She could not tell what Excuse to make
To have him now and then.

But she writ a Letter to him,
And seal'd it with her Hand,
And bid him become a Tinker
To clout both Pot and Pan.

And when he had the Letter,
Full well he could it read;
His Brags and eke his Budget,
He straightway did provide.

His

MISCELLANY POEMS. 111

His Hammer and his Pincers,
And well they did agree,
With a long Club on his Back,
And orderly came he.

And when he came to the Lady's Gates
He knock'd most hastily,
Then who is there, the Porter said,
That knock'st thus ruggedly?

I am a *Jovial Tinker*,
And I work for Gold and Fee;
If you have any broken Brads,
Bring it hither to me.

I am the *Jovial'st Tinker*
Between this Town and London,
At mending of a Pot or Pan,
Or Clouting of a Caldron.

My Brads is in my Budget,
And my Rivets under my Apron,
I pray you tell her Ladyship
I'm come to mend her Caldron;

Madam, yon is the strongest Tinker
Between this Town and London,
He pray's me tell your Ladyship
He's come to Clout your Caldron;

O go thy ways, good Porter,
And let the Tinker in,
For I have Work for him to do,
And Money he may gain.

And when he came into the Hall,
Upon him she did wink,
Says take him into the Buttery
And make the Knave to drink,

Such

112 *The FOURTH PART of*

Such Meat as we do eat, she says,
And such Drink as I use;
For it is not any Tinker's Guize
Good Liquor to refuse.

She took the Tinker by the Hand,
Her Work for him to shew,
And down fast by the Caldron Side
Laid he the Lady low.

And gave to her a Hammer
All in her Hand to knock;
That her own wedded Lord might think
The Tinker was at work.

She put her Hand into her Purse
And pluckt out five good Mark;
Here take thee this, said she, good Tinker,
And for thy good Day's work.

She took the Tinker by the Hand,
Her wedded Lord to shew:
Said she, here is the *Jovial'st Tinker*
That ever I did know.

This is the *Jovial'st Tinker*,
And the dearest of his Work,
For he'll not drive a Nail to th' Head,
But he must have a Mark.

If you had been so wise, Madam,
As I had thought y' ad been,
Before you had set him at work,
You'd have agreed with him.

Pray hold your Peace, good wedded Lord,
Think not his Work too dear;
For could you do it but half so well,
'Twould save forty Mark a Year.

And

And be not thou hence too long, Tinker,
Nor look for any sending,
For if thou stay'st too long away,
My Caldron will want mending.

A S O N G.

I Sigh'd and I writ,
And employ'd all my Wit,
And still pretty *Sylvia* deny'd;
'Twas Virtue I thought;
And became such a Sot,
I ador'd her the more for her Pride.

II.

'Till mask'd in the Pit,
My coy *Lucrece* I met,
A Croud of gay Fops held her Play,
So brisk and so free,
With her smart Repartee,
I was cur'd, and went blushing away.

III.

Poor Lovers mistake
The Addresses they make
With Vows to be Constant and True;
Though all the Nymphs hold
For the Sport that is old,
Yet their Play-mates must ever be new.

IV.

Each pretty new Toy
They would die to enjoy,
And then for a newer they pine;
But when they perceive
Others like what they leave,
They will cry for their Bauble again.



E X P E R I E N C E.

Believe me, dear *Moll*,
 For I've traded with all,
 Those of Name and Estate,
 That have made the Town prate
 Of their many brave Deeds and great Forces;
 When they come to the Matter,
 Are weaker than Water,
 And have nothing that's strong but their Purfes.

With high Jellys and Broth
 They make the Blood froth,
 Which creates a false Fire
 And a sickly Desire;
 They Embrace her as if they could eat her,
 Such eager hot Flashes
 Streight turn into Ashes,
 And deceive both themselves and the Creature.

Mother *Mofely* gives this
 For a Maxim to *Mifs*,
 For thy Grandeur and Fame,
 Keep a Cock of the Game,
 But a tough brawney Dunghil to tread ye;
 Let the Wealth of thy Cully
 Provide for thy Bully;
 Then his Weapon will always be ready.

A R A N T against CUPID.

THOU damn'd perpetual peevish Folly,
 Curse of a quiet Life,
 Father and Child of Lasse Melancholy,
 Author of publick-Care and secret Strife,

Expe

Expensive Ruin, everlasting Cheat,
Belov'd Consumption of the Great,
Plague of the Poor,
Sin of a salted frothy Whore,
Whose emblematick Birth
Foretold her Mischiefs to the mis-believing Earth.

So rotten and so base
The Embryo was,
The Gods in Heaven and Earth could find no place
Impure enough for such vile Midwifry,
But drencht it in the wide World's Sink, the Sea.
There by the Rapid Motion
And the briny pickle of the Ocean,
Which like a sickly Stomach strove
To disemboque the Potion
On the resisting Rocks, that drove
The Poison back again
Into the troubled Main;
Preserv'd from Dissolution,
It became
The Queen of Beauty, Lust and Shame.

Thy lawless Sire
Compos'd of Rapine, Blood and Fire,
God of destructive Rage and War,
Lean Poverty and Desolation are
The Blessings which do fall from his Vain-glorious Carr,
With horrid Slaughter all imbru'd,
With Curses and with Hate pursu'd
He *Venus* woo'd:
The Union of this matchless Pair
Of Rash and Brave, Lustful and Fair,
Produc'd this most accomplish'd Heir,
An Off-spring for such Parents fit,
Eternal Moth of Treasure, Peace and Wit.



S O N G of Hey ho.

HOW severe is forgetful old Age,
 To confine a poor Lover so?
 That I almost Despair
 To see ev'n the Air,
 Much more my dear *Damon*---- *Hey ho.*

Though I whisper my Sighs out alone,
 Yet I'm trac'd where-ever I go,
 For some treach'rous Tree
 Hides this old Man from me,
 And there he counts every---- *hey ho.*

How shall I this *Argus* blind,
 And so put an end to my Woe?
 But while I beguile
 All his Frowns with a Smile,
 I betray my self with a---- *hey ho.*

My Restraint then, alas, must endure,
 So that since my sad Doom I know,
 I will pine for my Love,
 Like the Turtle Dove,
 And breath out my Life in---- *hey ho.*

HARRY and MOLL.

MY Name is honest *Harry*,
 And I love little *Mary*.
 In spite of *Ciss*, or jealous *Bess*,
 I'll have my own fegary.

My Love is Blithe and Bucksome,
 And sweet and fine as can be,
 Fresh and gay as the Flowers in *May*,
 And looks like *Jack a Dandy*.

And if she will not have me,
That am so true a Lover,
I'll drink my Wine, and ne'er repine,
And down the Stairs I'll shove her.

But if that she will love,
I'll be as kind as may be,
I'll give her Rings and pretty things,
And deck her like a Lady.

Her Petticoat of Sattin,
Her Gown of Crimson Tabby
Lac'd up before, and spangl'd o'er,
Just like a *Bartholomew Baby*.

Her Waistcoat shall be Scarlet,
With Ribbands ty'd together;
Her Stockings of a Bowdy hue,
And her Shooes of *Spanish Leather*.

Her Smock of finest Holland
And lac'd in every Quarter,
Side and wide, and long enough
To hang below her Garter.

Then to the Church I'll have her,
Where we will wed together,
And so come Home when we have done,
In spight of Wind and Weather.

The Fiddlers shall attend us,
And first play *John come Kiss me*;
And when that we have danc'd a round
Then strike up *Hit or miss me*.

Then hey for little *Mary*,
'Tis she I love alone, Sir,
Let any Man do what he can,
I will have her, or none, Sir.

The

The INDIFFERENT.

By Mr. J. DONNE.

I Can love both Fair and Brown, [betrays,
 Her whom Abundance melts, and her whom Want
 Her who loves Lovers best, and her who Sports and
 Plays,
 Her whom the Country form'd, and whom the Town,
 Her who believes, and her who tries;
 Her who still weeps with spongy Eyes,
 And her who is dry Cork, and never cries;
 I can love her, and her, and you, and you,
 I can love any, so she be not true.

Will no other Vice content you?
 Will it not serve your turn to do, as did your Mothers?
 Or have you all old Vices worn, and now would find
 out others?
 Or doth a fear, that Men are true, torment you?
 Oh we are not, be not you so;
 Let me, and do you, twenty know.
 Rob me, but bind me not, and let me go;
 Must I, who came to travel thorough you,
 Grow your fixt Subject, because you are true?

Venus heard me sing this Song,
 And by Love's sweetest sweet, Variety, she swore,
 She heard not this 'till now; it should be so no more.
 She went, examin'd, and return'd ere long,
 And said, alas, Some two or three
 Poor Hereticks in Love there be,
 Which think to 'stablish dangerous Constancy.
 But I have told them, since you will be true,
 You shall be true to them who're false to you.



The B A I T.

By the same Hand.

COME live with me, and be my Love,
And we will some new Pleasures prove
Of golden Sands, and cryстал Brooks:
With silken Lines and silver Hooks.

There will the River whispering run
Warm'd by thine Eyes, more than the Sun.
And there th' inamour'd Fish will play,
Begging themselves they may betray.

When thou wilt swim in that live Bath,
Each Fish, which every Channel hath,
Will amorously to thee swim,
Gladder to catch thee, than thou him.

If thou, to be so seen, bee'st loth,
By Sun, or Moon, thou darknest both;
And if my self have leave to see,
I need not their Light, having thee.

Let others freeze with angling Reeds,
And cut their Legs with Shells and Weeds,
Or treacherously poor Fish beset
With strangling Snare, or winding Net.

Let coarse bold Hands, from slimy Nest
The bedded Fish in Banks out-wrest,
Or curious Traitors, sleave Silk flies
Bewitch poor Fishes wandring Eyes.

For thee, thou need'st no such Deceit,
For thou thy self art thine own Bait,
That Fish, that is not catch'd thereby,
Alas, is wiser far than I.

The

The FOURTH PART of
The Broken HEART.

By the same Hand.

HE is stark mad, who ever says
 That he had been in Love an Hour,
 Yet not that Love so soon decays,
 But that it can ten in less space devour.
 Who will believe me, if I swear
 That I have had the Plague a Year?
 Who would not laugh at me, if I should say,
 I saw a flash of Powder burn a Day?

Ah, what a trifle is a Heart,
 If once into Love's Hands it come?
 All other Grievs allow a part
 To other Grievs, and ask themselves but some.
 They come to us, but us Love draws,
 He swallows us and never chaws:
 By him, as by chain'd Shot, whole Ranks do die,
 He is the Tyrant Pike, and we the Frie.

If 'twere not so, what did become
 Of my Heart, when I first saw thee?
 I brought a Heart into the Room,
 But from the Room I carried none with me:
 If it had gone to thee, I know
 Mine would have taught thine Heart to show
 More Pity unto me: But Love, alas,
 At one first blow did shiver it as Glafs.

Yet nothing can to nothing fall,
 Nor any place be empty quite,
 Therefore I think my Breast hath all
 Those Pieces still, though they be not unite:
 And now as broken Glasses shew
 A hundred lesser Faces, so
 My Raggs of Heart can like, wish, and adore,
 But after one such Love, can love no more.

Th

*The ECSTASIE.**By the same Hand.*

WHere, like a Pillow on a Bed,
 A pregnant Bank swell'd up, to rest
 The Violets declining Head,
 Sate we on one another's Breasts,
 Our Hands were firmly cemented
 By a fast Balm, which thence did spring,
 Our Eye-beams twist'd, and did thread
 Our Eyes upon a double String.
 So to engraft our Hands, as yet
 Was all the means to make us one,
 And Pictures in our Eyes to get
 Was all our Propagation.
 As 'twixt two equal Armies, Fate
 Suspends uncertain Victory,
 Our Souls, (which to advance our State
 Were gone out) hung 'twixt her and me,
 And whilst our Souls negotiate there,
 We like sepulchral Statues lay,
 All Day, the same our Postures were,
 And we said nothing, all the Day.
 If any, so by Love refin'd,
 That he Soul's Language understood,
 And by good Love were grown all Mind,
 Within convenient Distance stood,
 He (though he knew not which Soul spake,
 Because both meant, both spake the same)
 Might thence a new Concoction take,
 And part far purer than he came.
 This Ecstasie do unperplex
 (We said) and tell us what we love,
 We see by this, it was not Sex,
 We see, we saw not what did move:
 But as all several Souls contain
 Mixture of things, they know not what,
 Vol. IV. G Love

124 *The* FOURTH PART of

If they be two, they are two so
 As stiff twin Compasses are two,
 Thy Soul the fixt Foot, makes no show
 To move, but doth, if th' other do.

And though it in the center sit,
 Yet when the other far doth come,
 It leans and hearkens after it,
 And grows erect, as that comes home.

Such wilt thou be to me, who must,
 Like th' other Foot, obliquely run.
 Thy firmness makes my Circle just,
 And makes me end where I begun.

LOVE's DIET.

By the same Hand.

TO what a cumbersome unwieldiness
 And burdenous corpulence my Love had grown;
 But that I did, to make it less,
 And keep it in proportion,
 Give it a Diet, made it feed upon
 That which Love worst indures, *Discretion.*

Above one Sigh a Day I allow'd him not,
 Of which my Fortune, and my Faults had part.
 And if sometimes by stealth he got
 A Sigh from my Mistress' Heart,
 And thought to feast on that, I let him see
 'Twas neither very sound, nor meant to me.

If he wrung from me a Tear, I brin'd it so
 With Scorn or Shame, that him it nourish'd not;
 If he suck'd hers, I let him know
 'Twas not a Tear, which he had got,

His

MISCELLANY POEMS. 125

His Drink was counterfeit, as was his Meat;
Her Eyes which rowl towards all, weep not, but sweat.

Whatever he would dictate, I writ that,
But burnt my Letters which she writ to me;
And if that Favour made him fat,
I said, if any Title be
Convey'd by this, Ah, what doth it avail,
To be the fortieth Man in an Entail?

Thus I reclaim'd my buzzard Love, to fly
At what, and when, and how, and where I chose;
Now negligent of Sport I lie,
And now as other Faulkners use,
I spring a Mistress, swear, write, sigh and weep
And the Game kill'd, or lost, go talk or sleep.

LOVE's Opportunity neglected.

A S O N G.

By Mr. NAT. LEE.

O H! the time that is past,
When she held me so fast,
And declar'd that her Honour no longer cou'd last?
No Light, but her languishing Eyes did appear,
To prevent all Excuses of Blushing, and Fear.

How she sigh'd, and unlac'd,
With such trembling, and haste,
As if she had long'd to be closer embrac'd!
My Lips the sweet Pleasure of Kisses enjoy'd,
While my Hands were in search of hid Treasure em-
[ploy'd.

With my Heart all on Fire
In the Flames of Desire,
When I boldly pursu'd what she seem'd to require,

She cry'd, Oh! for Pity's sake change your ill Mind;
Pray, *Amyntas* be civil, or I'll be unkind.

All your Bliss you destroy,
Like a naked young Boy,
Who fears the kind River he came to enjoy:
Let's in, my dear *Chloris*, I'll save thee from harm,
And make the cold Element pleasant and warm.

Dear *Amyntas*! she cries;
Then she cast down her Eyes,
And with Kisses confest what she faintly denies.
Too sure of my Conquest, I purpos'd to stay
Till her freer Consent did more sweeten the Prey.

But, too late I begun;
For her Passion was done:
Now *Amyntas*, she cry'd, I will never be won;
Thy Tears and thy Courtship no Pity can move,
Thou hast slighted the Critical Minute of Love.

S O N G.

WHEN first my free Heart was inspir'd by Desire,
So soft was the Wound, and so gentle the Fire;
My Sighs were so sweet, and so pleasant the Smart,
I pity'd the Slave that had ne'er lost his Heart.

He thinks himself happy, and free; but alas!
He's far from that Heaven which Lovers possess.

In Nature was nothing that I could compare
With the Beauty of *Chloris*, I thought her so Fair;
A Wit so Divine all her Sayings did fill,
A Goddess she seem'd; and I thought of her still
With a Zeal more inflam'd, and a Passion more true,
Than a Martyr in Flames for Religion can shew.

More

More Virtues and Graces I found in her Mind,
Than the Schools can invent, or the Gods e'er design'd.
She seem'd to be mine by each Glance of her Eye,
If Mortals might aim at a Blessing so high.
Each Day, with new Favours, new Hopes she did give;
But alas! what is wish'd we too soon do believe.

With awful Respect while I lov'd and admir'd,
But fear'd to attempt what so much I desir'd,
In a Moment my Joys and my Hopes were destroy'd,
A Shepherd more daring, fell on and enjoy'd:
Yet in spight of my Fate, and the Pains I endure,
In a second Amour I will seek for my Cure.

ADVICE to CUPID: In a SONG.

I.
TH O' I'm a Man in ev'ry Part,
And much inclin'd to Change;
Yet I must stop my wand'ring Heart,
When it desires to Range.

II.
I must indeed my *Cælia* love;
Altho' I have enjoy'd;
And make that Bliss still pleasant prove,
With which I have been cloy'd.

III.
I must that Fair one Justice do,
I must still constant be;
For 'twere unkind to be untrue,
While she is true to me.

IV.
Then, *Cupid*, I must teach you how
To make me still her Slave:
That Food to make me relish now,
Which once a Surfeit gave.

V.

You must, to play this Game at first,
 Some Jealousie contrive;
 That she may vow I am the worst,
 And falsest Man alive.

VI.

Let her in Anger persevere,
 Be Jealous as before;
 'Till I begin to huff, and swear
 I'll never see her more.

VII.

Then let her use a little Art,
 And lay aside her Frown;
 Let her some am'rous Glances dart,
 To bring my Passion down.

VIII.

Thus whilst I am again on Fire,
 Make me renew my Pain:
 Make her consent to my Desire,
 And me still hug my Chain.

KISSES, with an Addition.

MY Love and I for Kisses play'd;
 She wou'd hold Stakes, I was content:
 But when I won, she wou'd be paid:
 With that, I ask'd her what she meant.
 Nay then (says she) I see, I see, you wrangle in vain;
 Here, take your Kifs, and give me mine again.

Dear Heart! said I, that killing Frown
 Shan't huff me out of what I got;
 Pay back my Stake, and that I won;
 I hate your wheedling greedy Plot:
 Not that I prize one Kifs so much; for, were you poor,
 On your bare Lips I'd lend you twenty more.

I scorn your Kindness, Sir, she said.
 We Stak'd, and to't we went afresh:
 Still I receiv'd, but still I paid,
 Yet never had a Kiss the less.
 Nay then, thought I, I see, I see we wrangle in vain;
 Here's better Sport, and still the Losers gain.

In heat of Play, we threw at All,
 I stak'd my Heart against her Head:
 She lost, nor cou'd her Pray'rs prevail;
 For I was deaf 'till she was dead.
 Nay then (quoth she) I see, I see I wrangle in vain;
 Give me my Head, and take your Heart again.

A S O N G.

By Mr. GLANVIL.

Impatient with Desire, at last
 I ventur'd to lay Forms aside,
 'Twas I was Modest, nor she Chast,
 The Nymph as soon as ask'd comply'd,

With amorous Awe, a silent Fool,
 I gaz'd upon her Eyes with Fear:
 Speak Love, how came your Slave so dull
 To read no better there?

Thus, to our selves the greatest Foes,
 Altho' the Fair be well enclin'd;
 For want of Courage to propose,
 By our own Folly, she's unkind.



A Short VISIT.

SO the long absent Winter-Sun,
 When of the Cold we most complain,
 Comes slow, but swift away does run :
 Just shews the Day, and sets again.

II.

So the prime Beauty of the Spring,
 The Virgin Lilly, works our Eyes ;
 No sooner blown, but the gay thing
 Steals from th' Admirers sight, and dies.

III.

The gaudy Sweets o'th' infant Year,
 That ravish both the Smell, and View,
 Do thus deceitfully appear,
 And fade as soon as smelt unto.

IV.

Amynta, tho' she was more Fair
 Than untouch'd Lillies, Chaste as those ;
 Welcome as Suns in Winter are,
 And sweeter than the blowing Rose ;

V.

Yet when she brought, as late she did,
 All that a dying Heart cou'd ease,
 And by her swift Return forbid
 The Joys to last, she's too like these.

VI.

Ah Tyrant Beauty ! do you thus
 Increase our Joy to make it less ?
 And do you only shew to us
 A Heav'n, without Design to bless ?

VII.

This was unmercifully kind,
 And all our Bliss too dear has cost ;
 For is it not a Hell to find
 We had a Paradise that's lost ;

*The Passion of DIDO for ÆNEAS :
As it is incomparably exprest in the
Fourth Book of VIRGIL.*

Translated by S. Godolphin and E. Waller, Esqrs.

-----Ubi quid datur oti,
Illudo chartis : Hoc est mediocribus illis
Ex vitiiis unum----- Horat. l. i. Sat. 4.

THE ARGUMENT.

Dido was espous'd a Virgin to Sichæus, and both liv'd happy in their mutual Love, until her Brother Pygmalion, who was then King of Tyre, the Place of their Abode, by some close Treachery slew Sichæus in hopes to possess of his great Wealth, and to dispose of his Wife; all which, her Husband's Ghost appearing in her sleep, discovered; telling her also where he had hid a considerable Treasure, of which Pygmalion knew not. This she took, and, in the Company of such Friends she could best trust, and most hated the Tyrant, fled from thence, to seek her Fortune in some safer Place. At length arriving on the shore of Libya, partly for Money, partly by the Favour of some Neighbour Princes, affected with her Beauty, and the hope to obtain her in Marriage, she got Possession of that Ground where the famous City of Carthage was afterwards built; whose Foundation she had not only laid, but made some good Progress in the Structure; when the wandering Trojan Æneas was by Tempest Shipwrack'd on some part of her Dominion. His great Fame, good Mein, and well relating of his Story, prevailed so with her that she not only repair'd his Ships, and feasted him and his Company with great Magnificence; but let him so far into her Affection, that she esteemed him (at least did not doubt but to make

make him) her Husband ; when his necessary pursuit of other designs occasioned his sudden Departure, and her Tragedy.

This Fourth Book describing only her Passion, deep sense of his Ingratitude, and her Death, has been always esteemed the best piece of the best of Poets ; has been translated into all Languages, and in our Days at least ten times, by several Pens, into English. It is freely left to the Reader, which he will prefer.

This was done (all but a very little) by that incomparable Person, as well for Virtue as Wit, Mr. Sidney Godolphin, only for his own Diversion, and with less Care, than so exact a Judgment as his would have used, if he had intended it should have ever been made Publick.

ME A N while the Queen fanning a secret Fire,
In her own Breast revolves her deep Desire ;
She oft reflects upon the princely Grace
Of great *Aeneas*, and that noble Race
From whence he springs ; her wounded Fancy feeds
On his Discourse, his high Heroick Deeds :
His Words, his Looks, her waking Thoughts imploy,
And when she sleeps, she sees him with more joy ;
But seldom sleeps : For when the shades of Night
Had left their Empire to the rising Light,
Folding her Sister in her Arms, she says,
What unacquainted thoughts, what dreams are these ?
How great a Guest within our Walls we hold,
How wise in Counsel, and in Arms how bold ?
The mortal Seed of Man acknowledge Fear,
But this brave Prince his equal Mind doth bear
Above all Chance. Did not my changeless Vow,
And mine own Will, engage me to allow
No other Love ; my first Affection dead,
And with the Soul of my *Sichæus* fled :
Were not all Joys grown tasteless, and the name
Of Love offensive, since I lost that flame ;
I might perhaps indulge this one Desire,
For, *Anna*, I confess since funeral fire

Embrac'd

Embrace'd *Sichæus*, this first Beam of Light
 Hath offered comfort to so dark a Night,
 Unwonted Motions in my Thoughts retriev'd,
 I find and feel the brand of Care reviv'd,
 But may the Earth, while yet alive, devour
 This hapless Frame, and *Jove* his Thunder pour
 Upon my Head, and sink me to that Shade,
 That silent Deep, whence no return is made;
 Before I do those sacred Knots unty,
 Which bind me to so dear a Memory.
 He first unto my Soul this Ardor gave,
 And may he hold it in his quiet Grave.
 This said, she weeps afresh. *Anna* replies;
 O chiefly lov'd, and dearer than mine Eyes,
 Sad and alone for ever will you waste
 Your verdant Youth, nor Nature's bounties taste
 In their due season? think you that the dead
 In their cold Urns welcome the Tears we shed?
 What though no Pray'rs have yet had Power to move
 Your Thoughts, to entertain a second Love;
 Yet will you now with your own Heart contest?
 Nor give admittance to a pleasing Guest?
 Consider where this new Plantation lyes,
 And amidst whom these Walls of *Carthage* rise:
 Here the *Getulians*, fierce *Numidians* there,
 On either side engage your watchful fear.
 Propitious Heav'ns, it seems, and *Juno* lead
 These *Trojans* here with so desir'd an Aid:
 This Match will mix your Fortunes, and advance
 The *Tyrian* State above all force or chance.
 Invoke the Powers above; with soft delay
 Engage the *Dardan* Prince to longer stay:
 'Till the swoln Seas and Winds their Fury spend,
 And calmer Gales his Purposes attend.

This Speech revives the Courage of the Dame,
 And through her burning Veins dilates the flame.
 First to the holy Temple they repair,
 And seek Indulgence from above by Prayer;
 Law-giving *Ceres*, *Phæbus* they invoke,
 But above all do *Venus'* Altars smoke

Propitious to the Bands of Love ; the *Queen*
 With her own Hands, the Heifer's Horns between,
 Pours the full Bowls, or 'midst the Sacrifice
 Intentive walks, as the rich Odours rise
 Fresh Gifts she brings, and with a thoughtful Brain
 Surveys the panting Livers of the slain ;
 Blind Prophecies, vain Altars, bootless Prayer,
 How little help they ? while so near a Care
 Presses the *Queen*, and mingled with her Blood
 Spreads secret Poison through the purple Flood.
 The hapless *Dido* is enrag'd by Love,
 And with uncertain Thoughts doth wildly move.

So when a Shepherd's roving Arrows find
 And pierce (to him unknown) some careless *Hind*,
 She flies thro' Woods, and seeks the Streams, oppress'd,
 The deadly Arrow rankles in her Breast.
 Now to the Walls she leads her *Trojan* Chief,
 And with this Food she entertain'd her Grief,
 Shews the *Sidonian* Wealth ; and, as she speaks,
 Her own Discourse by Care diverted breaks ;
 The Evening closes with another Feast,
 And there again sh' invites the princely Guest
 To tell his Dangers past, and there again
 She drinks together deeper Love and Pain.

But when the *Prince* (Night's darker Ensign spread,
 And sleepy Dew upon all Mortals shed)
 Doth bid farewell, she waking there alone
 Deserted mourns that her dear Guest is gone ;
 Or keeps *Ascanius* in her Arms, to prove
 If Likeness can delude her restless Love.
 Mean-while her stately Structures slowly rise,
 Half-finish'd *Carthage* rude and broken lyes.
 That high Design, to Heav'n exalted frame,
 Confus'd appears, and like a Ruin lame.
 Which when survey'd by *Juno* from above,
 And that the *Queen* neglects her Fame for Love ;
 Approaching *Venus*, thus *Saturnia* says :
 What ample Trophies, never-dying Praise,
 To you and to your *Cupid* will be paid,
 That two such *Gods* one Woman have betray'd ?

I know

I know with what design you us'd this Art,
 Planting *Aneas* thus in *Dido's* Heart,
 Suspecting lest these Walls of ours might prove
 Faithless to him, if not secur'd by Love.
 But shall this partial Quarrel never cease?
 May we not now fix on eternal Peace?
 Fair *Dido* loves, and feels your golden Dart;
 Give but like ardour to *Aneas'* Heart,
 And we will rule this State with equal Power,
 And give the *Trojan Carthage* for a Dower.
Venus replies (seeing the Wife of *Jove*)
 To cross the height of *Roman* greatness strove.
 With this deceit! What madness can refuse
 Friendship with you, where you a Friendship chuse?
 But whether *Jove* will favour this design,
 And the great People in one Empire join;
 This in your Prayers, who are his Wife, doth lye.

Juno returns; Impose this Task on me,
 For what is now in hand, let this suffice.
 The *Trojan* Prince with this unhappy Prize,
 The wounded Queen, to chase the flying Deer,
 Soon as the Beams of Morning-light appear,
 Hyes to the Fields; there, on the godly Train,
 A darkning shower I'll pour of Hail and Rain,
 Shake Heav'n with Thunder, while the pale Troops ride
 Dispers'd with fear, and lost without a Guide:
 One Cave in her dark Bosom shall afford
 Shelder to *Dido* and the *Trojan* Lord;
 And if, as I, propitious to their Love
 You shine; this shall their Hymeneal prove;
 All Rites shall here be done. *Venus* with smiles
 Consents, but laughs within, at *Juno's* Wiles.

The Morning come, early at light's first ray
 The gallant Youth rise with the chearful Day:
 Sharp Javelins in their Hands, their Coursers by,
 They walk amidst the Hounds impatient Cry:
 Nearer the Gates the *Tyrian* Peers attend,
 And wait the *Queen* now ready to descend.
 Her prouder Steed, as fill'd with high disdain
 Stamps the dull Earth, and chaws the frothy Rein.
 Mounted

Mounted at last, her golden Quiver on
 Ty'd up with Gold, her Hair which Gold-like shone,
 Her purple Garment, claspt with Gold, in head
 Of her fair Troop, the brighter *Queen* doth lead :
 With these the *Trojans*, and their great Chief, close,
 As one fair Stream into another flows.
 He like *Apollo* in his light and heat,
 When he returns unto his native Seat
 Of *Delos*, and fresh verdure doth restore,
 Forsaking *Xanthus* and the *Lycian* Shore.
 Thus he on *Cynthus*' tops, his own retreat,
 Securely walks, thus welcome and thus great,
 The *Dryopeans* and the *Cretans* by,
 So doth his quiver clash ; not less than he
Aeneas shines, like Beauty's in his Face,
 And in his Motions like attractive Grace.
 While thus they climb the pathless Hills, the cry
 Pursues the fearful Herds, which headlong fly
 Down to the Vales, and on the boundless Plain
 A longer chase in view of all maintain.

But glad *Ascanius* spurs his willing Horse,
 Now these, now those, out-passing in the Course,
 He wishes some incensed Boar his Prey,
 Or Lyon from the Hills would cross his Way.

Mean-while the gathering Clouds obscure the Pole,
 They flash out Lightning, and in Thunder roul :
 A bitter Storm succeeds ; the Troops divide,
 And o'er the Hills dispers'd to Coverts ride.
 One Cave in her dark Bosom doth afford
 Shelter to *Dido* and the *Trojan* Lord.

Heaven shines with fire, Earth shakes at this success,
 The conscious Air is fill'd with Prodigies.

This was the hour, which gave the fatal Blow,
 The pregnant Spring of all succeeding woe.

Tender respects no more have Power to move
 The hapless *Queen*, no more she hides her Love,
 But doth her Crime express with *Hymen*'s Name,
 And lives expos'd a Theme to various Fame.

Fame the most swift of Ills, which in her Course
 And Motion spreads, and flying gathers force,

Sprung from a scarce discerned Seed, doth tread
 On the low Ground, but lifts to Heav'n her Head.
 She (as 'tis said) was of that monstrous Birth,
 The latest Sister, which the teeming Earth
 Brought forth, to war with Heav'n itself alone ;
 Surviving all her Brothers overthrown.
 Thousands of Plumes advance her easie flight,
 As many Eyes enlarge her piercing Sight,
 As many Ears to catch Reports, and then
 As many Tongues to spread those Tales again.
 The silent Night cannot the Voice allay
 Of this ill-boading Dame ; in the bright Day
 She sits upon the City Walls a Spy,
 And takes delight all fears to multiply :
 She now through *Libya's* Empire doth diffuse
 Talk of *Aeneas*, and th' unwelcome News
 Of *Dido's* Love, that he late fled from *Troy*
 Such envy'd Power and Greatness doth enjoy.
 This the light Dame proclaims in ev'ry Ear,
 And to *Iarbas* doth the Message bear ;
Iarbas, who had felt fair *Dido's* scorn,
Jove's Son, of ravish'd *Garamantis* born,
 Who hallowed had to his great Father's Name
 An hundred Altars, which together flame
 With ceaseless Incense to the Powers above,
 Eternal Fires, Pledges of humble Love.

Mad with the News, the *Libyan* Monarch lays
 Prostrate himself before the Throne, and says ;
 All-powerful *Jove*, propitious to the *Moors*,
 Whom *Libya* more than any Land adores,
 Beholdst thou this ? or doth in vain our fear
 Ascribe just Vengeance to the Thunderer ?
 She, who a Stranger with our leave hath gain'd
 Possession here, from us the Power obtain'd
 To plant a Town, hath thought herself above
 The Price and Merit of our ardent Love ;
 Yet now with joy receives into our Land
 The flying *Trojan* and his conquer'd Band,
 Resigns to him her Beauty, Fame, and Power,
 Prefers the *Phrygian* to the scorned *Moor*.

138 *The* FOURTH PART of

Is this our Pay, our Recompence, while we
Consume our Flocks in sacrifice to thee ?

While thus he pours his Grief before the Shrines
And sacred Altars, mighty *Jove* inclines ;
Looking on *Carthage*, and the amorous Pair,
Who in their Pleasure quench all nobler Care,
He thus bespeaks his swift Ambassador ;
Go, Son, and hie thee to the *Tyrian* Shore,
And to the *Dardan* Prince (whose generous fire
Is now betrayed by Love, and low desire)
This Message bear. 'Twas not this destiny
His fairest Mother promis'd us, when she
Preserv'd him from the powerful Arms of *Greece* ;
She gave us then far other Hopes than these ;
That he from conquer'd *Alba* should extend
His Empire to the World's remotest end,
And spread the fame of *Toucer's* mighty Race.
If in his Thoughts these Honours have no place,
If he have lost all sense of high Renown ;
Ah ! can he yet envy the Towers of *Rome*
To his *Ascanius*, and fair *Latium's* sway ?
This Message to the *Phrygian* Prince convey,
And bid him hoise his Sails. Swift *Mercury*
Takes the command, and through the Air doth fly,
His shining Wings of Gold, and in his Hand
The Ensign of his Power, his sacred Wand ;
That Wand which long-clos'd Eyes doth bless with light,
And seals up others in eternal Night.
With this he cuts the Air, and yielding Clouds ;
At length sees *Atlas's* top, *Atlas* which shrouds
His pine-crown'd Head in Heaven, and doth sustain
Incessant Storms of new form'd Wind and Rain.
Here first he stoops low as the Earth, and then
Implies his Wings with all their speed again :
'Till the vast Seas o'erpass and *Libya's* Sands,
He slack his Course at *Carthage*, and there lands.
Where when arriv'd he finds the *Trojan* King
Viewing the Walls, intent in ordering
The strength and beauty of the new-rais'd Town ;
To whom the wing'd *Cyllenius* thus begun :

Ah,

Ah, too too mindless of your own Affairs,
 Your Thoughts immerst in less concerning Cares,
 Can you in *Tyrian* Wealth and Greatness joy?
 And *Carthage* build, forgetful of your *Troy*?
 Great *Jove*, who rules and fills the spacious All,
 The ever-moving Spheres, the fixed Ball,
 Sends me to ask, With what unblest design
 You do the hopes of better Fates resign,
 And Glory due to *Teucer's* mighty Race?
 If in your Thoughts these Honours have no place,
 If you have lost all sense of high Renown;
 Ah, can you yet envy the Towers of *Rome*
 To your *Ascanius*, and fair *Latium's* sway?
Hermes (this said) returns the airy way
 He came; but cold Amazement doth surprize
Aeneas' speechless Tongue and fixed Eyes;
 His pious Fears urge him in haste to fly
 The too-lov'd Land and dear Captivity.
 But this resolv'd, what way is left t'infuse
 Th' unhappy *Queen* with this unwelcome News?
 A thousand Counsels wander in his Mind,
 Now here, now there, successively inclin'd;
 This he prefers, he calls *Eurylochus*,
 The bold *Cloanthus*, trusted *Mnestheus*,
 Gives them in charge that they the Fleet prepare,
 Gather their Troops, but yet disguise their Care;
 That he, mean-while, will to the *Queen* impart
 At some fit time his much divided Heart:
 Or when his Canvas-wings are spread to fly,
 Impute to Heav'n the sad Necessity.
 Thus he resolves, and thus commands these Peers,
 But nothing can escape the wakeful Fears
 Of the enamour'd *Queen*, whose tender Breast
 Presages all, by the first change impress,
 Before the ill arrives: Already Fame
 (Which lately did the *Libyan* Prince inflame)
 Now takes delight to spread this ill Report,
 That the glad *Phrygians* to their Ships resort,
 Preparing flight. The Jealous *Queen* pursues
 Through every part the much-amazing News.

The

The more she hears, the more inrag'd with grief,
She thus at last invades the *Trojan* Chief.

Could thy dissembling Heart consent to fly
This hatred Land in cruel Secrecy ?
Perfidious Man, canst thou so soon remove
The Bands of Vows, and dearer Bands of Love ?
Nor spare one Word ? nor shed one Tear, to save
My Life descending to the cruel Grave ?
Why yet in Winter to the storming Main
Dost thou expose thy wandring Fleet again ?
Cruel and false ! didst thou not seek a Land
Unknown ? Did now the ancient *Ilium* stand,
Were this a time through hazards such as these
To seek thy *Troy*, through Winter Winds and Seas !
Whom dost thou fly ? By these unfeigned Tears
I do adjure thee, by these loving Fears,
By my own Life, or (what is more) by thine,
By all that hath oblig'd thee yet of mine,
Pity my Fall, and shew at least some grace
To these my Pray'rs, if Pray'rs may yet have place,
For thee, the hate and envy I support
Of the *Numidians* and the *Libyan* Court ;
For thee I have displeas'd my own, and lost
That Modesty, which I alone could boast ;
That better Fame, by which I had surviv'd
My funeral Fire, and after Death had liv'd.
What have I left, or whither shall I fly ?
Shall I attend *Pygmalion's* Cruelty ?
Or 'till *Iarbas* do in Fetters lead
The proud Despiser of his Love and Bed ?
I never could have thought my self undone,
Had but kind Heaven indulg'd me with a Son
Resembling thee, in whose (though Childish) Face
I might retrieve thy Look and princely Grace.
Sad *Dido* pauses here. The *Trojan* Chief
Restrains within the Motions of his Grief,
Then thus replies : You never can repeat,
Great *Queen*, the sum of my unquestion'd Debt.
Nor while my active Soul informs this Frame,
Ever shall I forget *Eliza's* Name.

I urge no more, let it suffice that I
 In thankless silence never meant to fly;
 Nor did I ever to those Bonds pretend
 Which now you charge me as a faithless Friend;
 Had I been trusted to design my Fate,
 When *Troy* betray'd fell by the *Grecians* hate,
 I from the Ashes of that dear-lov'd Town
 Had there restor'd another *Ilium*.
 But now the *Lycian* Oracle commands,
Apollo now assigns th' *Ausonian* Lands,
 And thither bids us send our Thoughts and Care,
 And only fix our Expectation there.
 Fair *Carthage* you and your own work survey,
 A Stranger born, a foreign Sceptre sway.
 And shall it be a Crime (alas!) if we
 Desire at last to rest in *Italy*?
 No Night doth pass in which I do not see
 The old *Anchises*' Image beck'ning me;
 Nor is there day in which I not reflect
 On my *Ascanius*, and that lov'd Aspect
 To whom by Fate th' *Hesperian* Town is due.
 Hither of late *Jove's* winged Herald flew,
 Nor did he in delusive Dreams appear;
 Awake, I did the angry Message hear.
 Then, fairest *Queen*, do not this Fate withstand:
 Unwillingly I leave your happy Land.
 While thus he talks, the much-distemper'd Dame
 Incens'd within, breaks forth into this flame.
 Nor wert thou of the gentle Goddess' Breed,
 Nor art thou sprung from great *Anchises*' Seed,
 Perfidious Man! but from some savage Stock,
 Hewn from the Marble of some Mountain Rock.
 For why should I disguise this height of ill,
 And still deceiv'd, expect new favour still?
 Did he let fall one pitying Word, one Tear?
 Or did he with one Sigh my Passion hear?
 What shall I do? for now alas! I see
 That neither *Juno* deigns to favour me,
 Nor *Jove* himself looks down with equal Eyes;
 The Earth is faithless, faithless are the Skies,
 Ship.

Shipwreck'd and cast upon the barren Shore,
Pursu'd by cruel Fates, forsaken, poor,
I gave thee harbour in my simple Breast;
Ah! ill-advis'd, ah! too-unmindful Guest,
I sav'd thy Fleet, thy Friends, and faithless Thee,
But now (forsooth) *Apollo's* Augury,
The *Oracles* are urged to incite,
And angry *Jove* commands thy sudden Flight.
Is Heav'n concern'd? doth care of human Fate
Disturb the Calmness of th' immortal State?
Thou hear'st me not, regardless of my Cry:
Go then, and through the Seas seek *Italy*;
Through the deaf Seas, and through the angry Wind,
And such Compassion, as thou usest, find:
There may'st thou call on *Dido's* Name in vain;
I'll follow thee, be present in thy Pain:
And when cold Death shall this mixt-frame divide,
My Ghost shall lacquey by thy frighted side.
Thou dearly shalt repent; the News of this
Shall overtake my Soul, and give it bliss.

Nor waiting answer from the Prince she flies,
And wishes she had Power to shun all Eyes;
But fainting soon, and to her Chamber led,
She threw herself upon her Ivory Bed.

Pious *Aeneas*, though his noble Breast,
Softned by Love, was with much Grief oppress'd,
Though fain he would with gentle Words assuage
The Queen's high Passion, and divert her Rage,
Suspends not yet his Heaven-inspired Care;
But does his Fleet without delay prepare:
The *Trojans* ply the Work, the busie Main
Is fill'd with noise, the Ships now float again:
On every side are seen descending down
Long Troops, which bring Provision from the Town.

So when the winter-fearing Ants invade
Some Heaps of Corn the Husbandman had made;
The sable Army marches, and with prey
Laden return, pressing the leafy way,
Some help the weaker, and their Shoulders lend,
Others the Order of the march attend;

Bring

Bring up the Troops, and punish all delay.
 What were thy Thoughts, sad *Dido*, on that Day?
 How deep thy Sighs? when from thy Tower above
 Thou seest the *Phrygians* in such Order move,
 And hear'st the Tumult of the Clamorous Sea?

All-conquering Love! who can resist thy sway?
 Once more the *Queen* to humble Tears descends,
 And Language to her Grief once more she lends,
 That she might leave no Remedy untry'd,
 Nor Counsel unexplor'd, before she dy'd.

Anna, she said, thou seest the peopled Sea,
 The *Phrygians* now their fatal Anchors weigh
 Ready to loose; I feel their great Chief's Scorn,
 Which, if foreseen, I might perhaps have born.
 But now I make this one, this last Request:

You in this faithless Man have interest;
 You know his gentlest Times, and best can find
 What ways are left to mollifie his Mind.
 Go then, and use all pity-moving Art,
 And, if you can, soften his harder Heart.

Not I at *Aulis* did with *Greece* conspire,
 Nor did I bring one Brand to *Troy's* last Fire;
 I never rent *Anchises'* honour'd Tomb:
 Why should he then my sad Entreaty shun?
 I do not urge (as once) our Marriage ties,
 Those sacred Bonds which now he does despise;
 Nor that he would fair *Italy* resign:
 I only ask respite, and breathing time,
 Till my dejected Mind learn to comply
 (Taught by Degrees) with so great Misery.

All this her weeping Sister does repeat
 To the stern Man, whom nothing could intreat.
 Lost here her Pray'rs, and fruitless were her Tears,
 Fate and great *Jove* had stop'd his gentle Ears.
 As when loud Winds a well-grown Oak would rend
 Up by the Roots, this way and that they bend
 His reeling Trunk, and with a boistrous Sound
 Scatter his Leaves, and strew them on the Ground:

* Here begins Mr. Waller's Part.

He

He fixed stands, as deep his Root doth lye
Down to the Center as his Top is high.
No less on every side the Hero prest,
Feels Love and Pity shake his noble Breast,
And down his Cheeks though fruitless Tears do roll,
Unmov'd remains the purpose of his Soul.

Then *Dido*, urged with approaching Fate,
Begins the light of cruel Heaven to hate ;
Her Resolution to dispatch, and die,
Confirm'd by many a horrid Prodigy.
The Water consecrate for Sacrifice
Appears all black to her amazed Eyes ;
The Wine to putrid Blood converted flows,
Which from her, none, not her own Sister, knows
Besides there stood, as sacred to her Lord,
A marble Temple which she much ador'd,
With snowy Fleeces, and fresh Garlands crown'd ;
Hence every Night proceeds a dreadful Sound :
Her Husband's Voice invites her to his Tomb,
And dismal Owls presage the Ills to come.
Besides, the Prophecies of Wizards old
Increas'd her Terror, and her Fall foretold.
Scorn'd and deserted to herself she seems,
And finds *Aeneas* cruel in her Dreams.

So, to mad *Pentheus*, double *Thebes* appears,
And Furies howl in his distemper'd Ears ;
Orestes so, with like Distraction tost,
Is made to fly his Mother's angry Ghost.
Now Grief and Fury at their height arrive,
Death she decrees, and thus does it contrive.
Her grieved Sister with a chearful Grace
(Hope well-dissembled shining in her Face)
She thus deceives. (Dear Sister) let us prove
The Cure I have invented for my Love.
Beyond the Land of *Aethiopia* lyes
The place where *Atlas* doth support the Skies ;
Hence came an old Magician, that did keep
Th' *Hesperian* Fruit, and made the Dragon sleep.
Her potent Charms do troubled Souls relieve,
And where she lists, makes calmest Minds to grieve,

The

The course of Rivers or of Heav'n can stop,
 And call Trees down from th' airy Mountains top.
 Witness the Gods, and thou my dearest Part,
 How loath am I to tempt this guilty Art.
 Erect a Pile, and on it let us place
 That Bed where I my Ruin did embrace.
 With all the Relicks of our impious Guest,
 Arms, Spoils and Presents, let the Pile be dress'd,
 (The knowing Woman thus prescribes) that we
 May raze the Man out of our Memory.
 Thus speaks the *Queen*, but hides the fatal end
 For which she doth those sacred Rites pretend.
 Nor worse Effects of Grief her Sister thought
 Would follow, than *Sycheus'* Murder wrought,
 Therefore obeys her; and now heaped high
 The cloven Oaks and lofty Pines do lye,
 Hung all with Wreaths, and flowry Garlands round;
 So by her self was her own Funeral crown'd.
 Upon the top, the *Trojan* Image lyes,
 And his sharp Sword wherewith anon she dies.
 They by the Altar stand, while with loose Hair
 The magick Prophetess begins her Pray'r.
 On *Chaos*, *Erebus*, and all the Gods,
 Which in th' infernal Shades have their abodes,
 She loudly calls, besprinkling all the Room
 With drops suppos'd from *Lethe's* Lake to come.
 She seeks the Knot which on the Forehead grows
 Of new-foal'd Colts, and Herbs by Moon-light mowes,
 A Cake of Leven in her pious Hands
 Holds the devoted *Queen*, and barefoot stands;
 One tender Foot was bare, the other shod,
 Her Robe ungirt, invoking every God
 And every Power, if any be above
 Which takes regard of ill-requited Love.
 Now was the time when weary Mortals steep
 Their careful Temples in the Dew of Sleep;
 On Seas, on Earth, and all that in them dwell,
 A deathlike Quiet, and deep Silence fell,
 But not on *Dido*, whose untamed Mind
 Refus'd to be by sacred Night confin'd.

146 *The FOURTH PART of*

A double Passion in her Breast does move,
 Love, and fierce Anger for neglected Love :
 Thus she afflicts her Soul, What shall I do ?
 With fate inverted, shall I humbly woo,
 And some proud *Prince*, in wild *Numidia* born,
 Pray to accept me, and forget my Scorn ?
 Or shall I with th' ungrateful *Trojan* go,
 Quit all my State, and wait upon my Foe ?
 Is not enough, by sad Experience, known
 The perjur'd Race of false *Laomedon* ?
 With my *Sidonians* shall I give them chase ?
 Bands hardly forced from their native Place ?
 No, die, and let this Sword thy Fury tame ;
 Nought but thy Blood can quench thy guilty Flame.

Ah Sister! vanquish'd with my Passion, thou
 Betraid'st me first, dispensing with my Vow.
 Had I been constant to *Sycheus* still,
 And single liv'd, I had not known this Ill.

Such Thoughts torment the *Queen's* intrag'd Breast,
 While the *Dardanian* does securely rest
 In his tall Ship, for sudden flight prepar'd,
 To whom once more the *Son of Jove* appear'd :

Thus seem'd to speak the youthful Deity,
 Voice, Hair, and Colour all like *Mercury*.
 Fair *Venus*' Seed! canst thou indulge thy Sleep ?
 Nor better Guard in such great Danger keep ?
 Mad by neglect to lose so fair a Wind ?
 If here thy Ships the purple Morning find,
 Thou shalt behold this hostile Harbour shine
 With a new Fleet, and Fire, to ruin thine.
 She meditates Revenge, resolv'd to die ;
 Weigh Anchor quickly, and her Fury fly.
 This said, the God in shades of Night retir'd.

Amaz'd *Aeneas* with the warning fir'd
 Shakes off dull Sleep, and rousing up his Men,
 Behold! the *Gods* command our flight again,
 Fall to your Oars, and all your Canvas spread ;
 What *God* soe'er that thus vouchsaf'd to lead
 We follow gladly, and thy Will obey,
 Assist us still, smoothing our happy way,

MISCELLANY POEMS. 147

And make the rest propitious. With that word
 He cuts the Cable with his shining Sword;
 Through all the Navy doth like ardour reign,
 They quit the Shore, and rush into the Main;
 Plac'd on their Banks, the lusty *Trojans* sweep
Neptune's smooth face, and cleave the yielding Deep.
Aurora now, leaving her watry Bed,
 Colours the East with a presaging Red;
 Soon as the Dawn began to clear the Sky,
 Down to the Shore the sad *Queen* cast her Eye;
 Where when she doth the empty Port survey,
 And now the Fleet with Wings display'd at Sea,
 Her Hands held up, her golden Tresses torn,
 Must we, says she, of force indure this Scorn?
 Can we not have recourse to Arms? not meet
 This fraud with fraud? not burn this wicked Fleet?
 Haste, fly, pursue, row, and let every Hand
 Snatch up with speed some swift revenging Brand.
 Where am I now? alas! what Words are these?
 How late this hope? see how they plow the Seas.
 Unhappy *Dido*! cruel Fate devours
 Thy wretched Life, thou feel'st the angry Powers.
 This Rage had once been fitter than thy Love:
 See how he doth his far-fam'd Faith approve!
 He who through burning *Ilium* (as they say)
 Did bear his Country Gods untouch'd away,
 Who through the Flames the old *Anchises* led;
 Why saw I not the perjur'd Villain dead?
 Why did I not on slain *Iulus* feast,
 And at that Banquet make the Father Guest?
 Suppose there had been doubt in the Success,
 What could I fear, of all left comfortless?
 I should have ruin'd all, Father and Son,
 And the whole stock, and then my self among.
 Thou *Sun* who with thy light dost all survey,
 And *Juno*, witness to that fatal Day
 Which seal'd our Loves, revengeful *Hecaté*,
 And all ye Powers that see *Eliza* die,
 Receive these Pray'rs; if, all Sea-dangers past,
 The *Trojan* needs must reach some Shore at last;

If nothing can withstand this fixt Decree,
 A peaceful Land yet may he never see.
 War entertain him and a haughty Foe,
 And may he never one calm Slumber know.
 Hatred pursue him, Furies give him chase,
 And rend *Iulus* from his dear Embrace;
 Himself at last without a Grave expos'd
 A Prey to Vultures, in no Urn inclos'd.
 I form my latest Breath into this Prayer:
 And, O ye *Tyrians*, be it then your Care
 T' afflict with War this Race in time to come,
 And send such bloody Offerings to my Tomb.
 Our Seas their Seas, our Shores their Shores oppose,
 Our Arms their Arms, and be our Children Foes.
 Here fighting deep, revolving in her Mind,
 What way she might the free'st Passage find
 From hated Life: *Bercea* standing by,
 Nurse to *Sycheus*; Dearest Nurse, says she,
 Go call my Sister, tell her I prepare
 The magick Rites, ordain'd to heal my Care.
 But be she first with Water sprinkled thrice,
 And with her bring th' appointed Sacrifice.
 And you, with pious Wreaths your Temples bound,
 Enter the Circle of the holy Ground:
 I'll give the *Trojan's* Image to the fire,
 As that consumes so shall my Grief expire.
 The aged Nurse obeys with trembling haste:
 And now the Queen, all bounds of Sorrow past,
 Her Heart oppress'd, her Visage wan and pale,
 And her whole Mind bent on her Funeral,
 Goes to the place, where stood the sacred Pile;
 And here, diverted by her Grief awhile,
 Melted in Tears, at first she doth behold
 The *Trojan's* Image, Sword, and Robes of Gold.
 Dear Relicks, says she, while the Pow'rs above
 Were so content, the Objects of my Love,
 But now my sad Reproaches; at that word
 She mounts the Pile, and draws the shining Sword.
 What 'tis to live, enough, says she, I know;
 And to the Will of Fate I nothing owe.

Nor

Nor shall I now a worthless Ghost descend,
 Having with honour first reveng'd my Friend,
 Built him a stately Town, happy, and more,
 Had the false *Trojan* never touch'd this Shore.
 Then lifting up her Hands to strike, Shall I
 Die unreveng'd, she says, however die.
 Forfaken thus, thus to the Shades I haste,
 And blot out all remembrance of the past.
 May the false *Trojan* see these flames from far,
 And in his Thoughts the fatal Omen bear!
 With this the Blood came rushing from her Side,
 Deep in her Breast the reeking Sword was dy'd:
 Her frighted Servants in distraction run,
 And with their Cries they fill th' amazed Town.
 Such is the noise when the prevailing Foes
 Enter a Breach, and Slaughter overflows.
 Her frantick Sister with a furious pace,
 Pierc'd to the Heart, comes running to the place.
 Ah dearest! says she, was this Fraud for me,
 These Altars dress'd, for such a Tragedy?
 Why was I not invited to thy Fate,
 Nor made thy Partner in thy worst Estate?
 Ah! you have slain your self, and me, and all,
 People and Nobles in one Funeral.
 O give me leave, if yet you not resign
 Your latest Breath, to suck that Soul with mine.
 With that she doth the high-raisd Pile ascend,
 And weeping doth imbrace her dying Friend.
 Thrice on her Arms the Queen supports her Head,
 And thrice again falls groveling on her Bed.
 Thrice with disclosed Eyes she seeks the Light,
 And thrice with sighing folds again her Sight.
 Then *Juno*, looking with a pitying Eye
 Upon so sad and lasting Misery,
 Since deepest Wounds can no free Passage give
 To Self-destroyers, who refuse to live;
 Sent *Iris* down to cut the fatal Hair;
 Which done, her whole Life vanish'd into Air.

A S O N G.

*C*hloris, 'twill be for either's Rest,
 Truly to know each other's Breast:
 I'll make th' obscurest Part of mine
 Transparent as I would have thine.
 If you will deal but so with me,
 We soon shall part, or soon agree.

II.

Know then, though you were twice as fair,
 If it could be, as now you are;
 And though the Graces of your Mind
 With a resembling Lustre shin'd:
 Yet if you love me not, you'll see
 I'll value those as you do me.

III.

Though I a thousand times had sworn
 My Passion should transcend your Scorn,
 And that your bright triumphant Eyes
 Create a Flame that never dies;
 Yet if to me you prov'd untrue,
 Those Oaths should turn as false to you.

IV.

If I vow'd to pay Love for Hate,
 'Twas, I confess, a meer Deceit;
 Or that my Flame should deathless prove,
 'Twas but to render so your Love:
 I brag'd as Cowards use to do
 Of dangers they'll ne'er run into.

V.

And now my Tenets I have shew'd,
 If you think them too great a Load;
 T' attempt your Change, were but in vain,
 The Conquest not being worth the Pain.
 With them I'll other Nymphs subdue;
 'Tis too much to lose time, and you.

THE
ART
OF
POETRY,

Written in *French* by the

SIEUR de BOILEAU.

Made *English* by

Sir *WILLIAM SOAME*, Bar.

And Revis'd and Alter'd, by

Mr. *JOHN DRYDEN.*

Printed in the Year MDCCXXVII.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS Translation of Monsieur Boileau's Art of Poetry was made in the Year 1680, by Sir William Soame of Suffolk, Baronet; who being very intimately acquainted with Mr. Dryden, desired his Revisal of it. I saw the Manuscript lye in Mr. Dryden's Hands for above six Months, who made very considerable Alterations in it, particularly, the beginning of the Fourth Canto: and it being his Opinion that it would be better to apply the Poem to English Writers, than keep to the French Names, as it was first Translated, Sir William desired he wou'd take the Pains to make that Alteration, and accordingly that was entirely done by Mr. Dryden.

The Poem was first Published in the Year 1683; Sir William was after sent Ambassador to Constantinople, in the Reign of King James, but died in the Voyage.

J. T.

In the
Find
You
The c
Forbe
Or tal
Fear t
And w
Nat
And f
One m
Anoth
Waller
Spencer
But Au
Lose t
Thus i
Allayin
Impert
Describ
And fo
Perish's

† Dub



C A N T O I.



ASH Author, 'tis a vain presumptuous
Crime

To undertake the Sacred Art of Rhyme;
If at thy Birth the Stars that rul'd thy
Sense

Shone not with a Poetic Influence;

In thy strait Genius thou wilt still be bound,
Find *Phœbus* deaf, and *Pegasus* unsound.

You then, that burn with the Desire to try
The dangerous Course of charming Poetry;
Forbear in fruitless Verse to lose your time,
Or take for Genius the Desire of Rhime:

Fear the Allurements of a specious Bait,
And well consider your own Force and Weight.

Nature abounds in Wits of ev'ry kind,
And for each Author can a Talent find:
One may in Verse describe an am'rous Flame,

Another sharpen a short Epigram:

Waller a Hero's mighty Acts extol

Spencer Sing *Rosalind* in Pastoral:

But Authors that themselves too much esteem;
Lose their own Genius, and mistake their Theme;

Thus in times past * *Dubartas* vainly writ,

Allaying sacred Truth with trifling Wit,

Impertinently, and without Delight,

Describ'd the *Israelites* Triumphant Flight,

And following *Moses* o'er the Sandy Plain,

Perish'd with *Pharoah* in th' *Arabian* Main.

* *Dubartas* Translated by Silvester,

154 *The FOURTH PART of*

What-e'er you write of Pleasant or Sublime;
 Always let Sense accompany your Rhyme:
 Falsely they seem each other to oppose;
 Rhyme must be made with Reason's Laws to close;
 And when to conquer her you bend your Force,
 The Mind will triumph in the Noble Course;
 To Reason's Yoke she quickly will incline,
 Which, far from hurting, renders her Divine:
 But, if neglected, will as easily stray,
 And master Reason, which she should obey.
 Love Reason then; and let whate'er you write
 Borrow from her its Beauty, Force, and Light.
 Most Writers, mounted on a resty Muse,
 Extravagant and senseless Objects chuse;
 They think they err, if in their Verse they fall
 On any Thought that's Plain, or Natural:
 Fly this Excess; and let *Italians* be
 Vain Authors of false glitt'ring Poetry.
 All ought to aim at Sense; but most in vain
 Strive the hard Pass, and slipp'ry Path to gain:
 You drown, if to the right or left you stray;
 Reason to go has often but one way.
 Sometimes an Author, fond of his own Thought,
 Pursues its Object 'till it's over-wrought:
 If he describes a House, he shews the Face,
 And after walks you round from Place to Place;
 Here is a *Vista*, there the Doors unfold,
 Balconies here are Ballustred with Gold;
 Then counts the Rounds and Ovals in the Halls,
 * *The Festoons, Freezes, and the Astragals*:
 Tir'd with his tedious Pomp, away I run,
 And skip o'er twenty Pages to be gone.
 Of such Descriptions the vain Folly see,
 And shun their barren Superfluity.
 All that is needless carefully avoid;
 The Mind once satisfy'd, is quickly cloy'd:
 He cannot Write, who knows not to give o'er;
 To mend one Fault he makes a hundred more:

* *Verse of Scudery.*

A Verse was weak, you turn it much too strong,
 And grow Obscure, for fear you should be long.
 Some are not Gaudy, but are Flat and Dry;
 Not to be low, another soars too high.
 Would you of every one deserve the Praise?
 In Writing, vary your Discourse, and Phrase;
 A frozen Style, that neither Ebbs or Flows,
 Instead of pleasing, makes us gape and doze.
 Those tedious Authors are esteem'd by none
 Who tire us, humming the same heavy Tone.
 Happy, who in his Verse can gently steer,
 From Grave, to Light; from Pleasant, to Severe:
 His Works will be admir'd where-ever found,
 And oft with Buyers will be compass'd round.
 In all you Write be neither Low nor Vile:
 The meanest Theme may have a proper Style.

The-dull Burlesque appear'd with Impudence,
 And pleas'd by Novelty, in spite of Sense.
 All, except trivial Points, grew out of Date;
Parnassus spoke the Cant of *Billingsgate*:
 Boundless and Mad, disorder'd Rhyme was seen:
 Disguis'd *Apollo* chang'd to *Harlequin*.
 This Plague, which first in Country Towns began,
 Cities and Kingdoms quickly over-ran;
 The dullest Scriblers some Admirers found,
 And the * *Mock Tempest* was awhile renown'd:
 But this low Stuff the Town at last despis'd,
 And scorn'd the Folly that they once had pris'd;
 Distinguish'd Dull, from Natural and Plain,
 And left the Villages to *Fleckno's* Reign.
 Let not so mean a Style your Muse debase;
 But learn from † *Butler* the Buffooning Grace:
 And let Burlesque in Ballads be employ'd;
 Yet noisie Bumbast carefully avoid,
 Nor think to raise (tho' on *Pharsalia's* Plain)
 ‡ *Millions of mourning Mountains of the Slain*:

* *The Mock-Tempest, a Play, written by Mr. Duffer.*

† *Hudibras.*

‡ *Verse of Brebeuf.*

156 *The* FOURTH PART of

Nor, with *Dubartas*, * bridle up the Floods,
 And Periwig with Wooll the bald-pate Woods;
 Chuse a just Style; be Grave without Constraint,
 Great without Pride, and Lovely without Paint:
 Write what your Reader may be pleas'd to hear;
 And, for the Measure, have a careful Ear.
 On easie Numbers fix your happy Choice;
 Of jarring Sounds avoid the odious Noise:
 The fullest Verse and the most labour'd Sense,
 Displease us, if the Ear once take Offence.
 Our ancient Verse, (as homely as the Times,)
 Was rude, unmeasur'd, only tagg'd with Rhymes:
 Number and Cadence, that have since been shown,
 To those unpolish'd Writers were unknown.
 † *Fairfax* was he, who, in that darker Age,
 By his just Rules restrain'd Poetick Rage;
Spencer did next in Pastorals excel,
 And taught the noble Art of Writing well:
 To stricter Rules the Stanza did restrain,
 And found for Poetry a richer Vein.
 Then *D' Avenant* came; who, with a new-found Art,
 Chang'd all; spoil'd all, and had his Way a-part:
 His haughty Muse all others did despise,
 And thought in Triumph to bear off the Prize,
 'Till the sharp-sighted Criticks of the Times
 In their Mock-*Gondibert* expos'd his Rhymes;
 The Lawrels he pretended did refuse,
 And dath'd the Hopes of his aspiring Muse.
 This head-strong Writer, falling from on high,
 Made following Authors take less Liberty.
Waller came last, but was the first whose Art
 Just Weight and Measure did to Verse impart;
 That of a well-plac'd Word could teach the Force,
 And shew'd for Poetry a nobler Course:
 His happy Genius did our Tongue refine,
 And easie Words with pleasing Numbers join:

* Verse of *Dubartas*.
Godfrey of Bulloign.

† *Fairfax* in his Translation of

His Verses to good Method did apply,
 And chang'd hard Discord to soft Harmony.
 All own'd his Laws; which, long approv'd and try'd,
 To present Authors now may be a *Guide*.
 Tread boldly in his Steps, secure from Fear,
 And be, like him, in your Expressions clear.
 If in your Verse you drag, and Sense delay,
 My Patience tires, my Fancy goes astray,
 And from your vain Discourse I turn my Mind,
 Nor search an Author troublesome to find.
 There is a kind of Writer pleas'd with Sound,
 Whose Fustian Head with Clouds is compass'd round,
 No Reason can disperse 'em with its Light:
 Learn then to Think, ere you pretend to Write.
 As your Idea's clear, or else obscure,
 Th' Expression follows perfect, or impure:
 What we conceive, with Ease we can express;
 Words to the Notions flow with Readiness.

Observe the Language well in all you write,
 And swerve not from it in your loftiest Flight.
 The smoothest Verse and the exactest Sense
 Displease us, if ill *English* give Offence:
 A barb'rous Phrase no Reader can approve;
 Nor Bombast, Noise, or Affectation love.
 In short, without pure Language, what you write
 Can never yield us Profit, or Delight.
 Take time for thinking; never work in haste;
 And value not your self for writing fast.
 A rapid Poem, with such Fury writ,
 Shews want of Judgment, not abounding Wit.
 More pleas'd we are to see a River lead
 His gentle Streams along a flow'ry Mead,
 Than from high Banks to hear loud Torrents roar,
 With foamy Waters on a muddy Shoar.
 Gently make haste, of Labour not afraid;
 A hundred times consider what you've said:
 Polish, repolish, every Colour lay,
 And sometimes add; but oft'ner take away.
 'Tis not enough, when swarming Faults are writ,
 That here and there are scatter'd Sparks of Wit;
 Each

158 *The* FOURTH PART of

Each Object must be fix'd in the due place,
 And diff'ring Parts have corresponding Grace :
 'Till, by a curious Art dispos'd, we find
 One perfect Whole, of all the Pieces join'd.
 Keep to your Subject close, in all you say ;
 Nor for a sounding Sentence ever stray.
 The publick Censure, for your Writings fear,
 And to your self be Critick most severe.
 Fantastic Wits their darling Follies love ;
 But find you faithful Friends that will reprove,
 That on your Works may look with careful Eyes,
 And of your Faults be zealous Enemies :
 Lay by an Author's Pride and Vanity,
 And from a Friend a Flatterer descry,
 Who seems to like, but means not what he says :
 Embrace true Counsel, but suspect false Praise.
 A Sycophant will every thing admire :
 Each Verse, each Sentence sets his Soul on Fire :
 All is Divine ! there's not a Word amiss !
 He shakes with Joy, and weeps with Tendernefs,
 He over-pow'rs you with his mighty Praise.
 Truth never moves in those impetuous ways :
 A faithful Friend is careful of your Fame,
 And freely will your heedless Errors blame ;
 He cannot pardon a neglected Line,
 But Verse to Rule and Order will confine.
 Reprove of Words the too-affected Sound ;
 Here the Sense flags, and your Expression's round,
 Your Fancy tires, and your Discourse grows vain,
 Your Terms improper, make them just and plain.
 Thus 'tis a faithful Friend will Freedom use ;
 But Authors, partial to their darling Muse,
 Think to protect it they have just pretence,
 And at your friendly Counsel take offence.
 Said you of this, that the Expression's flat ?
Your Servant, Sir, you must excuse me that,
He answers you. This Word has here no grace,
 Pray leave it out : *That, Sir, 's the proper'st place.*
 This Turn I like not : 'Tis approv'd by all.
 Thus, resolute not from one Fault to fall,

MISCELLANY POEMS. 159

If there's a Syllable of which you doubt,
 'Tis a sure Reason not to blot it out.
 Yet still he says you may his Faults confute;
 And over him your Pow'r is absolute :
 But of his feign'd Humility take heed ;
 'Tis a Bait laid, to make you hear him read.
 And when he leaves you, happy in his Muse,
 Restless he runs some other to abuse,
 And often finds ; for in our scribbling times
 No Fool can want a Sot to praise his Rhymes :
 The flattest Work has ever, in the Court,
 Met with some zealous *Ass* for its Support :
 And in all times, a forward, scribbling Fop
 Has found some greater Fool to cry him up.

C A N T O II.

P A S T O R A L.

AS a fair Nymph, when rising from her Bed,
 With sparkling Diamonds dresses not her Head,
 But, without Gold, or Pearl, or costly Scents,
 Gathers from neighb'ring Fields her Ornaments :
 Such, lovely in its Dress, but plain withal,
 Ought to appear a Perfect *Pastoral* :
 Its humble Method nothing has of fierce,
 But hates the ratling of a lofty Verse :
 There, native Beauty pleases, and excites,
 And never, with harsh Sounds, the Ear affrights.
 But in this Style a Poet often spent,
 In rage throws by his * Rural Instrument,
 And vainly, when disorder'd Thoughts abound,
 Amidst the *Eclogue* makes the Trumpet sound :
Pan flies, alarm'd, into the neighb'ring Woods,
 And frighted Nymphs dive down into the Floods.
 Oppos'd to this another, low in Style,
 Makes Shepherds speak a Language base and vile :

* *Flute Pipe.*

His Writings, flat and heavy, without Sound,
 Kissing the Earth, and creeping on the Ground;
 You'd swear that *Randal*, in his Rustick Strains,
 Again was quav'ring to the Country Swains,
 And changing, without care of Sound or Dress,
Strephon and *Phyllis*, into *Tom* and *Bess*.
 'Twixt these Extreame 'tis hard to keep the right;
 For Guides take *Virgil*, and read *Theocrite*:
 Be their just Writings, by the Gods inspir'd,
 Your constant Pattern, practis'd and admir'd.
 By them alone you'll easily comprehend
 How Poets, without Shame, may condescend
 To sing of Gardens, Fields, of Flow'rs, and Fruit,
 To stir up Shepherds, and to tune the Flute;
 Of Love's Rewards to tell the happy Hour,
Daphne a Tree, *Narcissus* made a Flow'r,
 And by what means the *Eclogue* yet has pow'r
 * To make the Woods worthy a Conqueror:
 This of their Writings is the Grace and Flight;
 Their Risings lofty, yet not out of Sight.

E L E G Y.

The *Elegy*, that loves a mournful Style,
 With unbound Hair weeps at a Funeral Pile,
 It paints the Lovers Torments, and Delights,
 A Mistress Flatters, Threatens and Invites:
 But well these Raptures if you'll make us see,
 You must know Love, as well as Poetry.
 I hate those Lukewarm Authors, whose forc'd Fire
 In a cold Style describe a hot Desire,
 That sigh by Rule, and raging in cold Blood
 Their sluggish Muse whip to an amorous Mood:
 Their feign'd Transports appear but flat and vain;
 They always sigh, and always hug their Chain,
 Adore their Prison, and their Suff'rings bless,
 Make Sense and Reason quarrel as they please.

* Virg. *Eclog.* 4.

'Twas not of old in this affected Tone
That smooth *Tibullus* made his amorous Moan;
Nor *Ovid*, when, instructed from above,
By Nature's Rules, he taught the *Art of Love*.
The Heart in *Elegies* forms the Discourse.

O D E.

The *Ode* is bolder, and has greater Force.
Mounting to Heav'n in her ambitious Flight,
Amongst the Gods and Heroes takes delight;
Of *Pisa's* Wrestlers tells the sin'ewy Force,
And sings the dusty Conqueror's glorious Course:
To *Simois'* Streams does fierce *Achilles* bring,
And makes the *Ganges* bow to *Britain's* King,
Sometimes she flies, like an industrious Bee,
And robs the Flow'rs by Nature's Chymistry,
Describes the Shepherd's Dances, Feasts, and Bliss,
And boasts from *Phyllis* to surprize a Kiss,
When gently she resists with feign'd Remorse,
That what she grants may seem to be by force:
Her generous Style at random oft will part,
And by a brave Disorder shows her Art.
Unlike those fearful Poets, whose cold Rhyme
In all their Raptures keep exactest time,
That sing th' Illustrious Hero's mighty Praise
(Lean Writers!) by the terms of Weeks and Days;
And dare not from least Circumstances part,
But take all Towns by strictest Rules of Art:
Apollo drives those Fops from his Abode;
And some have said, that once the humorous God
Resolving all such Scriblers to confound,
For the short *Sonnet* order'd this strict Bound:
Set Rules for the just Measure, and the Time,
The easie Running, and alternate Rhyme;
But, above all, those Licences deny'd
Which in these Writings the lame Sense supply'd;
Forbad an useles Line shou'd find a Place,
Or a repeated Word appear with Grace.

A faultless *Sonnet*, finish'd thus, would be
 Worth tedious Volumes of loose Poetry.
 A hundred scribbling Authors, without ground,
 Believe they have this only *Phoenix* found:
 When yet th' exactest scarce have two or three,
 Among whole Tomes, from Faults and Censure free,
 The rest, but little read, regarded less,
 Are shovell'd to the Pastry from the Press.
 Closing the Sense within the measur'd time,
 'Tis hard to fit the Reason to the Rhyme.

E P I G R A M.

The *Epigram*, with little Art compos'd,
 Is one good Sentence in a Distich clos'd.
 These Points, that by *Italians* first were priz'd,
 Our ancient Authors knew not, or despis'd:
 The Vulgar, dazzled with their glaring Light,
 To their false Pleasures quickly they invite;
 But publick Favour so increas'd their Pride,
 They overwhelm'd *Parnassus* with their Tide.
 The *Madrigal* at first was overcome,
 And the proud *Sonnet* fell by the same Doom;
 With these grave *Tragedy* adorn'd her Flights,
 And mournful *Elegy* her Funeral Rites:
 A Hero never fail'd 'em on the Stage,
 Without his Point a Lover durst not rage;
 The amorous Shepherds took more care to prove
 True to his Point, than faithful to their Love.
 Each Word, like *Janus*, had a double Face:
 And Prose, as well as Verse, allow'd it Place:
 The Lawyer with Conceits adorn'd his Speech,
 The Parson without Quibbling could not Preach.
 At last affronted Reason look'd about,
 And from all serious Matters shut 'em out:
 Declar'd that none should use 'em without Shame,
 Except a scattering in the *Epigram*;
 Provided that, by Art, and in due time
 They turn'd upon the Thought, and not the Rhyme.

Thus in all Parts Disorders did abate :
 Yet Quiblers in the Court had leave to prate :
 Insipid Jesters, and unpleasant Fools,
 A Corporation of dull Punning Drolls.
 'Tis not, but that sometimes a dextrous Muse
 May with advantage a turn'd Sense abuse,
 And, on a Word, may trifle with Address ;
 But above all avoid the fond Excess,
 And think not, when your Verse and Sense are lame,
 With a dull Point to Tag your *Epigram*.

Each Poem his Perfection has apart ;
 The *British Round* in Plainness shows his Art ;
 The *Ballad*, tho' the Pride of ancient Time,
 Has often nothing but his humorous Rhyme ;
 The * *Madrigal* may softer Passions move,
 And breathe the tender Ecstasies of Love.
 Desire to show it self, and not to wrong,
 Arm'd Virtue first with *Satyr* in its Tongue.

S A T Y R.

Lucilius was the Man who, bravely bold,
 To *Roman* Vices did this Mirror hold,
 Protected humble Goodness from Reproach,
 Show'd Worth on Foot, and Rascals in the Coach ;
Horace his pleasing Wit to this did add,
 And none uncensur'd could be Fool, or Mad ;
 Unhappy was that Wretch, whose Name might be
 Squar'd to the Rules of their Sharp Poetry.
Persius, obscure, but full of Sense and Wit,
 Affected Brevity in all he writ :
 And *Juvenal*, Learn'd as those times cou'd be,
 Too far did stretch his sharp Hyperbole ;
 Tho' horrid Truths thro' all his Labours shine,
 In what he writes there's something of Divine,

* An old Way of Writing, which began and ended with the same Measure.

Whether

Whether he blames the *Caprean* Debauch,
 Or of *Sejanus'* Fall tells the approach,
 Or that he makes the trembling *Senate* come
 To the stern Tyrant, to receive their Doom;
 Or *Roman* Vice in coarsest Habits shews,
 And paints an *Empress* reeking from the Stews:
 In all he writes appears a noble Fire;
 To follow such a Master then desire.
Chaucer alone, fix'd on this solid Base,
 In his old Style, conserves a modern Grace:
 Too happy, if the freedom of his Rhymes
 Offended not the method of our Times.
 The *Latin* Writers Decency neglect;
 But modern Authors challenge our Respect,
 And at immodest Writings take Offence,
 If clean Expression cover not the Sense.
 I love sharp Satyr, from Obsceneness free;
 Not Impudence, that preaches Modesty:
 Our *English*, who in Malice never fail,
 Hence, in Lampoons and Libels, learnt to Rail;
 Pleasant Detraction, that by Singing goes
 From Mouth to Mouth, and as it marches grows;
 Our Freedom in our Poetry we see,
 That Child of Joy, begot by Liberty.
 But, vain Blasphemer, tremble, when you chuse
 God for the Subject of your impious Muse:
 At last, those Jest's which Libertines invent
 Bring the lewd Author to just Punishment.
 Ev'n in a Song there must be Art, and Sense;
 Yet sometimes we have seen, that Wine, or Chance,
 Have warm'd cold Brains, and given dull Writers Mettle,
 And furnish'd out a Scene for Mr. S---le.
 But for one lucky Hit, that made thee please,
 Let not thy Folly grow to a Disease,
 Nor think thy self a Wit; for in our Age
 If a warm Fancy does some Fop engage,
 He neither eats nor sleeps, 'till he has writ,
 But plagues the World with his adulterate Wit.
 Nay, 'tis a Wonder, if, in his dire Rage,
 He Prints not his dull Follies for the Stage;

And,

And, in the Front of all his senseless Plays,
Makes † *David Logan* crown his Head with Bayes.

C A N T O III.

T R A G E D Y.

T Here's not a Monster bred beneath the Sky
But, well dispos'd by Art, may please the Eye:
A curious Workman, by his Skill Divine,
From an ill Object makes a good Design.
Thus, to delight us, Tragedy, in Tears
For ‡ *Oedipus*, provokes our Hopes, and Fears:
For Parricide *Orestes* asks Relief;
And, to encrease our Pleasure, causes Grief.
You then, that in this noble Art would rise,
Come; and in lofty Verse dispute the Prize.
Would you upon the Stage acquire Renown,
And for your Judges summon all the Town?
Would you your Works for ever should remain,
And, after Ages past, be sought again?
In all you write, observe with Care and Art
To move the Passions, and incline the Heart.
If, in a labour'd Act, the pleasing Rage
Cannot our Hopes and Fears by turns engage,
Nor in our Mind a feeling Pity raise;
In vain with learned Scenes you fill your Plays:
Your cold Discourse can never move the Mind
Of a stern Critick, nat'rally unkind;
Who, justly tir'd with your Pedantick Flight,
Or falls asleep, or censures all you write.
The Secret is, Attention first to gain;
To move our Minds, and then to entertain:
That, from the very op'ning of the Scenes,
The first may show us what the Author means.
I'm tir'd to see an Actor on the Stage
That knows not whether he's to Laugh, or Rage;

† *D. Logan*, a Graver. ‡ *Writ by Mr. Dryden*.

Who,

Who, an Intrigue unravelling in vain,
 Instead of pleasing keeps my Mind in pain.
 I'd rather much the nauseous Dunce should say
 Downright, my Name is *Hector* in the Play;
 Than with a Mass of Miracles, ill join'd,
 Confound my Ears, and not instruct my Mind.
 The Subject's never soon enough exprest;
 Your Place of Action must be fix'd, and rest.
 A *Spanish* Poet may, with good Event,
 In one Day's Space whole Ages represent;
 There oft the Hero of a wandring Stage
 Begins a Child, and ends the Play of Age:
 But we that are by Reason's Rules confin'd,
 Will, that with Art the Poem be design'd,
 That Unity of Action, Time, and Place
 Keep the Stage full, and all our Labours grace.
 Write not what cannot be with ease conceiv'd;
 Some Truths may be too strong to be believ'd.
 A foolish Wonder cannot entertain:
 My Mind's not mov'd, if your Discourse be vain.
 You may relate; what would offend the Eye:
 Seeing, indeed, would better satisfy;
 But there are Objects that a curious Art
 Hides from the Eyes, yet offers to the Heart.
 The Mind is most agreeably surpris'd,
 When a well-woven Subject, long disguis'd,
 You on a sudden artfully unfold,
 And give the whole another Face, and Mould.
 ‡ At first the Tragedy was void of Art;
 A Song; where each Man danc'd, and sung his Part
 And of God *Bacchus* roaring out the Praise,
 Sought a good Vintage for their jolly Days:
 Then Wine, and Joy, were seen in each Man's Eye
 And a fat Goat was the best Singer's Prize.
Theſpis was first, who, all besmear'd with Lee,
 Began this Pleasure for Posterity:
 And, with his carted Actors, and a Song,
 Amus'd the People as he pass'd along.

‡ The beginning and progress of Tragedies.

Next *Æschylus* the diff'rent Persons plac'd,
 And with a better Mask his Players grac'd:
 Upon a Theatre his Verse express'd,
 And show'd his Heroe with a Buskin dress'd.
 Then *Sophocles*, the Genius of his Age,
 Increas'd the Pomp and Beauty of the Stage,
 Ingag'd the Chorus Song in every Part,
 And polish'd rugged Verse by Rules of Art:
 He, in the *Greek*, did those Perfections gain
 Which the weak *Latin* never could attain.
 Our pious Fathers, in their Priest-rid Age,
 As Impious and Prophane, abhor'd the Stage:
 A Troop of silly Pilgrims, as 'tis said,
 Foolishly zealous, scandalously play'd
 (Instead of Heroes, and of Love's Complaints)
 The Angels, God, the Virgin, and the Saints.
 At last, right Reason did his Laws reveal,
 And show'd the Folly of their ill-plac'd Zeal,
 Silenc'd those Nonconformists of the Age,
 And rais'd the lawful Heroes of the Stage:
 Only th' *Athenian* Mask was laid aside,
 And Chorus by the Musick was supply'd.
 Ingenious Love, inventive in new Arts,
 Mingled in Plays, and quickly touch'd our Hearts:
 This Passion never could resistance find,
 But knows the shortest Passage to the Mind.
 Paint then, I'm pleas'd my Heroe be in Love;
 But let him not like a tame Shepherd move:
 Let not *Achilles* be like *Thyrsis* seen,
 Or for a *Cyrus* show an * *Artamen*;
 That, struggling oft, his Passions we may find,
 The Frailty, not the Virtue of his Mind.
 Of Romance Heroes shun the low Design;
 Yet to great Hearts some human Frailties join:
Achilles must with *Homer's* Heat ingage;
 For an Affront I'm pleas'd to see him rage.
 Those little Failings in your Hero's Heart
 Show that of Man and Nature he has part:

* *Artamen*, the Name of *Cyrus* in *Scudery's Romance*.

To leave known Rules you cannot be allow'd;
 Make *Agamemnon* covetous, and proud,
Aeneas in religious Rites austere,
 Keep to each Man his proper Character.
 Of Countries and of Times the Humours know;
 From diff'rent Climates, diff'ring Customs grow:
 And strive to shun their Fault, who vainly dress
 An antique Hero like some modern As;
 Who make old *Romans* like our *English* move,
 Show *Cato* sparkish, or make *Brutus* love.
 In a Romance those Errors are excus'd:
 There 'tis enough that, Reading, we're amus'd:
 Rules too severe would there be useless found;
 But the strict Scene must have a juster Bound:
 Exact Decorum we must always find.
 If then you form some Hero in your Mind,
 Be sure your Image with it self agree;
 For what he first appears, he still must be.
 Affected Wits will nat'rally incline
 To paint their Figures by their own Design:
 Your Bully Poets, Bully Heroes write:
Chapman, in *Buffy D'Ambois* took delight,
 And thought Perfection was to Huff, and Fight.
 Wise Nature by Variety does please;
 Cloath diff'ring Passions in a diff'ring Dress:
 Bold Anger, in rough haughty Words appears;
 Sorrow is humble, and dissolves in Tears.
 Make not your *Hecuba* with Fury rage,
 And show a ranting Grief upon the Stage;
 Or tell in vain how the rough *Tanais* bore
 His seven-fold Waters to the *Euxine* Shore:
 These swoln Expressions, this affected Noise
 Shows like some Pedant, that declaims to Boys.
 In Sorrow, you must softer Methods keep;
 And, to excite our Tears, your self must weep.
 Those noisie Words with which ill Plays abound,
 Come not from Hearts that are in Sadness drown'd.

§ *Seneca Trag.*

The

The Theatre for a young Poet's Rhimes
Is a bold Venture in our knowing Times:
An Author cannot eas'ly purchase Fame;
Criticks are always apt to hiss, and blame:
You may be judg'd by every Ass in Town,
The Privilege is bought for half a Crown.
To please, you must a hundred Changes try;
Sometimes be humble, then must soar on high:
In noble Thoughts must every where abound,
Be easie, pleasant, solid, and profound:
To these you must surprising Touches join,
And shew us a new Wonder in each Line;
That all, in a just Method well-design'd,
May leave a strong Impression in the Mind.
These are the Arts that *Tragedy* maintain:

The E P I C K.

But the Heroic claims a loftier Strain.
In the Narration of some great Design,
Invention, Art, and Fable all must join:
Here Fiction must employ its utmost grace;
All must assume a Body, Mind, and Face:
Each Virtue a Divinity is seen;
Prudence is *Pallas*, Beauty *Paphos'* Queen.
'Tis not a Cloud from whence swift Lightnings fly;
But *Jupiter*, that thunders from the Sky:
Nor a rough Storm, that gives the Sailor pain;
But angry *Neptune*, plowing up the Main;
Echo's no more an empty airy Sound;
But a fair Nymph, that weeps her Lover drown'd.
Thus in the endless Treasure of his Mind,
The Poet does a thousand Figures find,
Around the Work his Ornaments he pours,
And strows with lavish Hand his op'ning Flow'rs,
'Tis not a Wonder if a Tempest bore
The *Trojan* Fleet against the *Libyan* Shore;
From faithless Fortune this is no Surprise,
For every Day 'tis common to our Eyes;

But angry *Juno*, that she might destroy,
 And overwhelm the rest of ruin'd *Troy*;
 That *Aeolus*, with the fierce Goddess join'd,
 Open'd the hollow Prisons of the Wind;
 'Till angry *Neptune*, looking o'er the Main,
 Rebukes the Tempest, calms the Waves again,
 Their Vessels from the dang'rous Quick-sands steers;
 These are the Springs that move our Hopes and Fears;
 Without these Ornaments before our Eyes,
 Th' unfinew'd Poem languishes, and dies:
 Your Poet in his Art will always fail,
 And tell you but a dull insipid Tale.
 In vain have our mistaken Authors try'd
 To lay these ancient Ornaments aside,
 Thinking our God, and Prophets that he sent,
 Might act like those the Poets did invent,
 To fright poor Readers in each Line with Hell,
 And talk of *Satan*, *Asharoth* and *Bel*;
 The Mysteries which Christians must believe,
 Disdain such shifting Pageants to receive:
 The Gospel offers nothing to our Thoughts
 But Penitence, or Punishment for Faults;
 And mingling Fallhoods with those Mysteries,
 Would make our sacred Truths appear like Lies.
 Besides, what Pleasure can it be to hear
 The Howlings of repining *Lucifer*,
 Whose Rage at your imagin'd Hero flies,
 And oft with God himself disputes the Prize?
Tasso, you'll say, has done it with Applause?
 It is not here I mean to judge his Cause:
 Yet, tho' our Age has so extoll'd his Name,
 His Works had never gain'd immortal Fame,
 If holy *Godfrey* in his Ecstasies
 Had only conquer'd *Satan* on his Knees;
 If *Tankred*, and *Armida's* pleasing Form,
 Did not his melancholy Theme adorn.
 'Tis not, that Christian Poems ought to be
 Fill'd with the Fictions of Idolatry;
 But in a common Subject to reject
 The Gods, and Heathen Ornaments neglect;

To banish *Tritons* who the Seas invade;
 To take *Pan's* Whistle, or the Fates degrade,
 To hinder *Charon* in his leaky Boat
 To pass the Shepherd with the Man of Note,
 Is with vain Scruples to disturb your Mind,
 And search Perfection you can never find:
 As well they may forbid us to present
 Prudence or Justice for an Ornament,
 To paint old *Janus* with his Front of Brass,
 And take from Time his Scythe, his Wings and Glass:
 And every where, as 'twere Idolatry,
 Banish Descriptions from our Poetry.
 Leave 'em their pious Follies to pursue;
 But let our Reason such vain Fears subdue:
 And let us not, amongst our Vanities,
 Of the true God create a God of Lies.
 In Fable we a thousand Pleasures see,
 And the smooth Names seem made for Poetry:
 As *Hector*, *Alexander*, *Helen*, *Phyllis*,
Ulysses, *Agamemnon*, and *Achilles*:
 In such a Crowd, the Poet were to blame
 To chuse King *Chilperic* for his Hero's Name.
 Sometimes, the Name being well or ill apply'd,
 Will the whole Fortune of your Work decide.
 Would you your Reader never should be tir'd?
 Chuse some great Hero, fit to be admir'd,
 In Courage signal, and in Virtue bright,
 Let e'en his very Failings give Delight;
 Let his great Actions our Attention bind,
 Like *Cæsar*, or like *Scipio*, frame his Mind,
 And not like *Oedipus* his perjur'd Race;
 A common Conqueror is a Theme too base.
 Chuse not your Tale of Accidents too full;
 Too much Variety may make it dull:
Achilles' Rage alone, when wrought with Skill,
 Abundantly does a whole *Iliad* fill.
 Be your Narrations lively, short, and smart;
 In your Descriptions show your noblest Art:
 There 'tis your Poetry may be employ'd;
 Yet you must trivial Accidents avoid.

Nor imitate that * Fool, who, to describe
 The wondrous Marches of the chosen Tribe,
 Plac'd on the Sides, to see their Armies pass,
 The Fishes staring through the liquid Glais;
 Describ'd a Child, who with his little Hand,
 Pick'd up the shining Pebbles from the Sand,
 Such Objects are too mean to stay our Sight;
 Allow your Work a just and nobler Flight.
 Be your Beginning plain; and take good heed
 Too soon you mount not on the airy Steed;
 Nor tell your Reader, in a thund'ring Verse,
 † I sing the Conqueror of the Universe.
 What can an Author after this produce?
 The lab'ring Mountain must bring forth a Mouse.
 Much better are we pleas'd with his ‡ Address
 Who, without making such vast Promises,
 Says, in an easier Style and plainer Sense,
 " I sing the Combats of that pious Prince
 " Who from the *Phrygian* Coast his Armies bore,
 " And landed first on the *Lavinian* Shore.
 His op'ning Muse sets not the World on fire,
 And yet performs more than we can require:
 Quickly you'll hear him celebrate the Fame,
 And future Glory of the *Roman* Name;
 Of *Styx* and *Acheron* describe the Floods,
 And *Cesar's* wand'ring in th' *Elysian* Woods:
 With Figures numberless his Story grace,
 And every thing in beauteous Colours trace.
 At once you may be pleasing, and sublime;
 I hate a heavy melancholy Rhyme:
 I'd rather read *Orlando's* comick Tale,
 Than a dull Author always stiff and stale,
 Who thinks himself dishonour'd in his Style,
 If on his Works the Graces do but smile.
 'Tis said, that *Homer*, matchless in his Art,
 Stole *Venus's* Girdle, to engage the Heart:

* *St. Amant.* † The first Line of *Scudery's* *Alaric*.

‡ *Virgil's* *Enéids*.

His Works indeed vast Treasures do unfold,
 And whatsoe'er he touches turns to Gold:
 All in his Hands new Beauty does acquire;
 He always pleases, and can never tire.
 A happy Warmth he every where may boast;
 Nor is he in too long Digressions lost:
 His Verses without Rule a Method find,
 And of themselves appear in order join'd:
 All without trouble answers his intent;
 Each Syllable is tending to th' Event.
 Let his Example your Endeavours raise:
 To love his Writings, is a kind of Praise.

A Poem, where we all Perfections find,
 Is not the work of a fantastick Mind:
 There must be Care, and Time, and Skill, and Pains;
 Not the first Heat of unexperienc'd Brains.
 Yet sometimes artless Poets, when the rage
 Of a warm Fancy does their Minds engage,
 Puff'd with vain Pride, presume they understand,
 And boldly take the Trumpet in their Hand;
 Their fustian Muse each Accident confounds;
 Nor can she fly, but rise by leaps and bounds,
 'Till their small stock of Learning quickly spent,
 Their Poem dies for want of Nourishment.
 In vain Mankind the hot-brain'd Fool decries,
 No branding Censures can unveil his Eyes;
 With impudence the Laurel they invade,
 Resolv'd to like the Monsters they have made.
Virgil, compar'd to them, is flat and dry;
 And *Homer* understood not Poetry:
 Against their Merit if this Age Rebel,
 To future Times for Justice they appeal.
 But waiting 'till Mankind shall do 'em right,
 And bring their Works Triumphantly to Light;
 Neglected Heaps we in By-corners lay,
 Where they become to Worms and Moths a Prey;
 Forgot, in Dust and Cobwebs let 'em rest,
 Whilst we return from whence we first digrest.

The great Success which Tragick Writers found,
 In *Athens* first the Comedy renown'd,

Th' abusive *Grecian* there, by pleasing ways,
 Dispers'd his nat'ral Malice in his Plays :
 Wisdom and Virtue, Honour, Wit, and Sense,
 Were subject to Buffooning Insolence :
 Poets were publickly approv'd, and sought,
 That Vice extoll'd, and Virtue set at naught ;
 A *Socrates* himself, in that loose Age,
 Was made the Pastime of a Scoffing Stage.
 At last the Publick took in hand the Cause,
 And cur'd this Madness by the Pow'r of Laws ;
 Forbad at any Time, or any Place,
 To name the Person, or describe the Face.
 The Stage its antient Fury thus let fall,
 And Comedy diverted without Gall :
 By mild Reproofs recover'd Minds diseas'd,
 And, sparing Persons, innocently pleas'd.
 Each one was nicely shewn in this new Glass,
 And smil'd to think he was not meant the Ass :
 A Miser oft would laugh at first, to find
 A faithful Draught of his own sordid Mind ;
 And Fops were with such Care and Cunning writ,
 They lik'd the Piece for which themselves did sit.
 You then, that would the Comick Laurels wear,
 To study Nature be your only Care :
 Who e'er knows Man, and by a curious Art
 Discerns the hidden Secrets of the Heart ;
 He who observes, and naturally can Paint
 The jealous Fool, the fawning Sycophant,
 A sober Wit, an enterprising Ass,
 A humorous *Otter*, or a *Hudibras* ;
 May safely in those noble Lifts ingage,
 And make 'em Act and Speak upon the Stage.
 Strive to be natural in all you write,
 And paint with Colours that may please the Sight.
 Nature in various Figures does abound ;
 And in each Mind are different Humours found :
 A glance, a touch, discovers to the Wise ;
 But ev'ry Man has not discerning Eyes.
 All-changing Time does also change the Mind ;
 And different Ages, different Pleasures find :

Youth, hot and furious, cannot brook delay,
 By flat'ring Vice is eas'ly led away;
 Vain in Discourse, inconstant in Desire,
 In Censure, rash; in Pleasures, all on fire.
 The Manly Age does steadier Thoughts enjoy,
 Pow'r and Ambition do his Soul employ:
 Against the turns of Fate he sets his Mind;
 And by the past the future hopes to find.
 Decrepid Age, still adding to his Stores,
 For others heaps the Treasure he adores,
 In all his Actions keeps a frozen pace;
 Past Times extols, the present to debase:
 Incapable of Pleasures Youth abuse,
 In others blames, what Age does him refuse.
 Your Actors must by Reason be control'd;
 Let young Men speak like young, old Men like old:
 Observe the Town, and study well the Court;
 For thither various Characters resort:
 Thus 'twas great *Johnson* purchas'd his Renown,
 And in his Art had born away the Crown;
 If, less desirous of the People's Praise,
 He had not with low Farce debas'd his Plays;
 Mixing dull Buffoonry with Wit refin'd,
 And *Harlequin* with noble *Terence* join'd.
 When in the *Fox* I see the Tortois hilt,
 I lose the Author of the *Alchymist*.
 The Comic Wit, born with a smiling Air,
 Must Tragic Grief, and pompous Verse forbear;
 Yet may he not, as on a Market-place,
 With Baudy Jufts amuse the Populace:
 With well-bred Conversation you must please,
 And your Intrigue untravell'd be with ease:
 Your Action still should Reason's Rules obey,
 Nor in an empty Scene may lose its way.
 Your humble Style must sometimes gently rise;
 And your Discourse Sententious be, and Wise:
 The Passions must to Nature be confin'd.
 And Scenes to Scenes with artful weaving join'd.
 Your Wit must not unseasonably play;
 But follow Business, never lead the way.

Observe how *Terence* does this Error shun;
 A careful Father chides his Am'rous Son:
 Then see that Son, whom no Advice can move,
 Forget those Orders, and pursue his Love:
 'Tis not a well-drawn Picture we discover:
 'Tis a true Son, a Father, and a Lover.
 I like an Author that Reforms the Age;
 And keeps the right Decorum of the Stage;
 That always pleases by just Reason's Rule:
 But for a tedious Droll, a quibbling Fool,
 Who with low nauseous Baudry fills his Plays;
 Let him be gone, and on two Tressels raise
 Some *Smithfield* Stage, where he may act his Pranks,
 And make *Jack Puddings* speak to Mountebanks.

CANTO IV.

IN *Florence* dwelt a Doctor of Renown,
 The Scourge of God, and Terror of the Town,
 Who all the Cant of Physick had by Heart,
 And never Murder'd but by Rules of Art.
 The publick Mischief was his private Gain;
 Children their slaughter'd Parents sought in vain:
 A Brother here his poison'd Brother wept;
 Some bloodless dy'd, and some by *Opium* slept.
 Colds, at his Presence, would to Frenzies turn;
 And Agues, like Malignant Fevers, burn.
 Hated, at last, his Practice gives him o'er:
 One Friend, unkill'd by Drugs, of all his Store,
 In his new Country-house affords him Place;
 'Twas a rich Abbot, and a building Ass:
 Here first the Doctor's Talent came in play,
 He seems inspir'd, and talks like * *Wren* or *May*:
 Of this new Portico condemns the Face,
 And turns the Entrance to a better Place;
 Designs the Stair-case at the other end.
 His Friend approves, does for his Mason send,

* *Architects* to K. Ch. II.

He comes; the Doctor's Arguments prevail.
In short, to finish this our hum'rous Tale,
He *Galen's* dang'rous Science does reject,
And from ill Doctor turns good Architect.

In this Example we may have our Part :
Rather be Mason, ('tis a useful Art!)
Than a dull Poet; for that Trade accurst,
Admits no mean betwixt the Best and Worst.
In other Sciences, without disgrace
A Candidate may fill a second Place;
But Poetry no Medium can admit,
No Reader suffers an indifferent Wit:
The ruin'd Stationers against him baul,
And *Herringman* degrades him from his Stall.
Burlesque, at least our Laughter may excite :
But a cold Writer never can delight.
The *Counter-Scuffle* has more Wit and Art,
Than the stiff formal Style of *Gondibert*.
Be not affected with that empty Praise
Which your vain Flatterers will sometimes raise,
And when you read, with Ecstasie will say,
The finish'd Piece! the admirable Play!
Which, when expos'd to Censure and to Light,
Cannot indure a Critick's piercing Sight.
A hundred Authors Fates have been foretold,
And *Sh—le's* Works are Printed, but not Sold.
Hear all the World; consider every Thought;
A Fool by chance may stumble on a Fault :
Yet, when *Apollo* does your Muse inspire,
Be not impatient to expose your Fire;
Nor imitate the *Settles* of our Times,
Those tuneful Readers of their own dull Rhymes.
Who seize on all th' Acquaintance they can meet,
And stop the Passengers that walk the Street :
There is no Sanctuary you can chuse
For a Defence from their pursuing Muse.
I've said before, be patient when they blame;
To alter for the better is no shame.
Yet yield not to a Fool's Impertinence :
Sometimes conceited Scepticks void of Sense,

178 *The FOURTH PART of*

By their false Taste condemn some finish'd Part,
 And blame the noblest Flights of Wit and Art,
 In vain their fond Opinions you deride,
 With their lov'd Follies they are satisfy'd;
 And their weak Judgment, void of Sense and Light,
 Thinks nothing can escape their feeble Sight:
 Their dang'rous Counsels do not cure, but wound;
 To shun the Storm, they run your Verse aground,
 And thinking to escape a Rock, are drown'd. }
 Chuse a sure Judge to Censure what you write,
 Whose Reason leads, and Knowledge gives you Light,
 Whose steady Hand will prove your faithful Guide,
 And touch the darling Follies you would hide:
 He, in your Doubts, will carefully advise,
 And clear the Mist before your feeble Eyes.
 'Tis he will tell you, to what noble height
 A generous Muse may sometimes take her flight;
 When, too much fetter'd with the Rules of Art,
 May from her stricter Bounds and Limits part:
 But such a perfect Judge is hard to see,
 And every Rhymers knows not Poetry;
 Nay some there are, for writing Verse extoll'd,
 Who know not *Lucan's* Dross from *Virgil's* Gold.

Would you in this great Art acquire Renown?
 Authors, observe the Rules I here lay down.
 In prudent Lessons every where abound;
 With Pleasant, join the Useful and the Sound;
 A sober Reader, a vain Tale will slight;
 He seeks as well Instruction, as Delight.
 Let all your Thoughts to Virtue be confin'd,
 Still off'ring nobler Figures to our Mind:
 I like not those loose Writers, who employ
 Their guilty Muse, good Manners to destroy;
 Who with false Colours still deceive our Eyes,
 And show us Vice dress'd in a fair Disguise.
 Yet do I not their sullen Muse approve,
 Who from all modest Writings banish Love;
 That stript the Play-house of its chief Intrigue,
 And make a Murderer of *Roderigus*.

* The

* The lightest Love, if decently express'd,
 Will raise no vicious Motions in our Breast.
 Dido in vain may weep, and ask Relief;
 I blame her Folly, whilst I share her Grief.
 A virtuous Author, in his charming Art,
 To please the Sense needs not corrupt the Heart:
 His Heat will never cause a guilty Fire:
 To follow Virtue then be your desire.
 In vain your Art and Vigor are express'd;
 Th' obscene Expression shows th' infected Breast.
 But above all, base Jealousies avoid,
 In which detracting Poets are employ'd.
 A noble Wit dares lib'rally commend;
 And scorns to grudge at his deserving Friend.
 Base Rivals, who true Wit and Merit hate,
 Caballing still against it with the Great,
 Maliciously aspire to gain Renown,
 By standing up, and pulling others down.
 Never debase your self by treacherous Ways,
 Nor by such abject Methods seek for Praise:
 Let not your only bus'ness be to Write;
 Be Virtuous, Just, and in your Friends delight.
 'Tis not enough your Poems be admir'd;
 But strive your Conversation be desir'd:
 Write for immortal Fame; nor ever chuse
 Gold for the Object of a gen'rous Muse.
 I know a noble Wit may, without Crime,
 Receive a lawful Tribute for his Time:
 Yet I abhor those Writers, who despise
 Their Honour; and alone their Profits prize;
 Who their *Apollo* basely will degrade,
 And of a noble Science, make a Trade.
 Before kind Reason did her Light display,
 And Government taught Mortals to obey,
 Men, like wild Beasts, did Nature's Laws pursue;
 They fed on Herbs, and Drink from Rivers drew;
 Their brutal Force, on Lust and Rapine bent,
 Committed Murder without Punishment:

* *The Cid*, translated into English.

Reason

Reason at last, by her all-conqu'ring Arts,
 Reduc'd these Savages, and tun'd their Hearts;
 Mankind from Bogs, and Woods, and Caverns calls,
 And Towns and Cities fortifies with Walls:
 Thus fear of Justice made proud Rapine cease,
 And shelter'd Innocence by Laws and Peace.

These Benefits from Poets we receiv'd,
 From whence are rais'd those Fictions since believ'd,
 That *Orpheus*, by his soft harmonious Strains,
 Tam'd the fierce Tigers of the *Thracian* Plains;
Amphion's Notes, by their melodious Pow'rs,
 Drew Rocks and Woods, and rais'd the *Theban* Tow'rs:
 These Miracles from Numbers did arise:
 Since which, in Verse Heav'n taught his Mysteries,
 And by a Priest, possess'd with rage Divine,
Apollo spoke from his Prophetick Shrine.
 Soon after *Homer* the old Heroes prais'd,
 And noble Minds by great Examples rais'd;
 Then *Hesiod* did his *Gracian* Swains incline
 To Till the Fields, and Prune the bounteous Vine.
 Thus useful Rules were by the Poets aid,
 In easie numbers, to rude Men convey'd,
 And pleasingly their Precepts did impart;
 First charm'd the Ear, and then engag'd the Heart:
 The Muses thus their Reputation rais'd,
 And with just Gratitude in *Greece* were prais'd.
 With pleasure Mortals did their Wonders see,
 And Sacrific'd to their Divinity;
 But Want, at last, base Flatt'ry entertain'd,
 And old *Parnassus* with this Vice was stain'd:
 Desire of Gain dazling the Poets Eyes,
 Their Works were fill'd with fulsome Flatteries.
 Thus needy Wits a vile Revenue made,
 And Verse became mercenary Trade.
 Debase not with so mean a Vice thy Art:
 If Gold must be the Idol of thy Heart,
 Fly, fly th' unfruitful *Heliconian* Strand,
 Those Streams are not enrich'd with golden Sand:
 Great Wits, as well as Warriors, only gain
 Laurels and Honours for their Toil and Pain:

But,

But, what? an Author cannot live on Fame,
 Or pay a Reck'ning with a lofty Name:
 A Poet to whom Fortune is unkind,
 Who when he goes to Bed has hardly din'd;
 Takes little pleasure in *Parnassus'* Dreams,
 Or relishes the *Heliconian* Streams.

Horace had Ease and Plenty when he writ,
 And free from Cares for Money or for Meat,
 Did not expect his Dinner from his Wit.
 'Tis true; but Verse is cherish'd by the Great,
 And now none Famish who deserve to eat:]

What can we fear, when Virtue, Arts, and Sense,
 Receive the Stars propitious Influence;
 When a sharp-sighted Prince, by early Grants
 Rewards your Merits, and prevents your Wants?

Sing then his Glory, celebrate his Fame;
 Your noblest Theme is his immortal Name.

Let mighty *Spencer* raise his reverend Head,
 Cowly and *Denham* start up from the Dead;

Waller his Age renew, and Off'rings bring,
 Our Monarch's Praise let bright-ey'd Virgins sing;

Let *Dryden* with new Rules our Stage refine,
 And his great Models form by this Design:

But where's a Second *Virgil*, to Rehearse
 Our Hero's Glories in his Epic Verse?

What *Orpheus* sing his Triumphs o'er the Main,
 And make the Hills and Forests move again;

Shew his bold Fleet on the *Batavian* Shore,
 And *Holland* trembling as his Cannons roar;

Paint *Europe's* Ballance in his steady Hand,
 Whilst the two Worlds in expectation stand

Of Peace or War, that wait on his Command?

But, as I speak, new Glories strike my Eyes,
 Glories, which Heav'n it self does give, and prize,

Blessings of Peace; that with their milder Rays
 Adorn his Reign, and bring *Saturnian* Days:

Now let Rebellion, Discord, Vice, and Rage,
 That have in Patriots Forms debauch'd our Age,

Vanish with all the Ministers of Hell:
 His Rays their pois'nous Vapours shall dispel:

'Tis

'Tis He alone our Safety did create,
 His own firm Soul secur'd the Nation's Fate,
 Oppos'd to all the *Bont'seaus* of the State.
 Authors, for him your great Endeavours raise;
 The loftiest Numbers will but reach his Praise.
 For me, whose Verse in Satyr has been bred,
 And never durst heroic Measures tread;
 Yet you shall see me, in that famous Field
 With Eyes and Voice, my best assistance yield;
 Offer you Lessons, that my infant Muse
 Learnt, when the *Horace* for her Guide did chuse:
 Second your Zeal with Wisheſ, Heart and Eyes,
 And afar off hold up the glorious Prize.
 But pardon too, if, Zealous for the Right,
 A strict Observer of each noble Flight,
 From the fine Gold I ſeparate th' Alloy,
 And ſhow how haſty Writers ſometimes ſtray:
 Apter to blame, than knowing how to Mend;
 A ſharp, but yet a neceſſary Friend.

The Imperfect ENJOYMENT.

Fruition was the Queſtion in debate,
 Which like ſo hot a Caſuiſt I did ſtate,
 That ſhe with freedom urg'd as my Offence,
 To teach my Reason to ſubdue my Senſe.
 But yet this angry Cloud which did proclaim
 Volleys of Thunder, melted into Rain;
 And this adulterate Stamp of ſeeming nice,
 Made feigned Virtue but a Bawd to Vice.
 For by a Compliment that's ſeldom known,
 She thruſts me out, and yet invites me home:
 And thoſe Delays do but advance Delight,
 As Prohibition ſharpens Appetite.
 For the kind Curtain rais'd my Eſteem
 To wonder at the opening of the Scene.

When

MISCELLANY POEMS: 183

When of her Breasts her Hands the Guardians were,
 Yet I salute each fullen Officer,
 Though like the flaming Sword before mine Eyes,
 They block the Passage to my Paradise:
 Nor could those Tyrant-Hands so guard the Coyn,
 But Love, where't cannot purchase, may purloin.
 For though her Breasts be hid, her Lips are Prize,
 To make me rich beyond my Avarice;
 Yet my Ambition my Affection fed
 To conquer both the White Rose and the Red.
 Th' Event prov'd true: For on the Bed she fate,
 And seem'd to cover, what she seem'd to hate:
 Heat of Resistance hath increas'd her Fire,
 And weak Defence is turn'd to strong Desire.
 What unkind Influence could interpose,
 When two such Stars did in Conjunction close;
 Only too hasty Zeal my Hopes did foil;
 Pressing to feed her Lamp, I spilt my Oil:
 And, that (which most Reproach upon me hurl'd)
 Was dead to her, gives Life to all the World:
 Nature's chief Prop, and Motion's primest Source,
 In me both lost their Figure, and their Force.
 Sad Conquest! when it is the Victor's Fate
 To die at th' entrance of the open Gate!
 Like prudent Corporations, had we laid
 A common Stock by, we'd improv'd our Trade:
 But as a prodigal Heir, I spent by th' by,
 What Home directed wou'd serve her and I.
 When next on such Assaults I chance to be,
 Give me less Vigour, more Activity:
 For Love turns impotent when strain'd too high;
 His very Cordials make him sooner die:
 Evaporates in Fume the Fire too great:
 Love's Chymistry thrives best in equal Heat.



THE

THE
HIND
AND THE
PANTHER.
A
POEM.

IN THREE PARTS.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

— *Antiquam exquirite matrem.*
Et vera, incessu patuit Dea. — Virg.

Printed in the Year MDCCXXVII.

THE
HIND
AND THE
PAINTHER
A

M. O. P.



In Three Parts.
By Mr. D. R. D. N.
— London: Printed by W. B. —
— 1788. —

Printed in the Year MDCCLXXVII

T O T H E
R E A D E R.

THE Nation is in too high a Ferment, for me to expect either fair War, or even so much as fair Quarter from a Reader of the opposite Party. All Men are engag'd either on this side or that: and tho' Conscience is the common Word, which is given by both; yet if a Writer fall among Enemies, and cannot give the Marks of Their Conscience, he is knock'd down before the Reasons of his own are heard. A Preface, therefore, which is but a bespeaking of Favour, is altogether useless. What I desire the Reader should know concerning me, he will find in the Body of the Poem; if he have but the patience to peruse it. Only this Advertisement let him take before hand, which relates to the Merits of the Cause. No general Characters of Parties, (call 'em either Sects or Churches) can be so fully and exactly drawn, as to Comprehend all the several Members of 'em; at least all such as are receiv'd under that Denomination. For Example; there are some of the Church by Law Establish'd, who envy not Liberty of Conscience

science to Dissenters ; as being well satisfied that, according to their own Principles, they ought not to persecute them. Yet these, by reason of their fewness, I could not distinguish from the Numbers of the rest with whom they are Embodied in one common Name. On the other side, there are many of our Sects, and more indeed than I could reasonably have hop'd, who have withdrawn themselves from the Communion of the Panther; and embrac'd this Gracious Indulgence of His Majesty in point of Toleration. But neither to the one nor the other of these is this Satyr any way intended; 'tis aim'd only at the refractory and disobedient on either side. For those who are come over to the Royal Party, are consequently suppos'd to be out of Gunshot. Our Physicians have observ'd, that in process of Time, some Diseases have abated of their Virulence, and have in a manner worn out their Malignity, so as to be no longer Mortal: And why may not I suppose the same concerning some of those who have formerly been Enemies to Kingly Government, as well as Catholick Religion? I hope they have now another Notion of both, as having found, by comfortable Experience, that the Doctrine of Persecution is far from being an Article of our Faith.

'Tis not for any private Man to Censure the Proceedings of a Foreign Prince: But, without suspicion of Flattery, I may praise our own, who has taken contrary Measures, and those more suitable to the
Spirit

Spirit of Christianity. Some of the Dissenters in their Addresses to His Majesty have said, That he has restor'd God to his Empire over Conscience: I confess I dare not stretch the Figure to so great a boldness: But I may safely say, that Conscience is the Royalty and Prerogative of every private Man, He is absolute in his own Breast, and accountable to no Earthly Power, for that which passes only betwixt God and him. Those who are driven into the Fold are, generally speaking, rather made Hypocrites than Converts.

This Indulgence being granted to all the Sects, it ought in reason to be expected, that they should both receive it, and receive it thankfully. For at this time of day to refuse the Benefit, and adhere to those whom they have esteem'd their Persecutors, what is it else, but publickly to own that they suffer'd not before for Conscience sake; but only out of Pride and Obstinacy to separate from a Church for those Impositions, which they now judge may be lawfully obeyed? After they have so long contended for their Clerical Ordination, (not to speak of Rites and Ceremonies) will they at length submit to an Episcopal? if they can go so far out of Complaisance to their old Enemies, methinks a little Reason should persuade them to take another step, and see whither that wou'd lead'em.

Of the receiving this Toleration thankfully I shall say no more than that they ought, and I doubt not they will

will consider from what hand they receiv'd it. 'Tis not from a Cyrus, a Heathen Prince, and a Foreigner, but from a Christian King, their Native Sovereign: Who expects a Return in Specie from them; that the Kindness which he has graciously shewn them, may be retaliated on those of his own Persuasion.

As for the Poem in general, I will only thus far satisfy the Reader: That it was neither impos'd on me, nor so much as the Subject given me by any Man. It was written during the last Winter. and the beginning of this Spring; though with long interruptions of ill Health, and other Hindrances. About a Fortnight before I had finish'd it, His Majesty's Declaration for Liberty of Conscience came abroad: Which, if I had so soon expected, I might have spar'd my self the labour of writing many things which are contain'd in the third Part of it. But I was always in some hope, that the Church of England might have been persuaded to have taken off the Penal Laws and the Test, which was one Design of the Poem, when I propos'd to my self the writing of it.

'Tis evident that some part of it was only occasional, and not first intended. I mean that defence of my self, to which every honest Man is bound when he is injuriously attack'd in Print: And I refer my self to the Judgment of those who have read the Answer to the Defence of the late King's Papers, and that of the Dutchess, (in which last I was concerned) how charitably I have been represented there.

I am


I am now inform'd both of the Author and Supervisors of his Pamphlet: And will reply, when I think he can affront me: For I am of Socrates's Opinion that all Creatures cannot. In the mean time let him consider, whether he deserv'd not a more severe reprehension than I gave him formerly; for using so little respect to the Memory of those whom he pretended to answer: And, at his leisure, look out for some Original Treatise of Humility, written by any Protestant in English, (I believe I may say in any other Tongue:) for the magnified Piece of Duncomb on that Subject, which either he must mean, or none, and with which another of his Fellows has upbraided me, was Translated from the Spanish of Rodriguez: Tho' with the Omission of the 17th, the 24th, the 25th, and the last Chapter, which will be found in comparing of the Books.

He would have insinuated to the World, that her late Highness died not a Roman Catholick. He declares himself to be now satisfied to the contrary; in which he has giv'n up the Cause: For matter of Fact was the Principal Debate betwixt us. In the mean time he would dispute the Motives of her Change: How preposterously, let all Men judge, when he seem'd to deny the Subject of the Controversie, the Change itself. And because I would not take up this ridiculous Challenge, he tells the World I cannot argue: But he may as well infer that a Catholick cannot fast, because he will not take up the Cudgels against

against Mrs. James, to confute the Protestant Religion.

I have but one word more to say concerning the Poem as such, and abstracting from the Matters, either Religious or Civil which are handled in it. The first Part, consisting most in general Characters and Narration, I have endeavour'd to raise, and give it the Majestick Turn of Heroick Poesie. The second being Matter of Dispute, and chiefly concerning Church Authority, I was oblig'd to make as plain and perspicuous as possibly I cou'd: Yet not wholly neglecting the Numbers, though I had not frequent occasions for the Magnificence of Verse. The third, which has more of the Nature of Domestick Conversation, is, or ought to be, more free and familiar than the two former.

There are in it two Episodes, or Fables, which are interwoven with the main Design; so that they are properly Parts of it, though they are also distinct Stories of themselves. In both of these I have made use of the common Places of Satyr, whether true or false, which are urg'd by the Members of the one Church against the other. At which I hope my Reader of either Party will be scandaliz'd; because they are not of my Invention: But as old, to my knowledge, as the Times of Boccace and Chaucer on the one side, and as those of the Reformation on the other.



The HIND and the PANTHER.



Milk-white *Hind*, immortal and un-
chang'd,
Fed on the Lawns, and in the Forest
rang'd;
Without unspotted, innocent within,
She fear'd no Danger, for she knew no
Sin.

Yet had she oft been chas'd with Horns and Hounds,
And *Scythian* shafts; and many winged Wounds
Aim'd at her Heart; was often forc'd to fly,
And doom'd to Death, though fated not to die.

Not so her young; for their unequal Line
Was Hero's make, half Human, half Divine.
Their earthly Mold obnoxious was to Fate,
Th' immortal part assum'd immortal State.
Of these a slaughter'd Army lay in Blood,
Extended o'er the *Caledonian* Wood,
Their native walk; whose vocal Blood arose,
And cry'd for Pardon on their perjur'd Foes;
Their Fate was fruitful, and the sanguine Seed
Endu'd with Souls, encreas'd the sacred Breed.
So Captive *Israel* multiply'd in Chains,
A numerous Exile; and enjoy'd her Pains.
With Grief and Gladness mixt, their Mother view'd
Her martyr'd Off-spring, and their Race renew'd;
Their Corps to perish, but their Kind to last,
So much the deathless Plant the dying Fruit surpass'd.

Panting and Pensive now she rang'd alone,
And wander'd in the Kingdoms, once her own.
The common Hunt, tho' from their Rage restrain'd
By Sov'reign Pow'r, her Company disdain'd:
Grin'd as they pass'd, and with a glaring Eye
Gave gloomy Signs of secret Enmity.
Tis true, she bounded by, and trip'd so light,
They had not time to take a steady Sight.

For Truth has such a Face and such a Mein,
As to be lov'd, needs only to be seen.

The bloody *Bear*, an *Independant* Beast,
Unlick'd to form, in Groans her Hate exprefs'd.
Among the timorous kind the *Quaking Hare*
Profess'd Neutrality, but would not swear.
Next her the *Buffoon Ape*, as Atheists use,
Mimick'd all Sects, and had his own to chuse:
Still when the Lion look'd, his Knees he bent,
And pay'd at Church a *Courier's* Compliment.
The bristl'd *Baptist Boar*, impure as he,
(But whiten'd with the foam of Sanctity)
With fat Pollutions fill'd the sacred Place,
And Mountains levell'd in his furious Race,
So first Rebellion founded was in Grace.
But since the mighty Ravage which he made
In *German* Forests, had his Guilt betray'd,
With broken Tusks, and with a borrow'd Name,
He shun'd the Vengeance, and conceal'd the Shame;
So lurk'd in Sects unseen. With greater guile
False *Reynard* fed on consecrated Spoil:
The graceless Beast by *Athanasius* first
Was chas'd from *Nice*, then by *Socinus* nurs'd,
His impious Race their Blasphemy renew'd,
And Nature's King thro' Nature's Opticks view'd.
Revers'd they view'd him lessen'd to their Eye,
Nor in an Infant could a God descry:
New swarming Sects to this obliquely tend,
Hence they began, and here they all will end.
What weight of antient Witness can prevail,
If private Reason hold the publick Scale?
But, gracious God, how well dost thou provide
For erring Judgments an unerring Guide?
Thy Throne is Darkness in th' abyss of Light,
A blaze of Glory that forbids the sight;
O teach me to believe thee thus conceal'd;
And search no farther than thy self reveal'd;
But her alone for my Director take
Whom thou hast promis'd never to forsake!

MISCELLANY POEMS. 195

My thoughtless Youth was wing'd with vain Desires,
My Manhood, long mis-led by wandring Fires,
Follow'd false Lights ; and when their Glimpse was
gone,

My Pride struck out new Sparkles of her own.
Such was I, such by Nature still I am,
Be thine the Glory, and be mine the Shame.
Good Life be now my Task : My Doubts are done,
(What more could fright my Faith, than Three in One ?)
Can I believe eternal God could lye
Disguis'd in mortal Mold and Infancy ?
That the great Maker of the World could die ?
And after that, trust my imperfect Sense
Which calls in question his Omnipotence ?
Can I my Reason to my Faith compel,
And shall my Sight, and Touch and Taste rebel ?
Superior Faculties are set aside,
Shall their subservient Organs be my Guide ?
Then let the Moon usurp the rule of Day,
And winking Tapers shew the Sun his way ;
For what my Senses can themselves perceive,
I need no Revelation to believe.

Can they who say the Host should be descry'd
By Sense, define a Body glorify'd ?
Impassible, and penetrating Parts ?

Let them declare by what mysterious Arts
He shot that Body through th' opposing might
Of Bolts and Barrs impervious to the Light,
And stood before his Train confess'd in open sight.
For since thus wonderously he pass'd, 'tis plain
One single place two Bodies did contain.
And sure the same Omnipotence as well
Can make one Body in more places dwell.
Let Reason then at her own Quarry fly,
But how can Finite grasp Infinity ?

'Tis urg'd again that Faith did first commence
By Miracles, which are Appeals to Sense,
And thence concluded that our Sense must be
The Motive still of Credibility.

For latter Ages must on former wait,
And what began Belief, must propagate.

But winnow well this Thought, and you shall find
'Tis light as Chaff that flies before the Wind.
Were all those Wonders wrought by Pow'r Divine,
As Means or Ends of some more deep Design?
Most sure as Means, whose End was this alone,
To prove the God-head of th' eternal Son,
God thus asserted: Man is to believe
Beyond what Sense and Reason can conceive,
And for mysterious things of Faith rely
On the Proponent, Heaven's Authority.
If then our Faith we for our Guide admit,
Vain is the farther search of human Wit.
As when the Building gains a surer stay,
We take th' unuseful Scaffolding away:
Reason by Sense no more can understand,
The Game is play'd into another Hand.
Why chuse we then like *Bilanders* to creep
Along the Coast, and Land in view to keep,
When safely we may launch into the Deep?
In the same Vessel which our Saviour bore
Himself the Pilot, let us leave the Shoar,
And with a better Guide a better World explore.
Could he his Godhead veil with Flesh and Blood,
And not veil these again to be our Food?
His Grace in both is equal in extent,
The first affords us Life, the second Nourishment.
And if he can, why all this frantick Pain
To construe what his clearest Words contain,
And make a Riddle what he made so plain?
To take up half on trust, and half to try,
Name it not Faith, but bungling Biggotry.
Both Knave and Fool the Merchant we may call
To pay great Summs, and to compound the small.
For who wou'd break with Heaven, and wou'd not
break for all?
Rest then, my Soul, from endless Anguish freed;
Nor Sciences thy Guide, nor Sense thy Creed.

Faith

MISCELLANY POEMS. 197

Faith is the best Ensurer of thy Bliss;
 The Bank above must fail before the Venture miss.
 But Heav'n and Heav'n-born Faith are far from thee,
 Thou first Apostate to Divinity.
 Unkennell'd range in thy *Polonian* Plains;
 A fiercer Foe th' insatiate *Wolf* remains.
 Too boastful *Britain*, please thy self no more,
 That Beasts of Prey are banish'd from thy Shoar:
 The *Bear*, the *Boar*, and every salyage name,
 Wild in effect, though in appearance tame,
 Lay waste thy Woods, destroy thy blisful Bow'r,
 And muzled though they seem, the Mutes devour.
 More haughty than the rest the *Wolfish* race,
 Appear with Belly gaunt, and famish'd Face:
 Never was so deform'd a Beast of Grace.
 His ragged Tail betwixt his Legs he wears,
 Close clap'd for Shame, but his rough Crest he rears,
 And pricks up his predestinating Ears.
 His wild disorder'd Walk, his haggard Eyes,
 Did all the bestial Citizens surprize.
 Though fear'd and hated, yet he rul'd a-while,
 As Captain or Companion of the Spoil.
 Full many a Year his hateful Head had been
 For Tribute paid, nor since in *Cambria* seen:
 The last of all the Litter scap'd by chance,
 And from *Geneva* first infested *France*.
 Some Authors thus his Pedigree will trace,
 But others write him of an upstart Race:
 Because of *Wickcliff's* Brood no mark he brings,
 But his innate Antipathy to Kings.
 These last deduce him from th' *Helvetian* kind,
 Who near the *Leman-lake* his Consort lin'd.
 That fi'ry *Zuinglius* first th' Affection bred,
 And meagre *Calvin* blest the Nuptial Bed.
 (a) In *Israel* some believe him whelp'd long since,
 When the proud *Sanhedrim* oppress'd the Prince,
 Or since he will be *Jew*, deriye him high'r,
 When *Corah* with his Brethren did conspire

(a) Vid. Pref. to Heyl. Hist. of Presb.

From *Moses*' Hand the Sov'reign Sway to wrest,
 And *Aaron* of his Ephod to divest :
 'Till opening Earth made way for all to pass,
 And cou'd not bear the Burden of a *Class*.
 The *Fox* and he came shuffled in the Dark,
 If ever they were stow'd in *Noah's Ark* :
 Perhaps not made; for all their barking Train
 The Dog (a common Species) will contain.
 And some wild Currs, who from their Masters ran,
 Abhorring the Supremacy of Man,
 In Woods and Caves the Rebel-race began. }

O happy Pair, how well have you encreas'd,
 What Ills in Church and State have you redress'd!
 With Teeth untry'd, and Rudiments of Claws,
 Your first Essay was on your native Laws :
 Those having torn with Ease, and trampled down, }
 Your Fangs you fasten'd on the miter'd Crown,
 And freed from God and Monarchy your Town. }
 What though your native Kennel still be small,
 Bounded betwixt a Puddle and a Wall,
 Yet your victorious Colonies are sent
 Where the North Ocean girds the Continent.
 Quickned with fire below your Monsters breed,
 In fenny *Holland* and in fruitful *Tweed*.
 And like the first the last affects to be
 Drawn to the dregs of a Democracy.
 As, where in Fields the fairy rounds are seen,
 A rank sow'r Herbage rises on the Green;
 So, springing where these Midnight Elves advance,
 Rebellion Prints the Foot-steps of the Dance,
 Such are their Doctrines, such contempt they show }
 To Heaven above, and to their Prince below,
 As none but Traytors and Blasphemers know. }
 God, like the Tyrant of the Skies is plac'd,
 And Kings, like Slaves, beneath the Crowd debas'd,
 So fulsome is their Food, that Flocks refuse
 To bite; and only Dogs for Physick use.
 As, where the Lightning runs along the Ground,
 No Husbandry can heal the blasting Wound,

Nor

MISCELLANY POEMS. 199

Nor bladed Grass, nor bearded Corn succeeds,
 But Scales of Scurf, and Putrefaction breeds :
 Such Wars, such Waste, such fiery Tracks of Dearth
 Their Zeal has left, and such a teemless Earth.
 But as the Poisons of the deadliest kind
 Are to their own unhappy Coasts confin'd,
 As only *Indian* Shades of Sight deprive,
 And Magick Plants will but in *Colchos* thrive ;
 So Presbyt'ry and Pestilential Zeal
 Can only flourish in a Common-weal.
 From *Celtique* Woods is chas'd the *wolfish* Crew ;
 But ah ! some Pity e'en to Brutes is due :
 Their native Walks, methinks, they might enjoy,
 Curb'd of their native Malice to destroy.
 Of all the Tyrannies on Human-kind,
 The worst is that which Persecutes the Mind.
 Let us but weigh at what Offence we strike,
 'Tis but because we cannot think alike.
 In punishing of this we overthrow
 The Laws of Nations and of Nature too.
 Beasts are the Subjects of tyrannick Sway,
 Where still the stronger on the weaker prey.
 Man only of a softer Mold is made ;
 Not for his Fellows Ruin, but their Aid.
 Created kind, beneficent and free,
 The noble Image of the Deity.

One Portion of informing Fire was giv'n
 To Brutes, th' inferior Family of Heav'n :
 The Smith Divine, as with a careless Bear,
 Struck out the mute Creation at a Heat :
 But when arriv'd at last to human Race,
 The Godhead took a deep consid'ring space :
 And, to distinguish Man from all the rest,
 Unlock'd the sacred Treasures of his Breast :
 And Mercy mixt with Reason did impart ;
 One to his Head, the other to his Heart :
 Reason to Rule, but Mercy to forgive :
 The first is Law, the last Prerogative.

And like his Mind his outward Form appear'd,
 When issuing naked, to the wondring Herd,
 He charm'd their Eyes, and for they lov'd, they fear'd,
 Not arm'd with Horns of arbitrary Might,
 Or Claws to seize their furry Spoils in Fight,
 Or with encrease of Feet, t' o'ertake 'em in their flight,
 Of easie Shape, and pliant ev'ry way;
 Confessing still the softness of his Clay,
 And kind as Kings upon their Coronation Day:
 With open Hands, and with extended space
 Of Arms to satisfie a large Embrace.

Thus kneaded up with Milk, the new-made Man
 His Kingdom o'er his Kindred World began:
 'Till Knowledge mis-apply'd, mis-understood,
 And pride of Empire sour'd his balmy Blood.
 Then, first rebelling, his own Stamp he coins;
 The Murth'rer *Cain* was latent in his Loins:
 And Blood began its first and loudest Cry,
 For diff'ring Worship of the Deity.
 Thus Persecution rose, and farther Space
 Produc'd the mighty Hunter of his Race.
 Not so the blessed *Pan* his Flock encreas'd,
 Content to Fold 'em from the famish'd Beast:
 Mild were his Laws; the Sheep and harmless Hind
 Were never of the persecuting Kind.
 Such Pity now the pious Pastor shows,
 Such Mercy from the *British* Lion flows,
 That both provide Protection from their Foes.

Oh happy Regions, *Italy* and *Spain*,
 Which never did those Monsters entertain!
 The *Wolf*, the *Bear*, the *Boar*, can there advance
 No native Claim of just Inheritance.
 And self-preserving Laws, severe in show,
 May guard their Fences from th' invading Foe.
 Where Birth has plac'd 'em, let 'em safely share
 The common benefit of vital Air.
 Themselves unarm'd, let them live unarm'd;
 Their Jaws disabled, and their Claws disarm'd:
 Here, only in nocturnal Howlings bold,
 They dare not seize the Hind nor leap the Fold.

More

More pow'rful, and as vigilant as they,
 The *Lion* awfully forbids the Prey.
 Their Rage repress'd, tho' pinch'd with Famine sore;
 They stand aloof, and tremble at his Roar:
 Much is their Hunger, but their Fear is more.
 These are the Chief; to number o'er the rest,
 And stand, like *Adam*, naming ev'ry Beast,
 Were weary Work; nor will the Muse describe
 A slimy-born and sun-begotten Tribe:
 Who, far from Steeples and their sacred Sound,
 In Fields their sullen Conventicles found:
 These gross, half-animated Lumps, I leave;
 Nor can I think what Thoughts they can conceive.
 But if they think at all, 'tis sure no high
 Than Matter, put in Motion, may aspire.
 Souls that can scarce ferment their Mass of Clay,
 So droffy, so divisible are They,
 As wou'd but serve pure Bodies for Allay:
 Such Souls as *Shards* produce, such beetle Things
 As only buz to Heav'n with Ev'ning Wings;
 Strike in the Dark, offending but by Chance,
 Such are the blind-fold Blows of Ignorance.
 They know not Beings, and but hate a Name,
 To them the *Hind* and *Panther* are the same.

The *Panther* sure the noblest, next the *Hind*,
 And fairest Creature of the spotted Kind;
 Oh, could her in-born Stains be wash'd away,
 She were too good to be a Beast of Prey!
 How can I praise, or blame, and not offend,
 Or how divide the Frailty from the Friend!
 Her Faults and Virtues lie so mix'd, that she
 Nor wholly stands condemn'd, nor wholly free;
 Then, like her injur'd *Lion*, let me speak,
 He cannot bend her, and he would not break.
 Unkind already, and estrang'd in part,
 The *Wolf* begins to share her wandring Heart.
 Though unpolluted yet with Actual Ill,
 She half commits, who Sins but in her Will.
 If, as our dreaming *Platonists* report,
 There could be Spirits of a middle sort,

Too black for Heaven, and yet too white for Hell,
 Who just dropt half way down, nor lower fell;
 So pois'd, so gently she descends from high,
 It seems a soft dismission from the Sky.
 Her House not antient, whatsoe'er Pretence
 Her Clergy Heralds make in her defence.
 A second Century not half-way run
 Since the new Honours of her Blood begun.
 A *Lion* old, obscene, and furious made
 By Lust, compress'd her Mother in a Shade.
 Then, by a left-hand Marriage weds the Dame,
 Covering Adult'ry with a specious Name:
 So Schism begot; and Sacrilege and she,
 A well-match'd Pair, got graceless Heresie.
 God's and Kings Rebels have the same good Cause,
 To trample down Divine and Human Laws:
 Both wou'd be call'd Reformers, and their Hate
 Alike destructive both to Church and State:
 The Fruit proclaims the Plant; a lawless Prince
 By Luxury reform'd Incontinence;
 By Ruins, Charity; by Riots, Abstinence.
 Confessions, Fasts and Penance set aside;
 Oh with what Ease we follow such a Guide!
 Where Souls are starv'd, and Senses gratify'd.
 Where Marr'age Pleasures, Midnight Pray'r supply,
 And Mattin Bells (a melancholy Cry)
 Are tun'd to merrier Notes; *encrease and multiply*.
 Religion shows a rosie-colour'd Face;
 Not hatter'd out with drudging Works of Grace,
 A down-hill Reformation rolls apace.
 What Flesh and Blood wou'd croud the narrow Gate,
 Or, 'till they waste their pamp'ring Paunches, wait?
 All wou'd be happy at the cheapest rate.

Though our lean Faith these rigid Laws has given
 The full fed *Musulman* goes fat to Heaven;
 For his *Arabian* Prophet with delights
 Of sense, allur'd his eastern Proselytes.
 The jolly *Luther*, reading him, began
 T' interpret Scriptures by his *Alcoran*;

To grub the Thorns beneath our tender Feet,
And make the Paths of *Paradise* more sweet:
Bethought him of a Wife ere half way gone,
(For 'twas uneasie travelling alone;)
And in this Masquerade of Mirth and Love,
Mistook the blifs of Heaven for *Bacchanals* above.
Sure he presum'd of Praise, who came to stock
Th' etherial Pastures with so fair a Flock,
Burnish'd, and bat'ning on their Food, to show
The Diligence of careful Herds below.

Our *Panther* though like these she chang'd her Head,
Yet, as the Mistress of a Monarch's Bed,
Her front erect with Majesty she bore,
The Crozier wielded, and the Miter wore.
Her upper part of decent Discipline
Shew'd Affectation of an antient Line:
And Fathers, Councils, Church and Churches Head,
Were on her reverend *Phylacteries* read.
But what disgrac'd and disavow'd the rest,
Was *Calvin's* Brand, that stigmatiz'd the Beast.
Thus, like a Creature of a double kind,
In her own Labyrinth she lives confin'd.
To foreign Lands no sound of her is come,
Humbly content to be despis'd at home.
Such is her Faith, where good cannot be had,
At least she leaves the refuse of the bad.
Nice in her Choice of ill, though not of best,
And least deform'd, because reform'd the least.
In doubtful Points betwixt her diff'ring Friends,
Where one for Substance, one for Sign contends,
Their Contradicting Terms she strives to join,
Sign shall be Substance, Substance shall be Sign.
A real Presence all her Sons allow,
And yet 'tis flat Idolatry to bow,
Because the God-head's there they know not how.
Her Novices are taught that Bread and Wine,
Are but the visible and outward Sign,
Receiv'd by those who in Communion join.
But th' inward Grace, or the thing signify'd,
His Blood and Body, who to save us dy'd;

The

The faithful this thing signify'd receive.
 What is't those faithful then partake or leave?
 For what is signify'd and understood,
 Is, by her own Confession, Flesh and Blood.
 Then, by the same acknowledgment we know
 They take the Sign, and take the Substance too.
 The literal Sense is hard to Flesh and Blood,
 But Nonsense never can be understood.

Her wild belief on every Wave is tost,
 But sure no Church can better Morals boast,
 True to her King her Principles are found;
 Oh that her Practice were but half so sound!
 Stedfast in various turns of State she stood,
 And seal'd her vow'd Affection with her Blood;
 Nor will I meanly tax her Constancy,
 That int'rest or obligation made the tie,
 (Bound to the fate of murder'd Monarchy :)
 (Before the sounding Ax so falls the Vine,
 Whose tender Branches round the Poplar twine.)
 She chose her Ruin, and resign'd her Life,
 In death undaunted as an *Indian* Wife:
 A rare Example! But some Souls we see
 Grow hard, and stiffen with Adversity:
 Yet these by Fortune's favours are undone,
 Resolv'd into a baser Form they run,
 And bore the Wind, but cannot bear the Sun.
 Let this be Nature's frailty, or her Fate,
 Or * *Isgrim's* Counsel, her new-chosen Mate;
 Still she's the fairest of the fallen Crew,
 No Mother more indulgent but the true.

Fierce to her Foes, yet fears her force to try,
 Because she wants innate Authority;
 For how can she constrain them to obey,
 Who has her self cast off the lawful sway?
 Rebellion equals all, and those who toil
 In common Theft, will share the common Spoil.
 Let her produce the Title and the Right
 Against her old Superiors first to fight;

* *The Wolf,*

If

If the reform by Text, ev'n that's as plain
For her own Rebels to reform again.
As long as words a diff'rent Sense will bear,
And each may be his own Interpreter,
Our ai'ry Faith will no Foundation find:
The Word's a Weathercock for every Wind:
The *Bear*, the *Fox*, the *Wolf*, by turns prevail,
The most in Pow'r supplies the present Gale.
The wretched *Panther* cries aloud for Aid
To Church and Councils, whom she first betray'd;
No help from Fathers or Traditions train,
Those antient Guides she taught us to disdain,
And by that Scripture which she once abus'd
To Reformation, stands her self accus'd.
What Bills for Breach of Laws can she prefer,
Expounding which she owns her self may err;
And, after all her winding ways are try'd,
If doubts arise, she slips her self aside,
And leaves the private Conscience for the Guide.
If then that Conscience set th' Offender free,
It bars her claim to Church Authority.
How can she Censure, or what Crime pretend,
But Scripture may be constru'd to defend?
Ev'n those whom for Rebellion she transmits
To Civil Pow'r, her Doctrine first acquits;
Because no Disobedience can ensue,
Where no Submission to a Judge is due,
Each judging for himself, by her Consent,
Whom thus absolv'd she sends to Punishment.
Suppose the Magistrate revenge her Cause,
'Tis only for transgressing human Laws.
How answ'ring to its end a Church is made,
Whose Pow'r is but to counsel and perswade?
O solid Rock, on which secure she stands!
Eternal House, not built with mortal Hands!
O sure Defence against th' infernal Gate,
A Patent during Pleasure of the State!
Thus is the *Panther* neither lov'd nor fear'd,
A meer Mock-Queen of a divided Herd;

Whom

206 *The FOURTH PART of*

Whom soon by lawful Pow'r she might control,
 Her self a part submitted to the whole.
 Then, as the Moon who first receives the light
 By which she makes our nether Regions bright,
 So might she shine, reflecting from afar
 The Rays she borrow'd from a better Star :
 Big with the Beams which from her Mother flow,
 And reigning o'er the rising Tides below :
 Now, mixing with a salvage Croud, she goes,
 And meanly flatters her invet'rate Foes,
 Rul'd while she Rules, and losing ev'ry Hour
 Her wretched Remnants of precarious Pow'r.

One Evening while the cooler Shade she sought,
 Revolving many a melancholy Thought,
 Alone she walk'd, and look'd around in vain,
 With rueful Visage for her vanish'd Train :
 None of her Sylvan Subjects made their Court ;
 Levées and Couchées pass'd without resort.
 So hardly can Usurpers manage well
 Those, whom they first instructed to Rebel :
 More liberty begets desire of more,
 The hunger still encreases with the store.
 Without respect they brush'd along the Wood
 Each in his Clan, and fill'd with loathsome Food,
 Ask'd no Permission to the Neighb'ring Flood,
 The *Panther*, full of inward discontent,
 Since they wou'd go, before 'em wisely went :
 Supplying want of Pow'r by drinking first,
 As if she gave 'em leave to quench their thirst.
 Among the rest, the *Hind*, with fearful Face
 Beheld from far the common wat'ring Place,
 Nor durst approach ; 'till with an awful Roar
 The Sovereign *Lion* bad her fear no more.
 Encourag'd thus she brought her younglings nigh,
 Watching the Motions of her Patron's Eye,
 And drank a sober Draught ; the rest amaz'd
 Stood mutely still, and on the Stranger gaz'd :
 Survey'd her Part by Part, and sought to find
 The ten-horn'd Monster in the harmless *Hind*,
 Such as the *Wolf* and *Panther* had design'd.

The

MISCELLANY POEMS. 207

They thought at first they dream'd, for 'twas offence
 With them, to question certitude of Sense,
 Their guide in Faith; but nearer when they drew,
 And had the faultless Object full in view,
 Lord, how they all admir'd her heav'nly hue!
 Some, who before her Fellowship disdain'd,
 Scarce, and but scarce, from in-born rage restrain'd,
 Now frisk'd about her, and old kindred feign'd.
 Whether for Love or Int'rest, ev'ry Sect
 Of all the Salvage Nation shew'd respect:
 The Vice-roy *Panther* could not awe the Herd,
 The more the Company the less they fear'd.
 The surly *Wolf* with secret envy burst,
 Yet cou'd not howl, the *Hind* had seen him first:
 But what he durst not speak, the *Panther* durst.

For when the Herd, suffic'd, did late repair
 To Ferney Heaths, and to their Forest Lare,
 She made a mannerly Excuse to stay,
 Proff'ring the *Hind* to wait her half the way:
 That since the Sky was clear, an hour of talk
 Might help her to beguile the tedious Walk.
 With much Good-will the motion was embrac'd,
 To chat a-while on their Adventures pass'd:
 Nor had the grateful *Hind* so soon forgot
 Her Friend and Fellow-suff'rer in the Plot.
 Yet wondring how of late she grew estrang'd,
 Her Forehead cloudy, and her Countenance chang'd,
 She thought this hour th' occasion would present
 To learn her secret Cause of Discontent,
 Which, well she hop'd, might be with ease redress'd,
 Considering her a well-bred civil Beast,
 And more a Gentlewoman than the rest.
 After some common Talk what rumours ran,
 The Lady of the spotted-muff began,



The SECOND PART.

DAME, said the *Panther*, times are mended well
 Since late among the *Philistines* you fell,
 The Toils were pitch'd, a spacious Tract of Ground
 With expert Huntsmen was encompass'd round;
 Th' Enclosure narrow'd; the sagacious Pow'r
 Of Hounds, and Death drew nearer every Hour.
 'Tis true, the younger *Lion* seap'd the Snare,
 But all your Priestly Calves lay struggling there;
 As Sacrifices on their Altars laid;
 While you their careful Mother wisely fled,
 Not trusting Destiny to save your Head.
 For whate'er Promises you have apply'd
 To your unfailing Church, the surer side
 Is four fair Legs in danger to provide.
 And whate'er Tales of *Peter's* Chair you tell,
 Yet saving Reverence of the Miracle,
 The better luck was yours to scape so well.

As I remember, said the sober *Hind*,
 Those Toils were for your own dear self design'd,
 As well as me; and with the self-same throw,
 To catch the Quarry and the Vermin too,
 (Forgive the slanderous Tongues that call'd you so.)
 Howe'er you take it now, the common Cry
 Then ran you down for your rank Loyalty;
 Besides, in Popery they thought you nurs'd,
 (As evil Tongues will ever speak the worst,)
 Because some Forms, and Ceremonies some
 You kept, and stood in the main question dumb.
 Dumb you were born indeed; but thinking long
 The *Test* it seems at last has loos'd your Tongue.
 And, to explain what your Forefathers meant,
 By real Presence in the Sacrament,
 (After long fencing push'd against a Wall,)
 Your *salvo* comes, that he's not there at all:
 There chang'd your Faith, and what may change
 may fall.

Who

Who can believe, what varies every Day,
Nor ever was, nor will be at a stay?

Tortures may force the Tongue Untruths to tell,
And I ne'er own'd my self infallible,
Reply'd the *Panthor*; grant such Presence were,
Yet in your Sense I never own'd it there.

A real *Virtue* we by Faith receive,
And that we in the Sacrament believe.

Then said the *Hind*, as you the matter state,
Not only *Jesuits* can Equivocate;
For *real*, as you now the Word expound,
From solid Substance dwindles to a Sound.

Methinks an *Æsop's* Fable you repeat,
You know who took the Shadow for the Meat;
Your Churches Substance thus you change at Will,
And yet retain your former Figure still.

I freely grant you spoke to save your Life,
For then you lay beneath the Butcher's Knife.
Long time you fought, redoubl'd Batt'ry bore,
But, after all, against your self you swore;
Your former self, for ev'ry Hour your Form
Is chop'd and chang'd, like Winds before a Storm.
Thus Fear and Interest will prevail with some,
For all have not the Gift of Martyrdom.

The *Panther* grin'd at this, and thus reply'd;
That Men may err was never yet deny'd.
But, if that common Principle be true,
The Cannon, Dame, is level'd full at you.
But, shunning long disputes, I fain wou'd see
That wond'rous Wight Infallibility,
Is he from Heav'n this mighty Champion come;
Or lodg'd below in Subterranean *Rome*?
First, seat him somewhere, and derive his Race,
Or else conclude that Nothing has no Place.

Suppose (though I disown it) said the *Hind*,
The certain Mansion were not yet assign'd,
The doubtful Residence no proof can bring
Against the plain existence of the thing.
Because *Philosophers* may disagree.
If Sight b' emission or reception be,
Shall it be thence inferr'd, I do not see?

But you require an Answer positive,
Which yet, when I demand, you dare not give,
For Fallacies in Universals live.

I then affirm that this unfailing Guide
In Pope and general Councils must reside;
Both lawful, both combin'd; what one decrees
By numerous Votes, the other Ratifies:
On this undoubted Sense the Church relies.
'Tis true, some Doctors in a scantier space,
I mean, in each apart, contract the Place.
Some, who to greater length extend the Line,
The Churches after-acceptation join.

This last Circumference appears too wide,
The Church diffus'd is by the Council ty'd;
As Members by their Representatives
Oblig'd to Laws which Prince and Senate gives.
Thus some contract, and some enlarge the Space;
In Pope and Council who denies the place,
Assisted from above with God's unfailing Grace?
Those Cannons all the needful Points contain;
Their Sense so obvious, and their Words so plain,
That no disputes about the doubtful Text
Have hitherto the lab'ring World perplex'd;
If any shou'd in after-times appear, [clear:
New Councils must be call'd, to make the meaning
Because in them the Pow'r supream resides;
And all the Promises are to the Guides.

This may be taught with sound and safe Defence:
But mark how sandy is your own Pretence,
Who setting Councils, Pope and Church aside,
Are ev'ry Man his own presuming Guide.
The sacred Books, you say, are full and plain,
And ev'ry needful Point of Truth contain:
All who can read, Interpreters may be:
Thus though your several Churches disagree,
Yet ev'ry Saint has to himself alone
The secret of his Philosophick Stone.
These Principles your jarring Sects unite,
When differing Doctors and Disciples fight,

Though

Though *Luther*, *Zuinglius*, *Calvin*, holy Chiefs,
 Have made a Battle Royal of Beliefs;
 Or like wild Horses several ways have whirl'd
 The tortur'd Text about the Christian World;
 Each *Jehu* lashing on with furious Force,
 That *Turk* or *Jew* cou'd not have us'd it worse.
 No matter what Dissension Leaders make,
 Where ev'ry private Man may save a Stake;
 Rul'd by the Scripture and his own Advice,
 Each has a blind-by-path to Paradise;
 Where driving in a Circle slow or fast,
 Opposing Sects are sure to meet at last.
 A wond'rous Charity you have in Store
 For all Reform'd to pass the narrow Door:
 So much, that *Mahomet* had scarcely more.
 For he, kind Prophet, was for damning none,
 But *Christ* and *Moses* were to save their own:
 Himself was to secure his chosen Race,
 Tho' reason good for *Turks* to take the Place,
 And he allow'd to be the better Man,
 In Virtue of his holier *Alcoran*.

True, said the *Panther*, I shall ne'er deny
 My Brethren may be sav'd as well as I:
 Tho' *Huguenots* condemn our Ordination,
 Succession, Ministerial Vocation:
 And *Luther*, more mistaking what he read,
 Misjoins the sacred Body with the Bread;
 Yet, *Lady*, still remember I maintain,
 The Word in needful Points is only plain.

Needless or needful I not now contend,
 For still you have a Loop-hole for a Friend,
 (Rejoin'd the Matron) but the Rule you lay
 Has led whole Flocks, and leads them still astray,
 In weighty Points, and full Damnation's way.
 For did not *Arius* first, *Socinus* now,
 The Son's eternal God-head disavow.
 And did not these by Gospel Texts alone
 Condemn our Doctrine, and maintain their own?
 Have not all Hereticks the same Pretence
 To plead the Scriptures in their own Defence?

How

How did the *Nicene* Council then decide,
 That strong Debate? was it by Scripture try'd?
 No, sure; to those the Rebel would not yield,
 Squadrons of Texts he Marshal'd in the Field;
 That was but Civil War, an equal set,
 Where Piles with Piles, and Eagles Eagles met.
 With Texts point-blank and plain he fac'd the Foe:
 And did not *Satan* tempt our Saviour so?
 The good old Bishops took a simpler way,
 Each ask'd but what he heard his Father say,
 Or how he was instructed in his Youth,
 And by Tradition's force upheld the Truth,
 The *Panther* smil'd at this, And when, said she,
 Were those first Councils disallow'd by me?
 Or where did I at sure Tradition strike,
 Provided still it were Apostolick?

Friend, said the *Hind*, you quit your former Ground,
 Where all your Faith you did on Scripture found,
 Now, 'tis Tradition join'd with holy Writ,
 But thus your Memory betrays your Wit.

No, said the *Panther*, for in that I view,
 When your Tradition's forg'd, and when 'tis true.
 I set 'em by the Rule, and as they square,
 Or deviate from undoubted Doctrine there,
 This Oral Fiction, that old Faith declare.

(*Hind*.) The Council steer'd it seems a different
 Course,

They try'd the Scripture by Tradition's force;
 But you Tradition by the Scripture try;
 Pursu'd, by Sects, from this to that you fly,
 Nor dare on one Foundation to rely.
 The Word is then depos'd, and in this View,
 You rule the Scripture, not the Scripture you.
 Thus said the *Dame*, and smiling, thus pursu'd,
 I see Tradition then is disallow'd,
 When not evinc'd by Scripture to be true,
 And Scripture, as interpreted by you.
 But here you tread upon unfaithful Ground;
 Unless you cou'd infallibly expound.

Which

Which you reject as odious Popery,
 And throw that Doctrine back with scorn on me.
 Suppose we on things traditive divide,
 And both appeal to Scripture to decide;
 By various Texts we both uphold our claim,
 Nay, often ground our Titles on the same:
 After long labour lost, and time's expence,
 Both grant the Words, and quarrel for the Sense.
 Thus all Disputes for ever must depend;
 For no dumb rule can Controversies end.

Thus when you said Tradition must be try'd
 By sacred Writ, whose sense your selves decide,
 You said no more, but that your selves must be
 The judges of the Scripture Sense, not we.
 Against our Church-Tradition you declare,
 And yet your Clerks wou'd sit in *Moses'* Chair:
 At least 'tis prov'd against your Argument,
 The Rule is far from plain, where all dissent.

If not by Scriptures, how can we be sure
 (Reply'd the *Panther*) what Tradition's pure?
 For you may palm upon us new for old:
 All, as they say, that glitters is not Gold.

How but by following her, reply'd the Dame,
 To whom deriv'd from Sire to Son they came;
 Where, ev'ry Age do's on another move,
 And trusts no farther than the next above;
 Where all the Rounds like *Jacob's* Ladder rise,
 The lowest hid in Earth, the topmost in the Skies.

Sternly the Salvage did her Answer mark,
 Her glowing Eye-balls glitt'ring in the dark,
 And said but this, Since Lucre was your Trade,
 Succeeding times such dreadful Gaps have made,
 'Tis dangerous Climbing: To your Sons and you
 I leave the Ladder, and its Omen too. [sweet,

(*Hind.*) The *Panther's* Breath was ever fam'd for
 But from the *Wolf* such wishes oft I meet:
 You learn'd this Language from the blatant Beast,
 Or rather did not speak, but were possess'd.
 As for your Answer 'tis but barely urg'd;
 You must evince Tradition to be forg'd;

Produce

Produce plain Proofs; unblemish'd Authors use
 As ancient as those Ages they accuse;
 'Till when 'tis not sufficient to defame:
 An old Possession stands, 'till Elder quits the claim,
 Then for our int'rest which is nam'd alone
 To load with envy, we retort your own.
 For when Traditions in your Faces fly,
 Resolving not to yield, you must decry:
 As when the Cause goes hard, the guilty Man
 Excepts, and thins his Jury all he can;
 So when you stand of other Aid bereft,
 You to the twelve Apostles would be left.
 Your Friend the *Wolf* did with more craft provide
 To set those toys Traditions quite aside:
 And *Fathers* too, unless when Reason spent
 He cites 'em but sometimes for Ornament.
 But, Madam *Panther*, you, though more sincere,
 Are not so wise as your Adulterer:
 The private Spirit is a better Blind,
 Than all the dodging Tricks your Authors find.
 For they, who left the Scripture to the crowd,
 Each for his own peculiar Judge allow'd;
 The way to please 'em was to make 'em proud.
 Thus, with full Sails, they ran upon the Shelf;
 Who cou'd suspect a couzenage from himself!
 On his own Reason safer 'tis to stand,
 Than be deceiv'd and damn'd at second-hand.
 But you who *Fathers* and Traditions take,
 And garble some, and some you quite forsake,
 Pretending Church Authority to fix,
 And yet some Grains of private Spirit mix,
 Are like a *Mule* made up of differing Seed,
 And that's the reason why you never breed;
 At least not propagate your kind abroad,
 For home Dissenters are by Statutes aw'd.
 And yet they grow upon you every Day,
 While you (to speak the best) are at a stay,
 For Sects that are extreams, abhor a Middle-way.
 Like tricks of State, to stop a raging Flood,
 Or mollifie a Mad-brain'd Senate's Mood:
 Of all Expedients never one was good.

Well may they argue, (nor can you deny)
 If we must fix on Church Authority,
 Best on the best, the Fountain, not the Flood,
 That must be better still, if this be good.
 Shall she command, who has her self rebell'd?
 Is *Antichrist* by *Antichrist* expell'd?
 Did we a lawful Tyranny displace,
 To set aloft a Bastard of the Race?
 Why all these Wars to win the Book, if we
 Must not interpret for our selves, but she?
 Either be wholly Slaves, or wholly Free.
 For purging Fires Traditions must not fight:
 But they must prove Episcopacy's Right:
 Thus those led Horses are from service freed;
 You never mount 'em but in time of need.
 Like Mercenaries, hir'd for home defence,
 They will not serve against their native Prince.
 Against Domestick Foes of *Hierarchy*

These are drawn forth, to make Fanaticks fly;
 But, when they see their Country-men at hand,
 Marching against 'em under Church-command,
 Streight they forsake their Colour, and disband.

Thus she, nor cou'd the *Panther* well enlarge
 With weak Defence against so strong a Charge;
 But said, For what did *Christ* his Word provide,
 If still his Church must want a living Guide?
 And if all saving Doctrines are not there,
 Or sacred Pen-men cou'd not make 'em clear,
 From after-ages we should hope in vain
 For truths, which Men inspir'd, cou'd not explain.

Before the Word was written, said the *Hind*,
 Our Saviour preach'd his Faith to human Kind:
 From his Apostles the first Age receiv'd
 Eternal truth, and what they taught, believ'd.
 Thus by Tradition Faith was planted first,
 Succeeding Flocks, succeeding Pastors nurs'd.
 This was the way our wise Redeemer chose,
 (Who sure could all things for the best dispose,)
 To fence his Fold from their encroaching Foes.

He cou'd have writ himself, but well foresaw
 Th' event wou'd be like that of *Moses' Law*;
 Some difference wou'd arise, some doubts remain,
 Like those, which yet the jarring *Jews* maintain.
 No written Laws can be so plain, so pure,
 But Wit may gloss, and Malice may obscure,
 Not those indited by his first Command,
 A Prophet grav'd the Text, an Angel held his Hand,
 Thus Faith was ere the written Word appear'd,
 And Men believ'd, not what they read, but heard.
 But since th' Apostles cou'd not be confin'd
 To these, or those, but severally design'd
 Their large Commission round the World to blow;
 To spread their Faith, they spread their Labours too.
 Yet still their absent Flock their Pains did share,
 They hearken'd still, for Love produces Care.
 And as mistakes arose, or discords fell,
 Or bold Seducers taught 'em to Rebel,
 As Charity grew cold, or Faction hot,
 Or long neglect their Lessons had forgot,
 For all their Wants they wisely did provide,
 And Preaching by Epistles was supply'd:
 So great Physicians cannot all attend,
 But some they visit, and to some they send.
 Yet all those Letters were not writ to all;
 Nor first intended, but occasional,
 Their absent Sermons; nor if they contain
 All needful Doctrines, are those Doctrines plain.
 Clearness by frequent Preaching must be wrought,
 They writ but seldom, but they daily taught.
 And what one Saint has said of holy *Paul*,
He darkly writ, is true apply'd to all.
 For this obscurity cou'd Heaven provide
 More prudently than by a living Guide,
 As doubts arose, the difference to decide?
 A Guide was therefore needful, therefore made;
 And, if appointed, sure to be obey'd.
 Thus, with due Reverence to th' Apostles writ,
 By which my Sons are taught, to which submit;
 I think,

I think, those truths their sacred Works contain,
 The Church alone can certainly explain;
 That following Ages, leaning on the past,
 May rest upon the Primitive at last.
 Nor wou'd I thence the Word no Rule infer,
 But none without the Church-interpreter.
 Because, as I have urg'd before, 'tis mure,
 And is it self the subject of dispute.
 But what th' Apostles their Successors taught,
 They to the next, from them to us is brought,
 Th' undoubted Sense which is in Scripture sought.
 From hence the Church is arm'd, when Errors rise,
 To stop their Entrance, and prevent surprise;
 And safe entrench'd within, her Foes without defies.
 By these all festring sores her Counsels heal,
 Which time or has disclos'd, or shall reveal,
 For Discord cannot end without a last appeal.
 Nor can a Council national decide,
 But with Subordination to her Guide:
 (I wish the Cause were on that issue try'd.)
 Much less the Scripture; for suppose debate
 Betwixt Pretenders to a fair Estate,
 Bequeath'd by some Legator's last intent;
 (Such is our dying Saviour's Testament:)
 The will is prov'd, is open'd, and is read;
 The doubtful Heirs their diff'ring Titles plead:
 All vouch the Words their int'rest to maintain,
 And each pretends by those his Cause is plain.
 Shall then the Testament award the right?
 No, that's the *Hungary* for which they fight;
 The Field of Battel, subject of debate;
 The thing contended for, the fair Estate.
 The Sense is intricate, 'tis only clear
 What Vowels and what Consonants are there.
 Therefore 'tis plain, its meaning must be try'd
 Before some Judge appointed to decide.

Suppose (the fair Apostate said) I grant,
 The faithful Flock some living Guide should want,

Your Arguments an endless chase pursue :
 Produce this vaunted Leader to our View,
 This mighty *Moses* of the chosen Crew.

The Dame, who saw her fainting Foe retir'd,
 With force renew'd, to Victory aspir'd;
 (And looking upward to her kindred Sky,)
 As once our Saviour own'd his Deity,
 Pronounc'd his Words---*she whom ye seek am I.*
 Nor less amaz'd this Voice the *Panther* heard,
 Than were those *Jews* to hear a God declar'd.
 Then thus the Matron modestly renew'd;
 Let all your Prophets and their Sects be view'd,
 And see to which of 'em your selves think fit
 The Conduct of your Conscience to submit :
 Each Profelyte wou'd VOTE his Doctor best,
 With absolute Exclusion to the rest :
 Thus wou'd your *Polish* Diet disagree,
 And end as it began in Anarchy :
 Your self the fairest for Election stand,
 Because you seem Crown-Gen'ral of the Land;
 But soon against your superstitious Lawn
 Some Presbyterian Sabre wou'd be drawn :
 In your establish'd Laws of Sov'raignty
 The rest some fundamental Flaw wou'd see,
 And call Rebellion Gospel-liberty.
 To Church-decrees your Articles require
 Submission molify'd, if not entire;
 Homage deny'd, to Censures you proceed;
 But when *Curtana* will not do the Deed,
 You lay that pointless Clergy-weapon by,
 And to the Laws, your Sword of Justice, fly.
 Now this your Sects the more unkindly take
 (Those prying Varlets hit the blots you make)
 Because some ancient Friends of yours declare,
 Your only rule of Faith the Scriptures are,
 Interpreted by Men of Judgment sound,
 Which ev'ry Sect will for themselves expound :
 Nor think less rev'rence to their Doctors due
 For sound Interpretation, than to you.

MISCELLANY POEMS. 219

If then, by able Heads, are understood
 Your Brother Prophets, who reform'd abroad,
 Those able Heads expound a wiser way,
 That their own Sheep their Shepherd should obey.
 But if you mean your selves are only sound,
 That Doctrine turns the Reformation round,
 And all the rest are false Reformers found,
 Because in sundry Points you stand alone,
 Not in Communion join'd with any one;
 And therefore must be all the Church, or none.
 Then, 'till you have agreed whose Judge is best,
 Against this forc'd Submission they protest:
 While *Sound* and *Sound* a diff'rent Sense explains,
 Both play at Hard-head 'till they break their Brains:
 And from their Chairs each other's force desie,
 While unregarded Thunders vainly fly.
 I pass the rest, because your Church alone
 Of all Usurpers best cou'd fill the Throne.
 But neither you, nor any Sect beside,
 For this high Office can be qualify'd,
 With necessary Gifts requir'd in such a Guide.
 For that which must direct the whole, must be
 Bound in one Bond of Faith and Unity:
 But all your sev'ral Churches disagree.
 The *Consubstantiating* Church and Priest
 Refuse Communion to the *Calvinist*;
 The *French* reform'd, from Preaching you restrain,
 Because you judge their Ordination vain; [dain.
 And so they judge of yours, but Donors must Or-
 In short, in Doctrine, or in Discipline,
 Not one Reform'd can with another join:
 But all from each, as from Damnation fly;
 No Union they pretend, but in *Non-Popery*.
 Nor, should their Members in a Synod meet,
 Cou'd any Church presume to mount the Seat,
 Above the rest, their Discords to decide;
 None wou'd obey, but each wou'd be the Guide:
 And Face to Face Dissensions wou'd encrease;
 For only distance now preserves the Peace.

All in their turns Accusers, and Accus'd :
Babel was never half so much confus'd :
 What one can plead, the rest can plead as well ;
 For amongst Equals lies no last appeal,
 And all confess themselves are fallible.
 Now since you grant some necessary Guide,
 All who can err are justly laid aside :
 Because a Trust so sacred to confer
 Shows want of such a sure Interpreter,
 And how can he be needful who can err ?
 Then granting that unerring Guide we want,
 That such there is you stand oblig'd to grant :
 Our Saviour else were wanting to supply
 Our Needs, and obviate that Necessity.
 It then remains that Church can only be
 The Guide, which owns unfailling Certainty ;
 Or else you slip your Hold, and change your Side,
 Relapsing from a necessary Guide.
 But this annex'd Condition of the Crown,
 Immunity from Errors, you disown, [ons down.
 Here then you shrink, and lay your weak Pretensi-
 For petty Royalties you raise debate ;
 But this unfailling Universal State [Weight.
 You shun : Nor dare succeed to such a glorious
 And for that Cause those Promises detest
 With which our Saviour did his Church invest :
 But strive t' evade, and fear to find 'em true.
 As conscious they were never meant to you :
 All which the Mother Church asserts her own,
 And with unrival'd Claim ascends the Throne.
 So when of old th' Almighty Father sate
 In Council, to redeem our ruin'd State,
 Millions of Millions at a distance round,
 Silent the sacred Consistory crown'd, [pound.
 To hear what Mercy mixt with Justice cou'd pro-
 All prompt with eager Pity, to fulfil
 The full extent of their Creator's Will :
 But when the stern Conditions were declar'd,
 A mournful Whisper thro' the Host was heard,

And the whole Hierarchy, with Heads hung down,
 Submissively declin'd the pond'rous proffer'd Crown.
 Then, not 'till then, th' eternal Son from high
 Rose in the strength of all the Deity;
 Stood forth t' accept the Terms, and underwent
 A weight which all the Frame of Heaven had bent,
 Nor he himself cou'd bear, but as Omnipotent.
 Now, to remove the least remaining Doubt,
 That e'en the blear-ey'd Sects may find her out,
 Behold what heavenly Rays ador'n her Brows,
 What from his Wardrobe her Belov'd allows
 To deck the Wedding-day of his unspotted Spouse.
 Behold what marks of Majesty she brings;
 Richer than ancient Heirs of Eastern Kings:
 Her right Hand holds the Sceptre and the Keys,
 To shew whom she commands, and who obeys:
 With these to bind, or set the Sinner free,
 With that t' assert Spiritual Royalty.

* One in her self, not rent by Schism, but sound,
 Entire, one solid shining Diamond,
 Not Sparkles shatter'd into Sects like you,
 One is the Church, and must be to be true:
 One central Principle of Unity.

As undivided, so from Errors free,
 As one in Faith, so one in Sanctity.
 Thus she, and none but she, th' insulting Rage
 Of Hereticks oppos'd from Age to Age:
 Still when the Giant-brood invades her Throne
 She stoops from Heaven, and meets 'em half way
 down,

And with paternal Thunder vindicates her Crown.
 But like *Egyptian* Sockerers you stand,
 And vainly lift aloft your Magick Wand,
 To sweep away the Swarms of Vermin from the
 Land:

You cou'd like them, with like infernal Force,
 Produce the Plague, but not arrest the Course.
 But when the Boils and Botches, with disgrace
 And publick Scandal sat upon the Face,

* Marks of the Catholick Church from the Nicene Creed.

Themselves attack'd, the *Magi* strove no more,
 They saw God's Finger, and their Fate deplore;
 Themselves they cou'd not Cure of the dishonest
 Sore.

Thus one, thus pure, behold her largely spread,
 Like the fair Ocean from her Mother-Bed;
 From East to West triumphantly she Rides,
 All Shoars are water'd by her wealthy Tides.

The Gospel-sound diffus'd from Pole to Pole,
 Where Winds can carry, and where Waves can roll,
 The self-same Doctrine of the sacred Page
 Convey'd to ev'ry Clime, in ev'ry Age.

Here let my Sorrow give my Satyr place,
 To raise new Blushes on my *British* Race;
 Our sailing Ships like common Shoars we use,
 And thro' our distant Colonies diffuse [Stews.]
 The Draught of Dungeons, and the stench of
 Whom, when their home-bred Honesty is lost,
 We disemboogie on some far *Indian* Coast:
 Thieves, Pandars, Palliards, Sins of ev'ry sort,
 Those are the Manufactures we export;
 And these the *Missioners* our zeal has made:
 For, with my Country's Pardon be it said,
 Religion is the least of all our Trade.

Yet some improve their Traffick more than we,
 For they on Gain, their only God, rely:
 And set a publick price on Piety.
 Industrious of the Needle and the Chart
 They run full sail to their *Japponian* Mart:
 Prevention fear, and prodigal of Fame,
 Sell all of Christian to the very Name; [Shame.]
 Nor leave enough of that, to hide their naked

Thus, of three Marks which in the Creed we view,
 Not one of all can be apply'd to you:
 Much less the fourth; in vain alas you seek
 Th' ambitious Title of Apostolick:
 God-like descent! 'tis well your Blood can be
 Prov'd noble, in the third or fourth degree:
 For all of ancient that you had before,
 (I mean what is not borrow'd from our Store)
 Was Error fulminated o'er and o'er.

Old Heresies condemn'd in Ages past,
By care and time recover'd from the blast.

'Tis said with ease, but never can be prov'd,
The Church her old Foundations has remov'd,
And built new Doctrines on unstable Sands:
Judge that, ye Winds and Rains; you prov'd her, yet
she stands.

Those ancient Doctrines charg'd on her for new,
Shew, when, and how, and from what Hands they
We claim no Pow'r when Heresies grow bold [grew.
To Coin new Faith, but still declare the old.
How else cou'd that obscene Disease be purg'd,
When controverted Texts are vainly urg'd?

To prove Tradition new, there's somewhat more
Requir'd, than saying, 'twas not us'd before.

Those monumental Arms are never stirr'd
'Till Schism or Heresie call down *Goliath's* Sword.

Thus, what you call Corruptions, are in truth,
The first Plantations of the Gospel's youth,
Old standard Faith: But cast your Eyes again,
And view those Errors which new Sects maintain,
Or which of old disturb'd the Church's peaceful
Reign,

And we can point each Period of the time,
When they began, and who begot the Crime;
Can calculate how long th' Eclipse endur'd,
Who interpos'd, what Digits were obscur'd:
Of all which are already pass'd away,
We know the rise, the progress, and decay.

Despair at our Foundations then to strike,
'Till you can prove your Faith Apostolick;
A limpid Stream drawn from the native Source;
Succession lawful in a lineal Course.

Prove any Church oppos'd to this our Head,
So one, so pure, so unconfi'dly spread,
Under one Chief of the spiritual State,
The Members all combin'd, and all subordinate.
Shew such a seamless Coat, from Schism so free,
In no Communion join'd with Heresie:

224 *The FOURTH PART of*

If such a one you find, let Truth prevail;
 'Till when your Weights will in the Balance fail:
 A Church unprincipled kicks up the Scale.

But if you cannot think, (nor sure you can
 Suppose in God what were unjust in Man,) }
 That he, the Fountain of eternal Grace,
 Should suffer Falshood for so long a space }
 To banish Truth, and to usurp her place:
 That sev'n successive Ages should be lost,
 And preach Damnation at their proper Cost;
 That all your erring Ancestors should die,
 Drown'd in th' Abyss of deep Idolatry;
 If Piety forbid such Thoughts to rise,
 Awake, and open your unwilling Eyes:

God hath left nothing for each Age undone, }
 From this to that wherein he sent his Son: [done.
 Then think but well of him, and half your Work is }
 See how his Church adorn'd with ev'ry Grace,
 With open Arms, a kind forgiving Face, [brace.
 Stands ready to prevent her long-lost Son's em- }
 Not more did *Joseph* o'er his Brethren weep,
 Nor less himself cou'd from discovery keep,
 When in the crowd of Suppliants they were seen,
 And in their Crew his best beloved *Benjamin*.
 That pious *Joseph* in the Church behold, }
 To feed your Famine, and refuse your Gold; * }
 The *Joseph* you exil'd, the *Joseph* whom you sold. }

Thus, while with heavenly Charity she spoke,
 A streaming Blaze the silent Shadows broke;
 Shot from the Skies: A chearful azure Light:
 The Birds obscene to Forests wing'd their flight,
 And gaping Graves receiv'd the wand'ring guilty }
 Spright.

Such were the pleasing Triumphs of the Sky,
 For *James* his late Nocturnal Victory;
 The Pledge of his Almighty Patron's Love,
 The Fire-works which his Angels made above.†
 † I saw my self the lambent easie Light
 Gild the brown Horror, and dispel the Night;

* *The Renunciation of the Benediktines to the Abby-Lands.*
 † *Poëta loquitur.*

The Messenger with speed the Tidings bore;
 News which three lab'ring Nations did restore,
 But Heaven's own *Nuntius* was arriv'd before.

By this, the *Hind* had reach'd her lonely Cell;
 And Vapours rose, and Dews unwholesome fell.
 When she, by frequent Observation Wise,
 As one who long on Heaven had fix'd her Eyes,
 Discern'd a change of Weather in the Skies.
 The Western Borders were with Crimson spread,
 The Moon descending look'd all flaming red;
 She thought good Manners bound her to invite
 The Stranger Dame to be her Guest that Night.
 'Tis true, coarse Diet, and a short Repast,
 (She said) were weak Inducements to the taste
 Of one so nicely bred, and so unus'd to fast.
 But what plain fare her Cottage cou'd afford,
 A hearty welcome at a homely board,
 Was freely hers; and to supply the rest,
 An honest Meaning, and an open Breast.
 Last, with Content of Mind, the poor Man's Wealth;
 A grace-cup to their common Patron's Health.
 This she desir'd her to accept, and stay,
 For fear she might be wilder'd in her way,
 Because she wanted an unerring Guide,
 And then the Dew-drops on her silken Hide
 Her tender Constitution did declare,
 Too Lady-like a long fatigue to bear,
 And rough Inclemencies of raw nocturnal Air.
 But most she fear'd that travelling so late,
 Some evil-minded Beasts might lye in wait:
 And without witness wreak their hidden hate.

The *Panther*, though she lent a list'ning Ear;
 Had more of *Lion* in her than to fear:
 Yet wisely weighing, since she had to deal
 With many Foes, their numbers might prevail,
 Return'd her all the thanks she cou'd afford;
 And took her friendly Hostess at her word,
 Who ent'ring first her lowly Roof, (a Shed
 With hoary Moss, and winding Ivy spread,
 Honest enough to hide an humble Hermit's head)

Thus graciously bespoke her welcome Guest:
 So might these Walls, with your fair Pretence blest,
 Become your dwelling-place of everlasting rest;
 Not for a Night, or quick revolving Year,
 Wellcome an owner, not a sojourner.
 This peaceful Seat my Poverty secures,
 War seldom enters but where Wealth allures;
 Nor yet despise it, for this poor abroad
 Has oft receiv'd, and yet receives a God;
 A God Victorious of a Stygian race
 Here laid his sacred Limbs, and sanctified the place.
 This mean retreat did mighty *Pan* contain;
 Be emulous of him, and pomp disdain,
 And dare not to debase your Soul to Gain.
 The silent Stranger stood amaz'd to see
 Contempt of Wealth, and wilful Poverty:
 And, though ill Habits are not soon control'd,
 A-while suspended her desire of Gold.
 But civilly drew in her sharpen'd Paws,
 Not violating hospitable Laws,
 And pacify'd her Tail, and lick'd her frothy Jaws.
 The *Hind* did first her Country Cates provide;
 Then couch'd her self securely by her side.

The THIRD PART.

MUCH Malice mingled with a little Wit
 Perhaps may censure this mysterious Writ:
 Because the Muse has peopl'd *Caledon* [known,
 With *Panthers*, *Bears* and *Wolves*, and Beasts un-
 As if we were not stock'd with Monsters of our own,
 Let *Æsop* answer, who has set to view,
 Such kinds as *Greece* and *Phrygia* never knew;
 And Mother *Hubbard* in her homely dress
 Has sharply blam'd a *British Lioness*,
 That *Queen*, whose Feast the factious Rabble keep,
 Expos'd obscenely naked and a-sleep.

Led by those great Examples, may not I
 The wanted Organs of their Words supply?
 If Men transact like Brutes, 'tis equal then
 For Brutes to claim the privilege of Men.

Others our *Hind* of folly will indite,
 To entertain a dang'rous Guest by Night.
 Let those remember that she cannot die
 'Till rolling Time is lost in round Eternity;
 Nor need she fear the *Panther*, though untam'd,
 Because the *Lion's* peace was now proclaim'd;
 The wary Salvage wou'd not give offence,
 To forfeit the Protection of her *Prince*;
 But watch'd the time her Vengeance to compleat,
 When all her furry Sons in frequent Senate met.
 Mean-while she quench'd her fury at the Flood,
 And with a Lenten fallad cool'd her Blood. [scant,
 Their Commons, though but coarse, were nothing
 Nor did their Minds an equal Banquet want.

For now the *Hind*, whose noble Nature strove
 T' express her plain simplicity of Love,
 Did all the honours of her House so well,
 No sharp Debates disturb'd the friendly Meal.
 She turn'd the talk, avoiding that extrem,
 To common Dangers past, a sadly-pleasing Theam;
 Remembring ev'ry Storm which toss'd the State,
 When both were Objects of the publick hate, [fate,
 And dropt a Tear betwixt, for her own Childrens.

Nor fail'd she then a full review to make
 Of what the *Panther* suffer'd for her sake.
 Her lost Esteem, her Truth, her Loyal Care,
 Her Faith unshaken, to an exil'd Heir,
 Her Strength t'endure, her Courage to despise;
 Her choice of honourable Infamy.
 On these prolixly thankful, she enlarg'd,
 Then with acknowledgments her self she charg'd:
 For Friendship, of it self an holy tie,
 Is made more sacred by adversity.
 Now should they part, malicious Tongues wou'd say,
 They met like chance Companions on the way,

Whom

Whom mutual Fear of Robbers had possess'd;
 While danger lasted, kindness was profess'd;
 But that once o'er, the short-liv'd Union ends:
 The Road divides, and there divide the Friends.

The *Panther* nodded when her Speech was done,
 And thank'd her coldly in a hollow Tone.
 But said, her Gratitude had gone too far
 For common Offices of Christian Care.
 If to the lawful Heir she had been true,
 She paid but *Cesar* what was *Cesar's* due.
 I might, she added, with like praise describe
 Your suff'ring Sons, and so return your Bribe;
 But Incense from my Hands is poorly priz'd,
 For Gifts are scorn'd where Givers are despis'd.
 I serv'd a Turn, and then was cast away;
 You, like the gawdy Fly, your Wings display,
 And sip the Sweets, and bask in your Great Pa-
tron's Day.

This heard, the *Matron* was not slow to find
 What sort of Malady had seiz'd her Mind;
 Disdain, with gnawing Envy, fell Despight,
 And canker'd Malice stood in open sight.
 Ambition, Int'rest, Pride without controul,
 And Jealousie, the Jaundice of the Soul;
 Revenge, the bloody Minister of Ill,
 With all the lean Tormenters of the Will.

'Twas easie now to guess from whence arose
 Her new-made Union with her ancient Foes,
 Her forc'd Civilities, her faint Embrace,
 Affected Kindness with an alter'd Face:
 Yet durst she not too deeply probe the Wound,
 As hoping still the nobler Parts were sound;
 But strove with Anodynes t' assuage the Smart,
 And mildly thus her Med'cine did impart.

Complaints of Lovers help to ease their Pain,
 It shows a Rest of Kindness to complain;
 A Friendship loath to quit its former Hold,
 And conscious Merit may be justly bold.
 But much more just your Jealousie would show,
 If others Good were Injury to you:

Witness ye Heavens how I rejoice to see
 Rewarded Worth, and rising Loyalty.
 Your Warrior Offspring that upheld the Crown,
 The scarlet Honour of your peaceful Gown,
 Are the most pleasing Objects I can find,
 Charms to my Sight, and Cordials to my Mind:
 When Virtue spooms before a prosperous Gale,
 My heaving Wishes help to fill the Sail;
 And if my Pray'rs for all the Brave were heard,
Cæsar should still have such, and such should still re-
 ward.

The labour'd Earth your Pains have sow'd and till'd :
 'Tis just you reap the Product of the Field,
 Your's be the Harvest, 'tis the Beggars gain
 To glean the Fallings of the loaded Wain.
 Such scatter'd Ears as are not worth your Care,
 Your Charity for Alms may safely spare,
 And Alms are but the Vehicles of Pray'r.
 My daily Bread is litt'rally implor'd,
 I have no Barns nor Granaries to hoard;
 If *Cæsar* to his own his Hand extends,
 Say which of yours his Charity offends: [Friends.
 You know he largely gives, to more than are his
 Are you defrauded when he feeds the Poor?
 Our Mite decreases nothing of your Store;
 I am but few, and by your Fare you see
 My crying Sins are not of Luxury.
 Some juster Motive sure your Mind withdraws,
 And makes you break our Friendship's Holy Laws,
 For barefac'd Envy is too base a Cause.

Show more Occasion for your Discontent.
 Your Love, the *Wolf*, wou'd help you to invent;
 Some *German* Quarrel, or, as Times go now,
 Some *French*, where Force is uppermost, will do.
 When at the Fountain's Head, as Merit ought
 To claim the Place, you take a swilling Draught,
 How easie 'tis an envious Eye to throw,
 And tax the Sheep for troubling Streams below;
 Or call her, (when no farther Cause you find,)
 An Enemy profess'd of all your Kind.

But then, perhaps, the wicked World wou'd think;
The *Wolf* design'd to eat, as well as drink.

This last Allusion gaul'd the *Panther* more,
Because indeed it rubb'd upon the Sore.
Yet seem'd she not to winch, tho' shrew'dly pain'd:
But thus her passive Character maintain'd.

I never grudg'd, whate'er my Foes report,
Your flaunting Fortune in the *Lion's* Court.
You have your Day, or you are much bely'd,
But I am always on the suffering Side:
You know my Doctrine, and I need not say
I will not, but I cannot disobey.

On this firm Principle I ever stood;
He of my Sons who fails to make it good,
By one rebellious Act renounces to my Blood.

Ah, said the *Hind*, how many Sons have you
Who call you Mother, whom you never knew!
But most of them who that Relation plead
Are such ungracious Youths as wish you dead.
They gape at rich Revenues which you hold,
And fain would nibble at your Grandame Gold;
Enquire into your Years, and laugh to find
Your crazy Temper shews you much declin'd.

Were you not dim, and doted, you might see
A Pack of Cheats that claim a Pedigree,
No more of Kin to you, than you to me.
Do you not know, that for a little Coin,
Heralds can foist a Name into the Line;
They ask you Blessing but for what you have,
But once possess'd of what with Care you save,
The wanton Boys wou'd piss upon your Grave.

Your Sons of Latitude that court your Grace,
Tho' most resembling you in Form and Face,
Are far the worst of your pretended Race.
And, but I blush your Honesty to blot,
Pray God you prove 'em lawfully begot:
For, in some *Popish* Libels I have read,
The *Wolf* has been too busie in your Bed.
At least her hinder Parts, the Belly-piece,
The Paunch, and all that *Scorpio* claims, are his.

Their Malice too a sore Suspicion brings;
For tho' they dare not bark, they snarl at Kings;
Nor blame 'em for intruding in your Line,
Fat Bishopricks are still of Right Divine.

Think you your new *French* Profelytes are come
To starve abroad, because they starv'd at home?

Your Benefices twinkl'd from afar,

They found the new *Messiah* by the Star:

Those *Swisses* fight on any Side for Pay,

And 'tis the Living that conforms, not they.

Mark with what Management their Tribes divide,

Some stick to you, and some to t'other Side,

That many Churches may for many Mouths provide.

More vacant Pulpits wou'd more Converts make,

All wou'd have Latitude enough to take;

The rest unbenefic'd, your Sects maintain:

For Ordinations without Cures are vain,

And Chamber Practice is a silent Gain.

Your Sons of Breadth at Home, are much like these,

Their soft and yielding Metals run with ease;

They melt, and take the Figure of the Mould:

But harden, and preserve it best in Gold.

Your *Delphick* Sword, the *Panther* then reply'd,

Is double-edg'd, and cuts on either Side.

Some Sons of mine, who bear upon their Shield

Three Steeples Argent in a Sable Field,

Have sharply tax'd your Converts, who unfed

Have follow'd you for Miracles of Bread;

Such who themselves of no Religion are,

Allur'd with Gain, for any will declare.

Bare Lies with bold Assertions they can face,

But dint of Argument is out of Place.

The grim Logician puts 'em in a Fright;

'Tis easier far to flourish than to fight.

Thus our eighth *Henry's* Marriage they defame;

They say the Schism of Beds began the Game,

Divorcing from the *Church* to wed the Dame.

Tho' largely prov'd, and by himself profess'd,

That Conscience, Conscience wou'd not let him rest:

I mean, not 'till possess'd of her he lov'd,
 And old, uncharming *Catharine* was remov'd.
 For sundry Years before he did complain,
 And told his Ghostly Confessor his Pain.
 With the same Impudence, without a Ground,
 They say, that look the Reformation round,
 No *Treatise of Humility* is found.

But if none were, the Gospel does not want,
 Our *Saviour* preach'd it, and I hope you grant,
 The Sermon in the Mount was *Protestant*.

No doubt, reply'd the *Hind*, as sure as all
 The Writings of Saint *Peter* and Saint *Paul*.
 On that Decision let it stand or fall.

Now for my Converts, who you say unfed
 Have follow'd me for Miracles of Bread,
 Judge not by hear-say, but observe at least,
 If since their Change, their Loaves have been increas'd.
 The *Lion* buys no Converts, if he did,
 Beasts wou'd be sold as fast as he cou'd bid.
 Tax those of Int'rest who conform for Gain,
 Or stay the Market of another Reign;
 Your broad-way Sons wou'd never be too nice
 To close with *Calvin*, if he paid their Price;
 But rais'd three Steeples high'r, wou'd change their Note,
 And quit the Cassock for the Canting-Coat.
 Now, if you damn this Censure, as too bold,
 Judge by your selves, and think not others sold.

Mean-time my Sons accus'd, by Fame's Report,
 Pay small Attendance at the *Lion's* Court,
 Nor rise with early Crowds, nor flatter late,
 (For silently they beg who daily wait.)
 Preferment is bestow'd that comes unsought,
 Attendance is a Bribe, and then 'tis bought.
 How they shou'd speed, their Fortune is untry'd,
 For not to ask, is not to be deny'd.
 For what they have, their *God* and *King* they bless,
 And hope they shou'd not murmur, had they less.
 But, if reduc'd Subsistence to implore,
 In common Prudence they wou'd pass your Door;

Unpity'd

Unpity'd *Hudibras*, your Champion Friend,
Has shown how far your Charities extend.
This lasting Verse shall on his Tomb be read,
He sham'd you living, and upbraids you dead.

With odious *Atheist* Names you load your Foes,
Your lib'ral *Clergy* why did I expose?
It never fails in Charities like those.
In Climes where true Religion is profess'd,
That Imputation were no laughing Jest.
But *Imprimatur*, with a Chaplain's Name,
Is here sufficient License to defame.
What Wonder is't that black Detraction thrives;
The Homicide of Names is less than Lives;
And yet the perjur'd Murderer survives.

This said, she paus'd a little, and suppress'd
The boiling Indignation of her Breast;
She knew the Virtue of her Blade, nor wou'd
Pollute her Satyr with ignoble Blood:
Her panting Foe she saw before her Eye,
And back she drew the shining Weapon dry.
So when the gen'rous *Lion* has in Sight
His equal Match, he rouses for the Fight;
But when his Foe lyes prostrate on the Plain,
He sheaths his Paws, uncurls his angry Mane;
And, pleas'd with bloodless Honours of the Day,
Walks over, and disdains th' inglorious Prey.
So *James*, if great with less we may compare,
Arrests his rowling Thunder-bolts in Air;
And grants ungrateful Friends a lengthen'd Space,
T' implore the Remnants of long-suff'ring Grace.

This breathing-time the *Matron* took; and then
Resum'd the Thread of her Discourse again.
Be Vengeance wholly left to Pow'r's Divine,
And let Heaven judge betwixt your Sons and mine:
If Joys hereafter must be purchas'd here
With Loss of all that Mortals hold so dear,
Then welcome Infamy and publick Shame,
And, last, a long Farewell to worldly Fame.
'Tis said with ease, but oh, how hardly try'd
By haughty Souls, to human Honour ty'd!
O sharp Convulsive Pangs of agonizing Pride!

Down then thou Rebel, never more to rise,
 And what thou didst, and do'st so dearly prize,
 That Fame, that darling Fame, make that thy Sa- }
 crifice.

'Tis nothing thou hast giv'n, then add thy Tears
 For a long Race of unrepenting Years:

'Tis nothing yet; yet all thou hast to give,
 Then add those *may-be* Years thou hast to live,
 Yet nothing still: then poor, and naked come, }
 Thy Father will receive his Unthrif home, [Sum.
 And thy blest Saviour's Blood discharge the mighty }

Thus (he pursu'd) I discipline a Son,
 Whose uncheck'd Fury to Revenge wou'd run:
 He champs the Bit, impatient of his Loss,
 And starts aside, and flounders at the Cross,
 Instruct him better, gracious God, to know,
 As thine is Vengeance, so Forgiveness too,
 That suffering from ill Tongues, he bears no more
 Than what his Sov'reign bears, and what his Saviour

It now remains for you to School your Child, [bore,

And ask why God's Anointed he revil'd;
 A King and Princess dead! did *Shimei* worse?
 The Curser's Punishment should fright the Curse:
 Your Son was warn'd, and wisely gave it o'er,
 But he who counsell'd him, has paid the Score:
 The heavy Malice cou'd no higher tend,
 But woe to him on whom the Weights descend:
 So to permitted Ills the *Demon* flies:

His Rage is aim'd at him who rules the Skies;
 Constrain'd to quit his Cause, no Succour found,
 The Foe discharges ev'ry Tyre around,
 In Clouds of Smoke abandoning the Fight,
 But his own thund'ring Peals proclaim his Flight.

In *Henry's* Change his Charge as ill succeeds, }
 To that long Story little Answer needs,
 Confront but *Henry's* Words with *Henry's* Deeds. }
 Were Space allow'd, with ease it might be prov'd
 What Springs his blessed Reformation mov'd.
 The dire Effects appear'd in open Sight, }
 Which from the Cause, he calls a distant Flight, }
 And yet no larger Leap than from the Sun to Light. }

Now last your Sons a double *Paan* sound,
A *Treatise of Humility* is found.

'Tis found, but better it had ne'er been sought,
Than thus in Protestant Procession brought.

The fam'd Original through *Spain* is known
Rodriguez work, my celebrated Son,

Which yours, by ill-translating, made his own;
Conceal'd its Author, and usurp'd the Name,

The basest and ignoblest Theft of Fame.

My Altars kindl'd first that living Goal,

Restore, or practise better what you stole:

That Virtue cou'd this humble Verse inspire,

'Tis all the Restitution I require.

Glad was the *Panther* that the Charge was clos'd,

And none of all her fav'rite Sons expos'd.

For Laws of Arms permit each injur'd Man,

To make himself a Saver where he can.

Perhaps the plunder'd Merchant cannot tell

The Names of Pyrates in whose Hands he fell;

But at the Den of Thieves he justly flies,

And ev'ry *Algerine* is lawful Prize.

No private Person in the Foe's Estate

Can plead Exemption from the publick Fate.

Yet Christian Laws allow not such Redress;

Then let the Greater supersede the Less.

But let th' Abettors of the *Panther's* Crime

Learn to make fairer Wars another time.

Some Characters may sure be found to write

Among her Sons; for 'tis no common Sight,

A spotted Dam, and all her Offspring white.

The *Salvage*, though she saw her Plea controll'd,

Yet wou'd not wholly seem to quit her Hold,

But offer'd fairly to compound the Strife;

And judge Conversion by the Convert's Life.

'Tis true, she said, I think it somewhat strange

So few shou'd follow profitable Change:

For present Joys are more to Flesh and Blood,

Than a dull Prospect of a distant good.

'Twas well alluded by a Son of mine,

(I hope to quote him is not to purloin;)

Two Magnets, Heav'n and Earth, allure to Bliss;
 The larger Loadstone that, the nearer this:
 The weak Attraction of the greater fails,
 We nodd a-while, but neighbourhood prevails:
 But when the greater proves the nearer too,
 I wonder more your Converts come so slow.
 Methinks in those who firm with me remain,
 It shows a nobler Principle than Gain.

Your Inf'rence wou'd be strong (the *Hind* reply'd)
 If yours were in Effect the suff'ring Side:
 Your Clergy's Sons their own in Peace possess,
 Nor are their Prospects in Reversion less.
 My Profelytes are struck with awful dread,
 Your bloody Comet-Laws hang blazing o'er their Head.
 The Respite they enjoy but only lent,
 The best they have to hope, protracted Punishment.
 Be judge your self, if Int'rest may prevail,
 Which Motives, yours or mine, will turn the Scale,
 While Pride and Pomp allure, and plenteous Ease,
 That is, 'till Man's predominant Passions cease,
 Admire no longer at my slow encrease.

By Education most have been mis-led,
 So they believe, because they so were bred.
 The *Priest* continues what the Nurse began,
 And thus the Child imposes on the Man.
 The rest I nam'd before, nor need repeat:
 But Int'rest is the most prevailing Cheat,
 The sly Seducer both of Age and Youth;
 They study that, and think they study Truth:
 When Int'rest fortifies an Argument,
 Weak Reason serves to gain the Will's Assent;
 For Souls, already warp'd, receive an easie Bent.
 Add long Prescription of establish'd Laws,
 And Picque of Honour to maintain a Cause,
 And shame of Change, and fear of future Ill,
 And Zeal, the blind Conductor of the Will;
 And chief among the still-mistaking Crowd,
 The Fame of Teachers obstinate and proud,
 And more than all, the private Judge allow'd.

Disdain of Fathers, which the Dance began,
And last, uncertain who's the narrower Span,
The Clown unread, and half-read Gentleman.

To this the *Panther*, with a scornful Smile:
Yet still you travel with unwearied Toil,
And range around the Realm without control,
Among my Sons, for Proselytes to prole,
And here and there you snap some silly Soul.
You hinted Fears of future Change in State,
Pray Heaven you did not Prophesie your Fate;
Perhaps you think your time of Triumph near,
But may mistake the Season of the Year;
The *Swallow's* Fortune gives you cause to fear.

For Charity (reply'd the Matron) tell
What sad Mischance those pretty Birds beset.

Nay, no Mischance, (the Salvage Dame reply'd)
But want of Wit in their unerring Guide,
And eager Haste, and gaudy Hopes, and giddy Pride.
Yet, wishing timely Warning may prevail,
Make you the Moral, and I'll tell the Tale.

The *Swallow*, privileg'd above the rest
Of all the Birds, as Man's familiar Guest,
Pursues the Sun in Summer brisk and bold,
But wisely shuns the persecuting Cold:
Is well to Chancels and to Chimnies known,
Though 'tis not thought she feeds on Smoke alone.
From hence she has been held of Heav'nly Line,
Endu'd with Particles of Soul Divine.

This merry Chorister had long possess'd
Her Summer Seat, and feather'd well her Nest:
'Till frowning Skies began to change their Chear,
And Time turn'd up the wrong Side of the Year;
The shedding Trees began the Ground to strow
With yellow Leaves, and bitter Blasts to blow.
Sad Auguries of Winter thence she drew,
Which by Instinct, or Prophecy, she knew:
When Prudence warn'd her to remove betimes,
And seek a better Heaven, and warmer Climes.

Her Sons were summon'd on a Steeple's height,
And call'd in common Council, vote a Flight;

The

The Day was nam'd, the next that shou'd be fair,
 All to the gen'ral Rendezvous repair,
 They try their flutt'ring Wings, and trust themselves
 in Air.

But whether upward to the Moon they go,
 Or dream the Winter out in Caves below,
 Or hawk at flies elsewhere, concerns us not to know.

Southwards, you may be sure, they bent their Flight,
 And harbour'd in a hollow Rock at Night:
 Next Morn they rose, and set up ev'ry Sail,
 The Wind was fair, but blew a *Mackrel* Gale:
 The sickly Young sat shiv'ring on the Shore,
 Abhor'd Salt-water, never seen before,
 And pray'd their tender Mothers to delay
 The Passage, and expect a fairer Day.

With these the *Martyn* readily concurr'd,
 A Church-begot, and Church-believing Bird;
 Of little Body, but of lofty Mind,
 Round belly'd, for a Dignity design'd,
 And much a Dunce, as *Martyns* are by Kind.
 Yet often quoted Canon-Laws, and *Code*,
 And Fathers which he never understood,
 But little Learning needs in noble Blood.
 For, sooth to say, the *Swallow* brought him in,
 Her Household Chaplain, and her next of Kin.
 In Superstition silly to Excess,
 And casting Schemes, by Planetary Guess:
 In fine, short-wing'd, unfit himself to fly,
 His Fear foretold foul Weather in the Sky.

Besides, a *Raven* from a wither'd Oak,
 Left of their Lodging, was observ'd to croak.
 That Omen lik'd him not, so his Advice
 Was present Safety, bought at any Price:
 (A seeming pious Care, that cover'd Cowardise.)
 To strengthen this, he told a boding Dream,
 Of rising Waters, and a troubled Stream,
 Sure Signs of Anguish, Dangers and Distress,
 With something more, not lawful to express:
 By which he slyly seem'd to intimate
 Some secret Revelation of their Fate,

For

For he concluded, once upon a time,
He found a Leaf inscrib'd with sacred Rhyme,
Whose antick Characters did well denote
The *Sibyl's* Hand of the *Cumean* Grot:
The mad Divineress had plainly writ,
A time should come (but many Ages yet),
In which, sinister Destinies ordain,

A *Dame* shou'd drown with all her feather'd Train,
And Seas from thence be call'd the *Chelidonian* Main.
At this, some shook for fear, the more devout
Arose, and bless'd themselves from Head to Foot.

'Tis true, some Stagers of the wiser Sort
Made all these idle Wonderments their Sport:
They said, their only Danger was Delay,
And he who heard what ev'ry Fool cou'd say,
Wou'd never fix his Thought, but trim his Time
away.

The Passage yet was good, the Wind, 'tis true,
Was somewhat high, but that was nothing new,
No more than usual *Equinoxes* blew.
The Sun (already from the Scales declin'd)
Gave little Hopes of better Days behind, [Wind.
But change from bad to worse of Weather and of
Nor need they fear the Dampness of the Sky
Should flag their Wings, and hinder them to fly,
'Twas only Water thrown on Sails too dry.
But, least of all *Philosophy* presumes
Of Truth in Dreams, from melancholy Fumes:
Perhaps the *Martyn*, hous'd in holy Ground,
Might think of Ghosts that walk their midnight round,
'Till grosser Atoms tumbling in the Stream
Of Fancy, madly met and clubb'd into a Dream.
As little Weight his vain Presages bear,
Of ill Effect to such alone who fear.

Most Prophecies are of a Piece with these,
Each *Nostradamus* can foretel with ease:
Not naming Persons and confounding Times,
One casual Truth supports a thousand lying Rhymes.
Th' Advice was true, but Fear had seiz'd the most,
And all good Counsel is on Cowards lost.

The

The Question crudely put, to shun Delay,
'Twas carry'd by the *major* Part to stay.

His Point thus gain'd, Sir *Martyn* dated thence
His Power, and from a Priest became a Prince.
He order'd all things with a busie Care,
And Cells, and Refectories did prepare,
And large Provisions laid of Winter Fare,
But now and then let fall a Word or two
Of hope, that Heaven some Miracle might show,
And, for their Sakes, the Sun shou'd backward go;
Against the Laws of Nature upward climb,
And, mounted on the *Ram*, renew the Prime:
For which two Proofs in sacred Story lay,
Of *Ahaz*' Dial, and of *Joshua*'s Day.
In Expectation of such Times as these
A Chappel hous'd 'em, truly call'd of ease:
For *Martyn* much Devotion did not ask,
They pray'd sometimes, and that was all their Task.

It happen'd (as beyond the Reach of Wit
Blind Prophecies may have a lucky Hit)
That, this accomplish'd, or at least in part,
Gave great Repute to their new *Merlin*'s Art.
Some * *Swifts*, the Giants of the *Swallow* Kind,
Large-limb'd, stout-hearted, but of stupid Mind,
(For *Swifts*, or for *Gibeonites* design'd,)
These Lubbers, peeping through a broken Pane,
To suck fresh Air, survey'd the neighbouring Plain;
And saw (but scarcely could believe their Eyes)
New Blossoms flourish, and new Flowers arise;
As God had been abroad, and walking there,
Had left his Foot-steps, and reform'd the Year:
The Sunny Hills from far were seen to glow
With glitt'ring Beams, and in the Meads below [flow.]
The burnish'd Brooks appear'd with liquid Gold to
At last they heard the foolish *Cuckow* sing,
Whose Note proclaim'd the Holy-day of Spring.

No longer doubting, all prepare to fly,
And repossess their Patrimonial Sky.

* Otherwise call'd *Manlets*.

The *Priest* before 'em did his Wings display ;
And, that good Omens might attend their way,
As luck wou'd have it, 'twas St *Martyn's* Day.

Who but the *Swallow* now triumphs alone,
The Canopy of Heaven is all her own,
Her youthful Offspring to their Haunts repair ;
And glide along in Glades, and skim in Air,
And dip for Insects in the purling Springs,
And stoop on Rivers to refresh their Wings.
Their Mothers think a fair Provision made,
That ev'ry Son can live upon his Trade.

And now the careful Charge is off their Hands,
Look out for Husbands, and new Nuptial Bands :

The youthful Widow longs to be supply'd ;
But first the Lover is by Lawyers ty'd
To settle Jointure-Chimnies on the Bride.
So thick they couple, in so short a Space,
That *Martyn's* Marriage Offsprings rise apace ;
Their ancient Houses running to decay,
Are furbish'd up, and cemented with Clay ;
They teem already ; store of Eggs are laid,
And brooding Mothers call *Lucina's* Aid.
Fame spreads the News, and foreign Fowls appear
In Flocks to greet the new returning Year,
To bless the Founder, and partake the Cheer.

And now 'twas time (so fast their Numbers rise)
To plant abroad, and People Colonies ;
The Youth drawn forth, as *Martyn* had desir'd,
(For so their cruel Destiny requir'd)
Were sent far off on an ill-fated Day ;

The rest wou'd needs conduct 'em on their way,
And *Martyn* went, because he fear'd alone to stay.

So long they flew with inconsiderate Haste
That now their Afternoon began to waste ;
And, what was ominous, that very Morn
The Sun was enter'd into *Capicorn* ;
Which, by their bad Astronomers Account,
That Week the Virgin Balance shou'd remount ;
An Infant Moon eclips'd him in his way,
And hid the small Reminders of his Day,

The Croud amaz'd, pursu'd no certain Mark;
 But Birds met Birds, and jostled in the Dark;
 Few mind the Publick in a Panick Fright;
 And Fear increas'd the Horror of the Night.
 Night came, but unattended with Repose,
 Alone she came, no Sleep their Eyes to close,
 Alone, and black she came, no friendly Stars arose.

What shou'd they do, beset with Dangers round,
 No neighb'ring Dorp, no Lodging to be found,
 But bleak Plains, and bare unhospitable Ground.
 The latter Brood, who just began to fly,
 Sick-feather'd, and unpractis'd in the Sky,
 For Succour to their helpless Mother call,
 She spread her Wings, some few beneath 'em crawl,
 She spread 'em wider yet, but cou'd not cover all.
 T' augment their Woes, the Winds began to move
 Debate in Air, for empty Fields above,
 'Till *Boreas* got the Skies, and pour'd amain
 His ratling Hail-stones mix'd with Snow and Rain.

The joyless Morning late arose, and found
 A dreadful Desolation reign a-round,
 Some bury'd in the Snow, some frozen to the Ground.
 The rest were struggling still with Death, and lay
 The *Crows* and *Ravens* Rights, an undefended Prey:
 Excepting *Martyn's* Race, for they and he
 Had gain'd the Shelter of a hollow Tree,
 But soon discover'd by a sturdy Clown,
 He headed all the Rabble of a Town,
 And finish'd 'em with Bats, or poll'd 'em down.
Martyn himself was caught alive, and try'd
 For treas'nous Crimes, because the Laws provide
 No *Martyn* there in Winter shall abide.
 High on an Oak which never Leaf shall bear,
 He breath'd his last, expos'd to open Air,
 And there his Corps, unblest'd, is hanging still,
 To show the Change of Winds with his prophetick Bill.

The Patience of the *Hind* did almost fail,
 For well she mark'd the Malice of the Tale:
 Which ribbald Art their Church to *Luther* owes,
 In Malice it began, by Malice grows,
 He sow'd the *Serpent's* Teeth, an Iron-harvest rose.

But most in *Martyn's* Character and Fate,
 She saw her slander'd Sons, the *Panther's* Hate,
 The People's Rage, the persecuting State:
 Then said, I take th' Advice in friendly Part,
 You clear your Conscience, or at least your Heart:
 Perhaps you fail'd in your foreseeing Skill,
 For *Swallows* are unlucky Birds to kill:
 As for my Sons, the Family is bless'd,
 Whose every Child is equal to the rest:
 No Church reform'd can boast a blameless Line;
 Such *Martyns* build in yours, and more than mine:
 Or else an old Fanatick Author lyes,
 Who summ'd their Scandals up by Centuries.
 But, through your Parable I plainly see
 The bloody Laws, the Croud's Barbarity:
 The Sun-shine that offends the purblind Sight:
 Had some their Wishes, it wou'd soon be Night.
 Mistake me not, the Charge concerns not you,
 Your Sons are Malecontents, but yet are true,
 As far as Non-resistance makes 'em so,
 But that's a Word of neutral Sense you know,
 A passive Term which no Relief will bring,
 But trims betwixt a Rebel and a King.

Rest well assur'd, the *Pardelis* reply'd,
 My Sons wou'd all support the Regal Side, [try'd.
 Tho' Heaven forbid the Cause by Battel shou'd be

The Matron answer'd with a loud Amen,
 And thus pursu'd her Argument again.
 If as you say, and as I hope no less,
 Your Sons will practise what your selves profess,
 What angry Pow'r prevents our present Peace?
 The *Lion*, studious of our common Good,
 Desires (and Kings Desires are ill withstood,)
 To join our Nations in a lasting Love;
 The Barrs betwixt are easie to remove,
 For sanguinary Laws were never made above.
 If you condemn that Prince of Tyranny
 Whose Mandate forc'd your *Gallick* Friends to fly,
 Make not a worse Example of your own.
 Or cease to rail at causeless Rigour shown,
 And let the guiltless Person throw the Stone,

His blunted Sword, your suff'ring Brotherhood
 Have seldom felt, he stops it short of Blood :
 But you have ground the persecuting Knife,
 And set it to a Razor Edge on Life.
 Curs'd be the Wit which Cruelty refines,
 Or to his Father's Rod the *Scorpions* joins ;
 Your Finger is more gross than the great Monarch's
 Loins.

But you perhaps remove that bloody Note,
 And stick it on the first Reformers Coat.
 Oh let their Crime in long Oblivion sleep,
 'Twas theirs indeed to make, 'tis yours to keep.
 Unjust, or just, is all the Question now,
 'Tis plain, that not Repealing you Allow.

To name the Test wou'd put you in a Rage,
 You charge not that on any former Age,
 But smile to think how innocent you stand
 Arm'd by a Weapon put into your Hand.
 Yet still remember that you wield a Sword
 Forg'd by your Foes against your Sovereign Lord,
 Design'd to hew th' Imperial Cedar down,
 Defraud Succession, and dis-heir the Crown.
 T' abhor the Makers, and their Laws approve,
 Is to hate Traytors, and the Treason love.
 What means it else, which now your Children say,
 We made it not, nor will we take away.

Suppose some great Oppressor had by Slight
 Of Law, disseis'd your Brother of his Right,
 Your common Sire surrendering in a Fright;
 Would you to that unrighteous Title stand,
 Left by the Villain's Will to Heir the Land ?
 More just was *Judas*, who his Saviour sold ;
 The sacrilegious Bribe he could not hold, [Gold.]
 Nor hang in Peace, before he render'd back the
 What more could you have done, than now you do
 Had *Oates* and *Bedlow*, and their Plot been true ?
 Some specious Reasons for those Wrongs were
 found ;

Their dire Magicians threw their Mists around,
 And wise Men walk'd as on enchanted Ground.

But now when time has made th' Imposture plain,
(Late tho' he follow'd Truth, and limping held her
Train,)

What new Delusion charms your cheated Eyes again?
The painted Harlot might a while bewitch,
But why the Hag uncas'd, and all obscene with Itch?

The first Reformers were a modest Race,
Our Peers possess'd in Peace their native Place:
And when rebellious Arms o'erturn'd the State,
They suffer'd only in the common Fate;
But now the Sov'reign mounts the regal Chair,
And mitr'd Seats are full, yet *David's* Bench is bare:
Your answer is, they were not dispossess'd,
They need but rub their Mettle on the Test
To prove their Ore: 'Twere well if Gold alone
Were touch'd and try'd on your discerning Stone;
But that unfaithful Test, unsound will pass
The Dross of Atheists, and Sectarian Brags:

As if th' Experiment were made to hold
For base Production, and reject the Gold:
Thus Men ungodded may to places rise,
And Sects may be preferr'd without Disguise:
No danger to the Church or State from these,
The Papist only has his Writ of ease.

No gainful Office gives him the Pretence
To grind the Subject or defraud the Prince.
Wrong Conscience, or no Conscience, may deserve
To thrive, but ours alone is privileg'd to starve.

Still thank your selves, you cry, your noble Race
We banish not, but they forsake the place.

Our Doors are open: True, but ere they come,
You tofs your censuring Test, and fume the Room;
As if 'twere *Toby's* Rival to expel,

And fright the Fiend who could not bear the smell.

To this the *Panther* sharply had reply'd,
But, having gain'd a Verdict on her side,
She wisely gave the Loser leave to chide;
Well satisfy'd to have the But and Peace,
And for the Plaintiff's Cause she car'd the less,
Because she su'd in *forma Pauperis*;

Yet thought it decent something shou'd be said,
 For secret Guilt by Silence is betray'd:
 So neither granted all, nor much deny'd,
 But answer'd with a yawning kind of Pride.

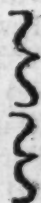
Methinks such Terms of proffer'd Peace you bring,
 As once *Aeneas* to th' *Italian* King:

By long Possession all the Land is mine,
 You Strangers come with your intruding Line,
 To share my Sceptre, which you call to join.
 You plead like him an antient Pedigree,
 And claim a peaceful Seat by Fates Decree.
 In ready Pomp your Sacrificer stands,
 T' unite the *Trojan* and the *Latin* Bands,
 And that the League more firmly may be ty'd,
 Demand the fair *Lavinia* for your Bride.
 Thus plausibly you veil th' intended Wrong,
 But still you bring your exil'd Gods along;
 And will endeavour in succeeding space,
 Those household Poppits on our Hearths to place.
 Perhaps some barb'rous Laws have been prefer'd,
 I spake against the *Test*, but was not heard;
 These to rescind, and Peerage to restore,
 My gracious Sov'reign wou'd my Vote implore:
 I owe him much, but owe my Conscience more.

Conscience is then your Plea, reply'd the Dame,
 Which well-inform'd will ever be the same.
 But yours is much of the *Camelion* hue,
 To change the Die with every different View.
 When first the *Lion* sat with awful Sway
 Your Conscience taught your Duty to obey:
 He might have had your Statutes and your Test,
 No Conscience but of Subjects was profess'd.
 He found your Temper, and no farther try'd,
 But on that broken Reed, your Church, rely'd.
 In vain the Sects assay'd their utmost Art
 With offer'd Treasure to espouse their Part,
 Their Treasures were a Bribe too mean to move his
 Heart.

But when by long Experience you had prov'd,
 How far he cou'd forgive, how well he lov'd;

A Goodness that excell'd his godlike Race,
 And only short of Heav'n's unbounded Grace:
 A Flood of Mercy that o'erflow'd our Isle,
 Calm in the rise, and fruitful as the Nile,
 Forgetting whence your *Ægypt* was supply'd,
 You thought your Sov'reign bound to send the Tide:
 Nor upward look'd on that immortal Spring,
 But vainly deem'd, he durst not be a King:
 Then Conscience, unrestrain'd by Fear, began
 To stretch her Limits, and extend the Span,
 Did his Indulgence as her Gift dispose,
 And make a wise Alliance with her Foes.
 Can Conscience own th' associating Name,
 And raise no Blushes to conceal her Shame?
 For sure she has been thought a bashful Dame.
 But if the Cause by Battel should be try'd,
 You grant she must espouse the regal side:
 O *Proteus* Conscience, never to be ty'd!
 What *Phæbus* from the *Tripod* shall disclose,
 Which are in last resort, your Friends or Foes?
Homer, who learn'd the Language of the Sky,
 The seeming *Gordian* Knot wou'd soon untie;
 Immortal Powers the term of Conscience know,
 But Interest is her Name with Men below.



Conscience or Int'rest be't, or both in one;
 (The *Panther* answer'd in a surly Tone,)
 The first commands me to maintain the Crown,
 The last forbids to throw my Barriers down.
 Our penal Laws no Sons of yours admit,
 Our *Test* excludes your Tribe from Benefit.
 These are my Banks your Ocean to withstand,
 Which proudly rising overlooks the Land;
 And once let in, with unresisted Sway
 Wou'd sweep the Pastors and their Flocks away.
 Think not my Judgment leads me to comply
 With Laws unjust, but hard Necessity:
 Imperious Need which cannot be withstood
 Makes Ill authentick, for a greater Good.
 Possess your Soul with Patience, and attend:
 A more auspicious Planet may ascend;

Good Fortune may present some happier time,
 With means to cancel my unwilling Crime;
 (Unwilling, witness all ye Powers above)
 To mend my Errors and redeem your Love:
 That little Space you safely may allow,
 Your all-dispensing Power protects you now.

Hold, said the *Hind*, 'tis needless to explain;
 You wou'd *postpone* me to another Reign:
 'Till when you are content to be unjust,
 Your part is to possess, and mine to trust.
 A fair Exchange propos'd of future Chance,
 For present Profit and Inheritance:
 Few Words will serve to finish our dispute;
 Who will not now repeal, wou'd persecute;
 To ripen green Revenge your hopes attend,
 Wishing that happier Planet wou'd ascend:
 For shame let Conscience be your Plea no more,
 To will hereafter, prove she might before;
 But she's a Bawd to Gain, and holds the Door. }

Your Care about your Banks, infers a fear
 Of threatening Floods, and Inundations near;
 If so, a just Reprise would only be
 Of what the Land usurp'd upon the Sea;
 And all your Jealousies but serve to show
 Your Ground is, like your Neighbour-Nation, low.
 T'intrench in what you grant unrighteous Laws,
 Is to distrust the Justice of your Cause;
 And argues that the true Religion lies
 In those weak Adversaries you despise.

Tyrannick force is that which least you fear,
 The sound is frightful in a Christian's Ear;
 Avert it, Heaven; nor let that Plague be sent
 To us from the dispeopled Continent.

But Piety commands me to refrain;
 Those Pray'rs are needless in this Monarch's Reign.
 Behold! how he protects your Friends oppress'd,
 Receives the Banish'd, succours the Distress'd: }
 Behold, for you may read an honest open Breast.
 He stands in Day-light, and disdains to hide }
 An Act, to which by Honour he is ty'd, }
 A Generous, laudable, and kingly Pride. }

Your Test he would repeal, his Peers restore,
This when he says he means, he means no more.

Well, said the *Panther*, I believe him just,
And yet---

And yet, 'tis but because you must,
You would be trusted, but you would not trust.
The *Hind* thus briefly; and disdain'd t' enlarge
On Pow'r of *Kings*, and their superior Charge,
As Heav'n's Trustees before the People's choice:
Tho' sure the *Panther* did not much rejoice
To hear those *Ecchos* giv'n of her once loyal Voice.

The *Matron* woo'd her Kindness to the last,
But cou'd not win; her Hour of Grace was past.
Whom, thus persisting, when she could not bring
To leave the *Wolf*, and to believe her King,
She gave her up, and fairly wish'd her Joy
Of her late Treaty with her new Ally:
Which well she hop'd wou'd more successful prove,
Than was the *Pigeons*, and the *Buzzards* Love.
The *Panther* ask'd, what Concord there cou'd be
Betwixt two Kinds whose Natures disagree?
The *Dame* reply'd, 'Tis sung in ev'ry Street,
The common chat of Gossips when they meet:
But, since unheard by you, 'tis worth your while
To take a wholesome Tale, tho' told in homely Style.

A plain good Man, whose Name is understood,
(So few deserve the name of Plain and Good).
Of three fair lineal Lordships stood possess'd,
And liv'd, as Reason was, upon the best;
Inur'd to Hardships from his early Youth,
Much had he done, and suffer'd for his Truth:
At Land, and Sea, in many a doubtful Fight,
Was never known a more advent'rous Knight,
Who oftner drew his Sword, and always for the right.

As Fortune wou'd (his Fortune came tho' late)
He took Possession of his just Estate:
Nor rack'd his Tenants with increase of Rent,
Nor liv'd too sparing, nor too largely spent;
But overlook'd his Hinds, their Pay was just,
And ready, for he scorn'd to go on Trust:

Slow to resolve, but in performance quick;
 So true, that he was awkward at a Trick.
 For little Souls on little Shifts rely,
 And Cowards Arts of mean Expedients try;
 The noble Mind will dare do any thing but lye.
 False Friends, (his deadliest Foes) could find no way
 But shows of honest Bluntness, to betray;
 That unsuspected plainness he believ'd;
 He look'd into himself, and was deceiv'd.
 Some lucky Planet sure attends his Birth,
 Or Heav'n wou'd make a Miracle on Earth;
 For prosp'rous Honesty is seldom seen
 To bear so dead a Weight, and yet to win.
 It looks as Fate with Nature's Law would strive,
 To shew Plain-dealing once an Age may thrive:
 And, when so tough a frame she could not bend,
 Exceeded her Commission to befriend.

This grateful Man, as Heaven increas'd his Store,
 Gave God again, and daily fed his Poor;
 His House with all Convenience was purvey'd;
 The rest he found, but rais'd the Fabrick where he
 pray'd;

And in that sacred Place, his beauteous Wife
 Employ'd her happiest Hours of holy Life.

Nor did their Alms extend to those alone
 Whom common Faith more strictly made their own;
 A sort of Doves were hous'd too near their Hall,
 Who cross the Proverb, and abound with Gall.
 Tho' some, 'tis true, are passively inclin'd,
 The greater Part degenerate from their Kind;
 Voracious Birds, that horly Bill and breed,
 And largely drink, because on Salt they feed.
 Small Gain from them their Bounteous Owner draws;
 Yet, bound by Promise, he supports their Cause,
 As Corporations privileg'd by Laws.

That House which harbour to their Kind affords,
 Was built, long since, God knows, for better Birds;
 But flutt'ring there they nestle near the Throne,
 And lodge in Habitations not their own,
 By their high Crops, and corny Gizzards known.

Lie

Like *Harpies* they could scent a plenteous Board,
 Then to be sure they never fail'd their Lord,
 The rest was Form, and bare Attendance paid,
 They drunk, and eat, and grudgingly obey'd.
 The more they fed, they raven'd still for more,
 They drain'd from *Dan*, and left *Beer/sheba* poor;
 All this they had by Law, and none repin'd,
 The pref'rence was but due to *Levi's* Kind;
 But when some Lay-Preferment fell by chance,
 The Gourmands made it their Inheritance.
 When once possess'd, they never quit their Claim,
 For then 'tis sanctify'd to Heaven's high Name;
 And Hallow'd thus they cannot give Consent
 The Gift should be prophan'd by worldly Management.

Their Flesh was never to the Table serv'd,
 Tho' 'tis not thence inferr'd the Birds were starv'd;
 But that their Master did not like the Food,
 As rank, and breeding melancholy Blood..
 Nor did it with his gracious Nature suit,
 Ev'n tho' they were not Doves, to persecute:
 Yet he refus'd, (nor could they take Offence)
 Their Glutton Kind should teach him Abstinence..
 Nor consecrated Grain their Wheat he thought,
 Which new from treading in their Bills they brought:
 But left his Hinds, each in his private Pow'r,
 That those who like the Bran might leave the Flow'r.
 He for himself, and not for others chose,
 Nor would he be impos'd on, nor impose;
 But in their Faces his Devotion paid,
 And Sacrifice with solemn Rites was made,
 And sacred Incense on his Altars laid.

Besides these jolly Birds, whose Corps impure
 Repaid their Commons with their Salt-Manure,
 Another Farm he had behind his House,
 Not overstock'd, but barely for his Use:
 Wherein his poor Domestick Poultry fed,
 And from his pious Hands receiv'd their Bread..
 Our pamper'd Pigeons with malignant Eyes,
 Beheld these Inmates, and their Nurseries:

252 *The* FOURTH PART of

Tho' hard their Fare, at Ev'ning, and at Morn,
 A Cruise of Water, and an Ear of Corn;
 Yet still they grudg'd that Modicum, and thought
 A Sheaf in ev'ry single Grain was brought;
 Fain would they filch that little Food away,
 While unrestrain'd those happy Gluttons prey.
 And much they griev'd to see so nigh their Hall,
 The Bird that warn'd St. *Peter* of his Fall;
 That he should raise his miter'd Crest on high,
 And clap his Wings, and call his Family
 To sacred Rites; and vex th' *Etherial Powers*
 With midnight Mattins, at uncivil Hours:
 Nay more, his quiet Neighbours should molest,
 Just in the sweetness of their Morning Rest.

Beast of a Bird, supinely when he might
 Lye snug and sleep, to rise before the light:
 What if his dull Forefathers us'd that cry,
 Cou'd he not let a bad Example die?
 The World was fall'n into an easier way;
 This Age knew better, than to Fast and Pray.
 Good Sense in sacred Worship wou'd appear
 So to begin, as they might end the Year.
 Such feats in former times had wrought the falls
 Of crowing Chanticleers in cloyster'd Walls.
 Expell'd for this, and for their Lands, they fled;
 And Sister Parlet with her hooded head
 Was hooted hence, because she would not pray a-bed.
 The way to win the restiff World to God,
 Was to lay by the disciplining Rod,
 Unnatural Fasts, and foreign Forms of Pray'r;
 Religion frights us with a *Mein* severe.
 'Tis Prudence to reform her into Ease,
 And put her in undress to make her please:
 A lively Faith will bear aloft the Mind,
 And leave the Luggage of good Works behind.
 Such Doctrines in the Pigeon-house were taught,
 You need not ask how wond'rously they wrought;
 But sure the common Cry was all for these,
 Whose Life and Precepts both encourag'd Ease.

Yet

MISCELLANY POEMS. 253

Yet fearing those alluring Baits might fail,
And holy Deeds o'er all their Arts prevail :
(For Vice, tho' frontless, and of harden'd Face,
Is daunted at the sight of awful Grace)
An hideous Figure of their Foes they drew,
Nor Lines, nor Looks, nor Shades, nor Colours
true ;

And this Grotesque design expos'd to publick View.
One would have thought it some *Ægyptian* Piece,
With Garden-Gods, and barking Deities,
More thick than *Ptolemy* has stuck the Skies.
All so perverse a Draught, so far unlike,
It was no Libel where it meant to strike :
Yet still the daubing pleas'd, and Great and Small
To view the Monster crowded Pigeon-hall.
There Chanticleer was drawn upon his Knees
Adoring Shrines, and Stocks of Sainted Trees,
And by him, a mis-shapen, ugly Race ;
The Curse of God was seen on ev'ry Face :
No *Holland* Emblem could that Malice mend,
But still the worse the Look, the fitter for a Fiend.

The Master of the Farm, displeas'd to find
So much of Rancour in so mild a Kind,
Enquir'd into the Cause, and came to know,
The Passive Church had struck the foremost blow :
With groundless Fears, and Jealousies possess'd,
As if this troublesome intruding Guest
Would drive the Birds of *Venus* from their Nest.
A Deed his inborn Equity abhor'd, [Word.
But Int'rest will not trust, tho' God should plight his

A Law, the Source of many future harms,
Had banish'd all the Poultry from the Farms ;
With Loss of Life, if any should be found
To crow or peck on this forbidden Ground.
That Bloody Statute chiefly was design'd
For *Chanticleer* the white, of Clergy kind ;
But after-malice did not long forget
The Lay that wore the Robe, and Coronet ;
For them, for their Inferiours and Allies,
Their Foes a deadly *Shibboleth* devise :

By

By which unrighteously it was decreed:
 That none to Trust, or Profit should succeed,
 Who would not swallow first a poisonous wicked
 Weed :

Or that, to which old *Socrates* was curs'd,
 Or Henbane-Juice to swell 'em till they burst.
 The Patron (as in reason) thought it hard
 To see this Inquisition in his Yard,
 By which the Sovereign was of Subjects use debarr'd,
 All gentle means he try'd, which might withdraw
 Th' Effects of so unnatural a Law :

But still the Dove-house obstinately stood
 Deaf to their own, and to their Neighbours good:
And which was worse, (if any worse could be)
 Repented of their boasted Loyalty :

Now made the Champions of a cruel Cause,
 And drunk with Fumes of Popular Applause;
 For those whom God to ruin has design'd,
 He fits for Fate, and first destroys their Mind.

New Doubts indeed they daily strove to raise,
 Suggested Dangers, interpos'd Delays;
 And Emissary Pigeons had in store
 Such as the *Meccan* Prophet us'd of yore,
 To whisper Counsels in their Patron's Ear;
 And veil'd their false Advice with zealous Fear.
 The Master smil'd to see 'em work in vain,
 To wear him out, and make an idle Reign :
 He saw, but suffer'd their Protractive Arts,
 And strove by mildness to reduce their Hearts;
 But they abus'd that Grace to make Allies,
 And fondly clos'd with former Enemies;
 For Fools are double Fools, endeavouring to be wise.

After a grave Consult what course were best,
 One more mature in Folly than the rest,
 Stood up, and told 'em, with his Head aside,
 That desp'rate Cures must be to desp'rate Ills apply'd:
 And therefore since their main impending Fear
 Was from th' encreasing Race of *Chanticleer* :
 Some Potent Bird of Prey they ought to find,
 A Foe profess'd to him, and all his kind:

Some

Some haggard *Hawk*, who had her Eyry nigh,
Well pounc'd to fasten, and well wing'd to fly;
One they might trust, their common Wrongs to wreak;
The *Musquet*, and the *Coystrel* were too weak,
Too fierce the *Falcon*, but above the rest,
The noble *Buzzard* ever pleas'd me best;
Of small Renown, 'tis true, for not to lye,
We call him but a *Hawk* by courtesie.
I know he haunts the *Pigeon-House* and Farm,
And more, in time of War, has done us harm;
But all his Hate on trivial Points depends,
Give up our Forms, and we shall soon be Friends.
For *Pigeons* Flesh he seems not much to care,
Cram'd *Chickens* are a more delicious Fare;
On this high Potentate, without delay,
I wish you would confer the Sov'reign sway:
Petition him t' accept the Government,
And let a splendid Embassy be sent.

This pithy Speech prevail'd, and all agreed,
Old Enmities forgot, the *Buzzard* should succeed.

Their welcome Suit was granted soon as heard,
His Lodgings furnish'd, and a Train prepar'd,
With B's upon their Breast, appointed for his Guard. }
He came, and Crown'd with great Solemnity,
God save King *Buzzard*, was the gen'ral Cry.

A Portly Prince, and goodly to the sight,
He seem'd a Son of *Anach* for his height:
Like those whom Stature did to Crowns prefer;
Black-brow'd, and bluff, like *Homer's Jupiter*:
Broad-back'd, and Brawny-built for Love's delight,
A Prophet form'd, to make a female Proselyte.
A Theologue more by need, than genial bent,
By Breeding sharp, by Nature confident.
Int'rest in all his Actions was discern'd;
More learn'd than Honest, more a Wit than learn'd,
Or forc'd by Fear, or by his Profit led,
Or both conjoin'd, his Native Clime he fled:
But brought the Virtues of his Heav'n along;
A fair Behaviour, and a fluent Tongue,

And

256 *The* FOURTH PART of

And yet with all his Arts he could not thrive,
 The most unlucky Parasite alive.
 Loud Praises to prepare his Paths he sent,
 And then himself pursu'd his Compliment;
 But, by reverse of Fortune chac'd away,
 His Gifts no longer than their Author stay:
 He shakes the Dust against th' ungrateful Race,
 And leaves the stench of Ordures in the Place.
 Oft has he flatter'd, and blasphem'd the same,
 For in his Rage, he spares no Sov'raign's Name;
 The Heroe, and the Tyrant change their Style
 By the same measure that they frown or smile;
 When well receiv'd by hospitable Foes,
 The kindness he returns, is to expose:
 For Courtesies, tho' undeserv'd and great,
 No gratitude in Felon-minds beget,
 As tribute to his Wit, the Churl receives the treat,
 His Praise of Foes is venomously nice,
 So touch'd, it turns a Virtue to a Vice:
A Greek, and bountiful, forewarns us twice..
 Seven Sacraments he wisely does disown,
 Because he knows Confession stands for one;
 Where Sins to sacred Silence are convey'd:
 And not for Fear, or Love, to be betray'd:
 But he, uncall'd, his Patron to controul,
 Divulg'd the secret Whispers of his Soul:
 Stood forth th' accusing Sathan of his Crimes,
 And offer'd to the *Moloch* of the Times,
 Prompt to assail, and careless of defence,
 Invulnerable in his Impudence;
 He dares the World, and eager of a Name,
 He thrusts about, and jostles into fame.
 Frontless, and Satyr-proof he scow'rs the Streets,
 And runs an *Indian* muck at all he meets.
 So fond of loud Report, that not to miss
 Of being known (his last and utmost blifs)
 He rather would be known, for what he is.
 Such was, and is the Captain of the Test,
 Tho' half his Virtues are not here express'd;
 The Modesty of Fame conceals the rest.

The

The spleenfull *Pigeons* never could create
 A Prince more proper to revenge their hate :
 Indeed, more proper to revenge, than save ;
 A King, whom in his Wrath, th' Almighty gave :
 For all the Grace the Landlord had allow'd,
 But made the *Buzzard* and the *Pigeons* proud ;
 Gave time to fix their Friends, and to seduce the
 crowd.

They long their Fellow-Subjects to intrall,
 Their Patron's Promise into question call,
 And vainly think he meant to make 'em Lords of all.

Falſe Fears their Leaders fail'd not to ſuggeſt,
 As if the *Doves* were to be diſpoſſeſſ'd ;
 Nor Sighs, nor Groans, nor gogling Eyes did want ;
 For now the *Pigeons* too had learn'd to Cant.
 The Houſe of Pray'r is ſtock'd with large encrease ;
 Nor Doors, nor Windows can contain the Preſs :
 For Birds of ev'ry Feather fill th' Abode ;
 Even Atheiſts out of envy own a God :
 And reeking from the Stews Adult'ers come,
 Like *Goths* and *Vandals* to demolish *Rome*.
 That Conſcience which to all their Crimes was mute,
 Now calls aloud, and cries to Perſecute.
 No rigour of the Laws to be releas'd,
 And much the leſs, becauſe it was their Lord's requeſt :
 They thought it great their Sov'raign to controul,
 And nam'd their Pride, Nobility of Soul.

'Tis true, the *Pigeons*, and their Prince Elect
 Were ſhort of Pow'r, their purpoſe to effect :
 But with their Quills, did all the hurt they cou'd,
 And cuff'd the tender *Chickens* from their Food :
 And much the *Buzzard* in their Cauſe did ſtir,
 Tho' naming not the Patron, to infer
 With all reſpect, He was a groſs Idolater.

But when th' Imperial Owner did eſpy
 That thus they turn'd his Grace to Villany,
 Not ſuff'ring Wrath to diſcompose his Mind,
 He ſtrove a Temper for th' Extreame to find,
 So to be juſt, as he might ſtill be kind ;

Then,

Then, all maturely weigh'd, pronounc'd a Doom
 Of sacred Strength for every Age to come.
 By this the Doves their Wealth and State possess,
 No Rights infrin'd, but Licence to oppress:
 Such Pow'r have they as Faction's Lawyers long
 To Crowns ascrib'd, that Kings can do no Wrong.
 But, since his own Domestick Birds have try'd
 The dire Effects of their destructive Pride,
 He deems that Proof a Measure to the rest,
 Concluding well within his Kingly Breast,
 His Fowls of Nature too unjustly were oppress.
 He therefore makes all Birds of ev'ry Sect
 Free of his Farm, with promise to respect
 Their several Kinds alike, and equally protect.
 His Gracious Edict the same Franchise yields
 To all the wild encrease of Woods and Fields,
 And who in Rocks aloof, and who in Steeples builds,
 To *Crows* the like impartial Grace affords,
 And *Choughs* and *Daws*, and such Republick Birds:
 Secur'd with ample Privilege to feed,
 Each has his District, and his Bounds decreed:
 Combin'd in common Int'rest with his own,
 But not to pass the Pigeons *Rubicon*.

Here ends the Reign of his pretended Dove;
 All Prophecies accomplish'd from above,
 For *Shiloh* comes the Scepter to remove.
 Reduc'd from her Imperial high Abode,
 Like *Dionysius* to a private Rod:

The Passive Church, that with pretended Grace
 Did her distinctive Mark in Duty place,
 Now touch'd, Reviles her Maker to his Face.

What after happen'd is not hard to guess:
 The small Beginnings had a large Encrease,
 And Arts and Wealth succeed (the secret Spoils of
 Peace.)

'Tis said the Doves repented, tho' too late,
 Become the Smiths of their own foolish Fate:
 Nor did their Owner hasten their ill Hour:
 But, sunk in Credit, they decreas'd in Pow'r:

MISCELLANY POEMS. 259

Like Snows in warmth that mildly pass away,
Dissolving in the Silence of Decay.

The *Buzzard* not content with equal place,
Invites the feather'd *Nimrods* of his Race,
To hide the thinness of their Flock from Sight,
And all together make a seeming, goodly Flight:
But each have sep'rate Int'rests of their own,
Two *Czars*, are one too many for a Throne.
Nor can th' Usurper long abstain from Food,
Already he has tasted Pigeons Blood:
And may be tempted to his former Fare,
When this indulgent Lord shall late to Heav'n repair.
Bare bending times, and moulting Months may come,
When lagging late, they cannot reach their home:
Or Rent in Schism, (for so their Fate decrees,)
Like the tumultuous College of the Bees;
They fight their Quarrel, by themselves oppress;
The Tyrant smiles below, and waits the falling Feast.

Thus did the gentle *Hind* her Fable end,
Nor would the *Panther* blame it, nor commend;
But, with affected Yawnings at the close,
Seem'd to require her natural Repose,
For now the streaky Light began to peep;
And setting Stars admonish'd both to sleep.
The Dame withdrew, and, wishing to her Guest
The peace of Heav'n, betook her self to rest.
Ten thousand Angels on her Slumbers wait,
With glorious Visions of her future State.

F I N I S.



A S O N G.

I Grant, a thousand Oaths I swore
 I none would love but you:
 But not to change would wrong me more,
 Than breaking them can do.
 Yet you thereby a Truth will learn,
 Of much more worth than I;
 Which is, That Lovers which do swear,
 Do also use to lye.

II.

Chloris does now possess that Heart
 Which to you did belong:
 But, though thereof she brags a-while,
 She shall not do so long.
 She thinks, by being fair and kind,
 To hinder my Remove,
 And ne'er so much as dreams that Change,
 Above both those, I love.

III.

Then grieve not any more, nor think
 My Change is a Disgrace:
 For though it robs you of one Slave,
 It leaves Another place:
 Which your bright Eyes will soon subdue
 With him does them first see:
 For if they could not conquer more,
 They ne'er had conquer'd me.

The VOYAGE.

AS one that's from a tedious Voyage come,
 And safe through thousand Storms arriv'd at
 Resolves to put to Sea no more, [home,
 Or boldly tempt the flatt'ring Main,
 How smooth so'er it lye, or plain;

But

MISCELLANY POEMS. 261

But having drawn his broken Hull on Shore,
 To some kind Saint hangs up his consecrated Oar :
 I, who a greater Sea had past,
 The Ocean of rough Poesie,
 Where there so many Shipwreck'd be,
 Or on the Rocks, or on the Quicksands cast,
 Recounting what my self had seen,
 And in how many deaths I'd been,
 Where scarce an empty wish or hope could come be-
 With almost as confirm'd a Vow, [tween;
 Resolv'd no less to consecrate
 Some Votive Table, which might shew
 The Labours I did undergo ;
 And at a far more easie rate, [rous Fate.
 Give others the delight to view on Land my dange-

II.

Already was the sacred Plank design'd,
 And in it now I first assay'd the Deep,
 When thinking only near the Shores to keep,
 There rose a sudden and tempestuous Wind,
 Which made me leave the unsaluted Land behind.
 The Sea before was calm, and still,
 And gentle Airs did with my Streamers play,
 Scarce strong enough my half-struck Sail to fill,
 And through the yielding Crystal force my way.
 Close by did many a Vessel ride,
 Whose Pilots all with Bays were gaily crown'd,
 And to the murmurs of the Tide,
 Voices and Mirths were heard around,
 My self made there * *Anacreon's* Lute resound ;
 Which sprightly seem'd, and wondrous brave,
 And its old killing Notes to have ; [which I gave.
 But from the Waters more, than those rough touches
 'Twould still of nothing sound but Love,
 Though I the various Stops did often prove :
 Wherefore new † Loves I did begin,

* Turn'd Anacreon into English Verse.
 Love-verses to Cletia & al.

† Made several

And

And intermixt (as parts) my own;
 Which took fresh vigour from the String,
 And o'er the dancing Floods were quickly blown.
 I † *Venus* sang, and stollen Joys,
 And of his Flames who scap'd at *Troy's*.
 And as the *Thracian Orpheus* by his skill,
 To ransom his *Eurydice*, is said,
 And from the Shades brought back the dead;
 My Song a greater Miracle did tell,
 And thither chain'd in Verse alive § *Proserpina* did lead.
 III.

Such was my Song: but when the Storm arose,
 Voices and Mirth were heard no more,
 But every Man fell stoutly to his Oar,
 And to the Floods did all their Strength oppose,
 Hoping to reach some Harbour, but in vain:
 They were with greater Fury hurry'd back into the
 Then might one hear, instead of these, [Main,
 The dying Shrieks of such as Shipwreck'd were;
 And those proud Galleys, which before at ease
 Plow'd up the Deep, no longer did appear;
 But to the Waves became a Prey:
 Some downright sank, some broken lay,
 And by the Billows were in triumph born away.
 My Keel so many Leaks did spring,
 That all the Hold with Water was flow'd o'er;
 And a Sea no less dangerous rag'd within,
 Than that which strove abroad the Tempest to out-roar.
 * So over-board my lading straight I cast,
 With some faint hope my Barque to save;
 But on the Wind away they quickly past,
 And my best Safety was no hope to have.

† Translated the fourth Book of Virgil.

§ Claudian's Rapt. Prof.

* Having had so many Crosses, or, which is truer, seeing the little profit, I resolv'd to make no more Verse, except the Argument were Divine or Moral; and so resumed my old design of Paraphrasing the Psalms: Which I began anew, Jan. 31, 1661, and finish'd the third of June, 1665.

MISCELLANY POEMS. 263

Yet by me still the great *Jessean* Lyre I kept,
Which from my Couch I down did take,
Where it neglected long enough had slept,
And all its numerous Chords I did awake;
Thinking, since I the Waves must try,
Them and the Sea-gods with a Song to pacifie.

IV.

I play'd, and boldly then plung'd down,
Holding my Harp still in my Hand,
My dear Companion through those Paths unknown;
But hopeless with it e'er to reach the Land.
When lo, the chaste *Iarma*, with a Throng
Of Nymphs and Tritons waited on,
As she by chance there pass'd along,
Drave up her Chariot by my side,
And in requital for my humble Song,
Invited me with her to ride, [guide.
And fearless of the way, with them my Course to
And down she reach'd her Snowy hand,
And from the Floods me gently rais'd,
Whilst all the Sea-gods on me gaz'd, [mand.
And waited, ere they further went, some new Com-
Which straight she gave, and at her word the Wind
Backward did scowre: Before, as smooth and plain
The Ocean lay; Storms only rag'd behind:
So to my Harp I turn'd again,
And all its silent Fetters did unbind.
No longer was I of the Deep afraid,
But bolder grown, more Anthems plaid,
And on them put my Chains, who theirs upon the
[Waves had laid.
'Till having many a Country past,
And coasting the whole Earth around,
The Northwest passage Navigable found,
I on my native Shore was cast,
And safely touch'd the *British* Isle at last.

V.

This Table as in Colours 'twas exprest,
And which † *Belisa's* curious Pencil wrought,
With

† Mrs. Mary Beal.

Already were some Names enroll'd,
 And in fair Characters enchas'd;
 But who they were, must ne'er be told,
 'Till they the fatal Stream have past,
 And after Death have here their living Statues plac'd.
 My Muse alone these Worthies could out-shine,
 As she approach'd me there in shape divine:
 Her golden Hair was all unbound
 With careless Art, and wantonly did play,
 Mov'd by her Strings melodious sound,
 As on her Shoulders the loose Tresses lay.
 A wondrous Mantle o'er her Back was thrown,
 And her gay mystick Vest below
 In Royal State trayl'd all adown;
 A Lute was in her Hand, and on her Head a Crown.

VII.

Amaz'd, I at her Feet did fall,
 And prostrate lay, 'till up she bid me stand,
 Saying, For this I thee did never call,
 But boldly to receive my great Command:
 Arise, for lo, a better fate
 Does on thy tuneful Numbers wait,
 Than what thou in the Deep hast try'd of late.
 Not but that all thy Labours there,
 To thine own wish shall amply be repaid.
 For I, by whom enroll'd they are,
 Second to none but Heav'n in that great Care,
 Which of thy Verse and thee I always had,
 Will look such large Allowance for them shall be made,
 That all the damage which thou didst sustain,
 Shall not compare with thy immortal gain.

VIII.

Witness thy Votive Table, which I here accept
 Within my Archives a fair Room to have,
 (Worthy for th' hand that did it to be kept)
 And thy mean Name from dark Oblivion save,
 'Till to another Temple, that's above,
 Reserv'd for those, who sacred Numbers prove,
 And there at last conclude their love,
 Thy Soul's bright Image I hereafter shall remove,

Where several whom thou here dost know
 (Ambitious at their very Shrines to bow)
 Leaving their wanton Lays behind,
 Like thee, and from all base alloy refin'd,
 More to resemble the eternal Mind;
 With several who were never here,
 So God-like all their Measures were,
 (As Jesse's Son, whose Harp thou erst didst bear)
 In glory with the first great Maker shine,
 And have for Mortal Bays, a Ray Divine.

IX.

But first, my *Sylvius*, thou again to Sea must go,
 And many Towns, and Men, and Countries know,
 In the * New-world of Christian Poesie,
 Part of which long since was design'd to be
 The happy Fruits of thy Discovery;
 Where none of all thy Nation has been yet,
 The way so dangerous, and the task so great.
 Nor doubt but it shall recompence thy cost;
 And were it more, that Age, they cry, th'ast lost,
 When to serve me, thou didst the † Bar forsake,
 And for th' long Robe, the Ivy Garland take,
 As that which would thy Name immortal make,
 For I have Honours to bestow,
 And regal Treasures, though I rarely show
 The Happy Country where they grow.
 And though some Wretch the Plague endure
 Of miserable Poverty,
 The Fault's his own, and not in me;
 Not that he is my Votary,
 But under that disguise an Enemy;
 Not I, but they alone who count me so, are poor.

X.

Try me, this once, and once more tempt the Main;
 Thou shalt not unattended go;
 For when thou next put'st out to Sea again,
 I'll be thy Pilot, and the Passage show.

* To write of the Creation, never attempted by any Englishman,
 except in Version, † The Study of the Law.

Nay wonder not, for 'tis no more
 Than what I several times have done before,
 When I my *Tasso* through those Straights did guide,
 And made my *Bartas* o'er the Surges ride;
 Those mighty Admirals which did extend
 Their Country-bounds beyond the World's wide end;
 'Twas I conducted them those Lands to find,
 Where each did plant their Nation's Colonies;
 Both spreading less their Sails than Victories.
 And there are yet more Lands for thee behind;
 And all the way, like them, thou shalt rehearse
 The Birth of things, how they from nothing rose,
 By that Almighty Word which shall inspire thy Verse,
 And help thee all its Wonders to disclose.

No Storm upon thy Mast shall rest,
 Or any Gales, but Vernal, blow;
 The Sea it self, to my great Service prest,
 In Plains of liquid Glass shall lye below, [show
 And its Obedience to my Rule in dancing Billows only
 And when thou Home return'd shalt be,
 And of thy native Earth once more take hold,
 My self thy Bark will consecrated see;
 And for this new World thus found out by thee,
 Make it a heav'nly Sign, near that which sav'd the old.

CUPID'S PASTIME.

By SIDNEY GODOLPHIN.

I T chanc'd of late a *Shepherd* Swain
 That went to seek his wander'd Sheep,
 Within a Thicket, on a Plain,
 Espy'd a dainty *Nymph* asleep.

II.

Her Golden Hair o'er-spread her Face,
 Her careless Arms about her cast:
 Her Quiver had her Pillow's Place,
 Her Breast lay bare to ev'ry Blast.

N 2

III. The

III.

The Shepherd stood and gaz'd his fill;
 Nought durst he do, nought durst he say:
 While Chance, or else perhaps his Will,
 Guided the God of Love that way.

IV.

The crafty Boy thus sees her sleep,
 Whom if she wak'd he durst not see:
 Behind her closely seems to creep,
 Before her Nap should ended be.

V.

There come, he steals her Shafts away,
 And puts his own into their place:
 Nor dares he any longer stay,
 But, ere she wakes, hies thence apace.

VI.

Scarce was he gone, but she awakes;
 And spies the Shepherd gazing by.
 Her bended Bow then up she takes,
 And at the simple Swain lets fly.

VII.

Forth flew the Shaft and pierc'd his Heart,
 That to the Ground he fell, with pain:
 Yet soon he up again did start,
 And to the Nymph he ran amain.

VIII.

Amaz'd to see so strange a Sight,
 She shot, and shot, but all in vain:
 The more his Wounds, the more his Might,
 Love yielding Strength amidst his Pain.

IX.

Her angry Eyes were big with Tears;
 She blames her Hand, she blames her Skill;
 The Bluntness of her Shafts she fears,
 And try them on her self she will.

X.

Take heed, fair Nymph, try not thy Shaft,
 Each little touch will pierce thy Heart,
 Alas! thou know'st not *Cupid's* Craft,
 Revenge is Joy, the end is Smart.

XI. Ye

XI.

Yet she will try, and pierce some bare :
Her Hands were glov'd, but next to Hand
Was that fair Breast, that Breast so rare,
That made the Shepherd senseless stand.

XII.

That Breast she pierc'd, and thro' the Breast
Love found an Entry to her Heart :
At feeling of this new-come Guest,
Lord, how this Gentle Nymph did start.

XIII.

She runs not now, She shoots no more :
Away she throws both Shaft and Bow,
She seeks for what she shun'd before,
She thinks the Shepherd's Haste too slow.

XIV.

Tho' Mountains meet not, Lovers may ;
What others did, just so did they.
The God of Love sat on a Tree,
And laught, the pleasing Sight to see.

*A POEM dedicated to the Blessed Me-
mory of her late Gracious Majesty
Queen MARY.*

By Mr. STEPNEY.

ONCE more, my Muse, -- we must an Altar raise ; --
May it prove lasting, as *Maria's* Praise ;
And, the Song ended, be the *Swan's* thy Doom ;
Rest ever silent, as *Maria's* Tomb.

But whence shall we begin ? or whither steer ?
Her Virtues like a perfect Round appear,
Where Judgment lies in Admiration lost,
Not knowing which it should distinguish most.

Some Angel, from your own, describe her Frame,
 (For sure your Godlike Beings are the same :)
 All that was Charming in the Fairer Kind,
 With Manly Sense, and Resolution join'd;
 A Mein compos'd of Mildness and of State,
 Not by Constraint, or Affectation, Great;
 But form'd by Nature for Supream Command;
 Like *Eve* just moulded by the Maker's Hand;
 Yet such her Meekness, as half-vail'd the Throne,
 Lest being in too great a Lustre shown,
 It might debar the Subject of Access,
 And make her Mercies, and our Comforts less.
 So Gods, of old, descending from their Sphere
 To visit Men, like Mortals did appear:
 Lest their too Awful Presence should affright
 Those whom they meant to bless, and to delight.

Thus to the Noon of her high Glory run,
 From her bright Orb, diffusive like the Sun,
 She did her healing Influence display,
 And cherish'd all our nether World, that lay
 Within the Circle of her radiant Day:
 Reliev'd not only those who Bounty sought,
 But gave unask'd, and as she gave, forgot;
 Found modest Want in her obscure Retreat,
 And courted tim'rous Virtue to be Great.
 The Church, which *William* sav'd, was *Mary's* Care,
 Taught by her Life, and guarded by her Prayer;
 What her Devotions were, you Cherubs, tell,
 Who ever round the Seat of Mercy dwell;
 (For here She wou'd not have her Goodness known)
 But you beheld how She address'd the Throne,
 And wonder'd at a Zeal so like your own.
 Since She was *Form'd*, and *Lov'd*, and *Pray'd* like you,
 She shou'd, alas! have been *Immortal* too.

A Mind so good, in beauteous Strength array'd,
 Assur'd our Hopes She might be long obey'd,
 And we, with heightned Reverence, might have seen
 The hoary Grandure of an Aged Queen;
 Who might, with *William*, jointly Govern here,
 As that bright Pair which Rules the heav'nly Sphere.

Grace

Grace and mild Mercy best in her were shown,
 In him the rougher Virtues of the Throne;
 Of Justice *She* at home the *Ballance* held,
 Abroad, Oppression by *His Sword* was quell'd;
 The gen'rous Lion, and the peaceful Dove;
 The God of Battel, and the Queen of Love,
 Did in Their happy Nuptials well agree;
 Like *Mars*, He led our Armies out; and *She*
 With Smiles presided o'er Her Native Sea!

Such too their Meetings, when our Monarch came
 With Laurels loaden, and Immortal Fame;
 As when the God on *Hemus* quits his Arms,
 Softning his Toils in *Cytherea's* Charms:
 Then with what Joy did *She* the Victor meet?
 And lay the Reins of Empire at his Feet?
 With the same Temper as the * *Latian Hind*
 Was made Dictator, conquer'd, and resign'd;
 So *Pallas* from the dusty Field withdrew,
 And when Imperial *Jove* appear'd in View,
 Resum'd her Female Arts, the Spindle and the Clew:
 Forgot the Scepter she so well had sway'd,
 And with that Mildness, she had Rul'd, Obey'd;
 Pleas'd with the Change, and unconcern'd as *Jove*,
 When in Disguise he leaves his Pow'r above,
 And drowns all other Attributes in Love:----

Such, mighty Sir, (if yet the sacred Ear
 Of Majesty in Grief vouchsafe to hear)
 Was the Loy'd Consort of thy Crown and Bed,
 Our Joy while living; our Despair now Dead.

Yet tho' with *Mary* one Supporter fall,
 Thy Virtue can alone sustain the Ball.
 Of *Sibyll's* Books, that Volume which remain'd
 The perfect Value of the whole retain'd.
 When in the fiery Carr *Elijah* fled,
 His Spirit doubl'd on his Partner's Head:
 So will thy People's Love, now *Mary's* gone,
 Unite both Streams, and flow on Thee alone.

* *Lucius Quintius.*

The grateful Senate with one Voice combine
 To breath their Sorrows, and to comfort Thine,
 By bringing to thy View how *Europe's* Fate
 Does on thy Counsels, and thy Courage wait :
 But when the vastness of thy Grief they see,
 They own 'tis just, and melt in Tears with thee.

Blush not, great Soul, thus to reveal thy Woe ;
 Sighs will have vent, and Eyes too full o'er-flow ;
 Shed by Degrees, they pass unfelt away ;
 But raise a Storm and Deluge where they stay.

The bravest Heroes have the softest Mind,
 Their Natures like the Gods, to Love inclin'd.
Homer, who Human Passions nicely knew,
 When his Illustrious *Grecian* Chief he drew,
 Left likewise in his *Soul* one mortal Part,
 Whence Love and Anguish too might reach his Heart ;
 For a lost Mistress, in Despair he sate,
 And let declining *Troy* still struggle with her Fate :
 But when the Partner of his Cares lay dead,
 Like a rous'd Lion, from his Tent he fled,
 Whole Hecatombs of trembling *Trojans* flew,
 And mangled *Hector* at his Chariot drew.

Still greater is thy Loss, — Be such thy Rage,
 As conquer'd *Gallia* only may assuage.

She who on Earth secur'd Thee by Her Prayer,
 Return'd to Heaven, shall prove thy Guardian Angel
 there ;

And hov'ring round Thee with her Heav'nly Shield,
 Unseen protect Thee in the doubtful Field.

Go then, by different Paths to Glory go,

The Church's both Estates with *Mary* show :

And while above she Triumphs, Fight below. — }

'Tis done — our Monarch to the Camp returns, —

The *Gallick* Armies fly — Their Navy burns,

And Earth and Seas all bow at his Command,

And *Europe* owns Her Peace from His Victorious Hand.



For the NEW-YEAR ; To the SUN.

*Intended to be Sung before Their Majestie
on New-Years-Day, 169 $\frac{1}{4}$.*

Written by Mr. PRIOR at the Hague.

L ight of the World, and Ruler of the Year,
With happy Speed begin thy great Career ;
And as the Radiant Journey's run, [is known,
Where-e'er thy Beams are spread, where-e'er thy Power
Through all the distant Nations own,
That in Fair *Albion* thou hast seen
The Greatest Prince, the Brightest Queen,
That ever Sav'd a People, ever Grac'd a Throne,

So may thy God-head be confest,
So the returning Year be blest,
As its Infant Months bestow
Springing Wreaths for *William's* Brow ;
As its Summer's Youth shall shed
Eternal Sweets round *Mary's* Head :
From the Blessings they shall know,
Our Times are Dated, and our *Æra's* move ;
They Govern, and Enlighten all below,
As thou do'st all above.

Let our Heroe in the War
Active and Fierce like Thee, appear ;
Like Thee, Great Son of *Jove*, like Thee ;
When clad in rising Majesty
Thou Marchest down o'er *Delos* Hills confest,
With all thy Arrows Arm'd, with all thy Glory Drest.
Like Thee, the Heroe, does his Arms employ,
The raging *Python* to destroy,
Cho. And give the injur'd Nations Peace and Joy.

From Ancient Time's Historic Stores
 Gather all the smiling Hours,
 All that with Friendly Care have guarded
 Patriots and Kings in Rightful Wars,
 All that with Conquest have rewarded
 His Great Fore-fathers Pious Cares,
 All that Story hath Recorded
 Sacred to Nassau's long Renown,
 For Countries Sack'd, and Battels Won.

Cho. *March Them again in fair Array,
 And bid them form the Happy Day,
 The Happy Day design'd to wait
 On William's Fame, and Europe's Fate,
 Let the Happy Day be Crown'd
 With great Event and fair Success,
 No brighter in the Year be found,
 But that which brings the Victor home in Peace.*

Again Thy Godhead we implore,
 (Great in Wisdom as in Power)
 Again for Mary's sake and ours,
 Chuse out other smiling Hours,
 Such as with lucky Wings have fled
 When Happy Counsels were advising,
 Such as have glad Omens shed
 O'er forming Laws and Empires rising;
 Such as many Lustres ran
 Hand in Hand a goodly Train,
 To bless the Great *Eliza's* Reign,
 And in the Typic Glory show
 The fuller Blifs which *Mary* should bestow.

As the Graver Hours advance,
 Mingled send into the Dance,
 Many fraught with all the Treasures
 Which the *Eastern* Travel views,
 Many wing'd with all the Pleasures
 Man can ask, or Heav'n diffuse.
 To ease the Care which for her Subjects sake,
 The Pious Queen does with glad Patience take.

Cho.

Cho. *To let Her all the Blessings know
Which from those Cares upon Her Subjects flow.*

For thy own Glory Sing our Sov'raign's Praise,
(God of Verses and of Days)

Let all thy Tuneful Sons adorn

Their lasting Work with William's Name,

Let chosen Muses yet unborn

Take Mary's Goodness for their Theam:

Eternal Structures let Them raise

On William's and on Mary's Praise,

Nor want new Subjects for the Song,

Nor fear they can exhaust the Store,

'Till Nature's Musick lies unstrung,

'Till thou shalt shine no more.

The D U E L.

By HENRY SAVIL, Esq; *Written soon after the Duel
of the Stags.*

IN *Milford-Lane*, near to *St. Clement's Steeple*,
There liv'd a Nymph, kind to all Christian People;
A Nymph she was, whose comely Mein and Feature
Did wound the Heart of every Man-like Creature.
Under her Beauteous Bosom there did lye
A Belly smooth as any Ivory.
Yet Nature, to declare her various Art,
Had plac'd a Tuft in one convenient part.
No Park, with smoothest *Lawn*, and highest *Wood*,
Could e'er compare with this admir'd Aboad;
Here all the Youth of *England* did repair,
To take their Pleasure, and to ease their Care.
Here the Distressed Lover, that had born
His haughty Mistress' Anger, or her Scorn,
Came for Relief, and, on this pleasant Shade,
Forgot the former, and this Last obey'd,

But

But yet what corner of the World is found,
 Where Pain our Pleasure doth not still surround?
 One would have thought that in this shady Grove,
 Nought could have dwelt but Quiet, Peace, and Love;
 But Heav'n directed otherwise, for here
 In midst of Plenty bloody Wars appear.
 The Gods will frown where-ever they do smile;
 The Crocodile infests the fertile Nile;
 Lions, and Tygers, in the *Lesbian* Plains,
 Forbid all Pleasures to the fearful Swains.
 Wild Beasts in Forests do the Hunters fright,
 They fear their ruin, midst of their delight.
 Thus, in the Shade of this dark silent Bower,
 Strength strives with Strength, and Pow'r does vie
 with Pow'r.

Two mighty Monsters did the Wood infest,
 And struck such awe and terror in the rest,
 That no *Sicilian Tyrant* e'er could boast
 He e'er with greater rigour rul'd the coast.
 Each had his Empire which he kept in awe,
 Was by his Will obey'd; allow'd no Law.
 Nature so well divided had their States,
 Nought but Ambition could have claim'd their Seats;
 For 'twixt their Empires stood a Briny Lake,
 Deep as the Poets do the Center make.
 But here Ambition will admit no Bounds,
 There are no Limits to aspiring Crowns.
 The *Spaniard*, by his *Europe* Conquests bold,
 Sails o'er the Ocean for the *Indian* Gold.
 The *Carthaginian Hero* did not stay
 Because he met vast Mountains in his way.
 He past the *Alps*, like Mole-Hills; such a Mind
 As thinks on Conquests will be unconfin'd.
 But with these haughty Thoughts one course they bend,
 To try if this vast Lake had any end;
 Where finding Countries yet without a Name,
 They might by Conquest get eternal Fame:
 After long Marches, both their Armies tir'd,
 At length they find the Place so much admir'd.

When,

When, in a little time, each doth descry
The glimps of an approaching Enemy:
Each at the sight with equal Pleasure move,
As we should do in well-rewarded Love.
Blood-thirsty Souls, whose only perfect Joy
Consists in what their Fury can destroy.
And now both Armies do prepare to Fight,
And each the other unto War incite.
In vain, alas! for all the Force and Strength
Was now consumed by their Marches length;
But the great Chiefs, impatient of delay,
Resolve by single Fight to try the Day.

Translated from SENECA'S TROAS.
Act. II. Chorus.

Verum est? & timidos fabula decipit?

By Mr. GLANVILL.

IS't true that Souls their Bodies do survive?
Or does a Flam the timorous World deceive?
When some dear Friend our dying Eyes has clos'd,
And Life's last Day, Death's endless Night impos'd;
When the eas'd Corps, like an o'er-jaded Slave
At length set free, lies quiet in the Grave;
Were it not wise the Soul too to Entomb!
But must we still endure Life's wretched Doom?
Or happier do we die entire and whole,
Leave no continuing Relict of a Soul?
But when the vital Vapour of our Breath,
Gasp'd into Air, is lost in Clouds and Death,
We're gone, and all that was of us before,
To any thing of Life is then no more?
Yes, thus we Perish, and thus undergo
Th' approaching Lot of all things here below.

Time

278 *The FOURTH PART of*

Time flies, and all the Sea or Sun goes round
 With sure and quick Destruction shall confound,
 Swift as above the Stars, and Moon, and Sun,
 In hurrying Orbs their hasty Courses run,
 We Post to Fate, nor when we disappear
 Are we, or ever shall be, any where.
 As short-liv'd Smoak ascending from the Flame,
 Hovers, dissolves, and ne'er shall be again.
 As gather'd Clouds by scattering Blasts disjoin'd,
 Disperse and fly before the hostile Wind:
 So that thin fleeting thing Life passes o'er,
 So flows our Spirit out, and then's no more.

After Death's nothing; Death it self is nought,
 Th'extreamest Bound of a short Race of Thought.
 Let Slaves and Fools their Fears and Hopes give o'er,
 Solicit and delude themselves no more.
 Would you know where you shall be after Death?
 There, where you were before you suck'd in Breath,
 The Dead and the Unborn are just the same,
 The Dead returning whence the Living came.
 Time takes us whole, throws all into the Grave;
 Death will no more the Soul than Body save.
 For Hell and the damn'd Fiend that Lords it there,
 With all the Torments we so vainly fear,
 Are empty Rumours, melancholy Whims,
 Fantastick Notions, idle, frightful Dreams.

HORACE, Book I. Ode XIII.

Cum Tu, Lydia, Telephi, &c.

By the same Hand.

WHEN happy *Strephon's* too prevailing Charms,
 His rosie Neck, and his soft waxen Arms,
 Inhuman *Lydia*, wantonly you praise,
 How cruelly my Jealous Spleen you raise!

Anger

Anger boils up in my hot labouring Breast,
Not to be hid, and less to be suppress,

II.

Then 'twixt the Rage, the Fondness, and the Shame,
Nor Speech, nor Thoughts, nor Looks remain the
Fickle as my Mind my various Colour shews, [same,
And with my Tide of Passion Ebbs and Flows:
Tears stealing fall distill'd by soft Desire,
To shew the melting slowness of the Fire.

III.

Ah! when I see that livid Neck betray
The drunken Youth's too rudely wanton Play;
When on those passive Lips the mark I find
Of frantick boiling Kisses left behind;
I rave to think these cruel Tokens shew
Things I cannot mistake, and wou'd not know.

IV.

How fond's the Hope, how foolish and how vain,
Of lasting Love from the ungrateful Swain!
Who that soft Lip so roughly can invade?
Hurting with cruel Joy the tender Maid.
Quickly they're glutted who so fierce devour;
They suck the Nectar, and throw by the Flower.

V.

But oh thrice happy they that equal move
In an unbroken Yoak of faithful Love!
Whom no Complaint, no Strife, no Jealousie,
Sets from their gentle, grateful Bondage free;
But still they dear fast mutual Slaves remain,
'Till unkind Death breaks the unwilling Chain.



HORACE,

HORACE, Book I. Ode XXIII.

*Vitas Hinnuleo me similis Chloë.**By the same Hand.*

WHEN, *Chloë*, by your *Slave* pursu'd,
 Why should you fly so fast!
 So the stray'd Fawn i' th' pathless Wood
 To her lost Dam makes haste.

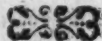
Each Noise alarms, and all things add
 New Terror to her Fear;
 She starts at ev'ry dancing Shade,
 Each Breath of singing Air..

With ev'ry Leaf, each Bush that shakes,
 Throughout the murmuring Grove;
 Her Sympathetick Heart partakes,
 She trembles as they move.

Fond Maid, unlike the Wolf and Boar,
 I hunt not to Destroy:
 My utmost Prey wou'd be no more
 Than you might give with Joy.

Urg'd on by soft and gentle Love,
 I harmlessly pursue:
 Your Flight to me may cruel prove,
 But not my Chase to you.

Cease idle Dreams of fancy'd Harms,
 To Childish Fears Trappings;
 Leave running to thy Mother's Arms
 Who now art fit for Man's.



An Account of the Greatest
English POETS.

To Mr. H. S. *April 3, 1694.*

By Mr. JO. ADDISON.

SInce, dearest Harry, you will needs request
A short Account of all the Muse-possess;
That, down from Chaucer's days to Dryden's Times,
Have spent their noble Rage in British Rhimes;
Without more Preface, wrote in formal length,
To speak the Undertaker's want of Strength,
I'll try to make their sev'ral Beauties known,
And show their Verses worth, tho' not my own.

Long had our dull Fore-fathers slept Supine,
Nor felt the Raptures of the tuneful Nine;
'Till Chaucer first, a merry Bard, arose;
And many a Story told in Rhime, and Prose.
But Age has rusted what the Poet writ,
Worn out his Language, and obscur'd his Wit;
In vain he Jests in his unpolish'd Strain,
And tries to make his Readers laugh in vain.

Old Spencer next, warm'd with Poetick Rage,
In antick Tales amus'd a barb'rous Age;
An Age that yet uncultivate and rude,
Where-e'er the Poet's Fancy led, pursu'd
Thro' pathless Fields, and unfrequented Floods,
To Dens of Dragons, and enchanted Woods.
But now the mystick Tale, that pleas'd of Yore,
Can charm an understanding Age no more;
The long-spun Allegories fulsom grow,
While the dull Mortal lyes too plain below.
We view well-pleas'd at distance all the Sights
Of Arms and Palfries, Battels, Fields and Fights,
And Damsels in Distress, and Courteous Knights.

But

But when we look too near, the Shades decay,
And all the pleasing Landſchape fades away.

Great *Cowley* then (a mighty Genius) wrote;
O'er-run with Wit, and laſh of his Thought:
His Turns too cloſely on the Reader preſs:
He more had pleas'd us, had he pleas'd us leſs.
One glitt'ring Thought no ſooner ſtrikes our Eyes
With ſilent Wonder, but new Wonders riſe.
As in the Milky-way a ſhining White
O'er-flows the Heav'ns, with one continu'd Light;
That not a ſingle Star can ſhew his Rays,
Whilſt jointly all promote the Common-Blaze.
Pardon, Great *Poet*, that I dare to name
Th' unnumber'd Beauties of thy Verſe with blame;
Thy Fault is only Wit in its exceſs,
But Wit like thine in any Shape will pleaſe.
What Muſe but thine cou'd equal Hints inſpire,
And fit the Deep-mouth'd *Pindar* to thy Lyre:
Pindar, whom others in a labour'd Strain,
And forc'd Expreſſion, imitate in vain?
Well-pleas'd in thee he Soars with new Delight,
And plays in more unbounded Verſe, and takes a
nobler Flight.

Bleſt Man! whoſe ſpotleſs Life and charming Lays
Employ'd the *tuneſul Prelate* in thy Praise:
Bleſt Man! who now ſhalt be for ever known,
In *Sprat's* ſucceſſful Labours and thy own.

But *Milton* next, with high and haughty Stalks,
Unfetter'd in *Majeſtick Numbers* walks;
No vulgar *Heroe* can his Muſe ingage;
Nor *Earth's* wide *Scene* confine his hallow'd Rage.
See! ſee, he upward Springs, and Tow'ring high
Spurns the dull Province of Mortality;
Shakes Heav'n's eternal Throne with dire Alarms,
And ſets th' Almighty Thunderer in Arms.
What-e'er his Pen deſcribes I more than ſee,
Whilſt ev'ry Verſe, array'd in Majeſty,
Bold, and ſublime, my whole Attention draws,
And ſeems above the Criticks nicer Laws.

How are you struck with Terror and Delight,
 When *Angel* with *Arch-Angel* copes in Fight!
 When *Great Messiah's* out-spread Banner shines,
 How does the Chariot rattle in his Lines!
 What Sounds of Brazen Wheels, what Thunder, scare,
 And stun the Reader with the Din of War!
 With Fear my Spirits and my Blood retire,
 To see the *Seraphs* sunk in Clouds of Fire;
 But when, with eager Steps, from hence I rise,
 And view the first gay Scenes of *Paradise*;
 What Tongue, what Words of Rapture can express
 A Vision so profuse of pleasantness.
 Oh had the *Poet* ne'er prophan'd his Pen,
 To varnish o'er the Guilt of faithless Men;
 His other Works might have deserv'd Applause!
 But now the Language can't support the Cause;
 While the clean Current, tho' serene and bright,
 Betrays a Bottom odious to the Sight.

But now my *Muse* a softer Strain rehearse,
 Turn ev'ry Line with Art, and smooth thy Verse;
 The *Courtly Waller* next Commands thy Lays,
Muse tune thy Verse, with Art, to *Waller's* Praise.
 While tender Airs and lovely Dames inspire
 Soft melting Thoughts, and propagate Desire;
 So long shall *Waller's* Strains our Passion move,
 And *Sacharissa's* Beauties kindle Love.
 Thy Verse, *Harmonious Bard*, and flatt'ring Song,
 Can make the Vanquish'd Great, the Coward Strong.
 Thy Verse can show e'en *Cromwell's* Innocence,
 And Compliment the Storms that bore him hence.
 Oh had thy *Muse* not come an Age too soon,
 But seen great *Nassau* on the *British* Throne!
 How had his Triumphs glitter'd in thy Page,
 And warm'd thee to a more exalted Rage!
 What Scenes of Death and Horror had we view'd,
 And how had *Boin's* wide Current reek'd in Blood!
 Or if *Maria's* Charms thou wou'dst rehearse,
 In smoother Numbers and a softer Verse;
 Thy Pen had well describ'd her graceful Air,
 And *Gloriana* wou'd have seem'd more Fair.

Nor

Nor must *Roscommon* pass neglected by,
 That makes ev'n Rules a noble Poetry:
 Rules whose deep Sense and Heav'nly Numbers show,
 The best of Criticks, and of Poets too.
 Nor, *Denham*, must we e'er forget thy Strains,
 While *Cooper's Hill* Commands the neighb'ring Plains,

But see where artful *Dryden* next appears,
 Grown old in Rhime, but Charming ev'n in Years.
 Great *Dryden* next! whose tuneful Muse affords
 The sweetest Numbers, and the fittest Words.
 Whether in *Comick* Sounds or *Tragick* Airs,
 She forms her Voice, she moves our Smiles or Tears,
 If *Satire* or *Heroick* Strains she writes,
 Her *Heroe* pleases, and her *Satire* bites.
 From her no harsh, unartful Numbers fall,
 She wears all Dresses, and she Charms in all:
 How might we fear our *English* Poetry,
 That long has flourish'd, shou'd decay with thee;
 Did not the Muses other Hope appear,
Harmonious Congreve, and forbid our Fear,
Congreve! whose Fancy's unexhausted Store
 Has given already much, and promis'd more.
Congreve shall still preserve thy Fame alive,
 And *Dryden's* Muse shall in his Friend survive.

I'm tir'd with Rhiming, and wou'd fain give o'er,
 But Justice still demands one Labour more:
 The Noble *Montague* remains unnam'd,
 For Wit, for Humour, and for Judgment fam'd;
 To *Dorset* he directs his artful Muse,
 In Numbers such as *Dorset's* self might use.
 Now negligently Graceful he unreins
 His Verse, and writes in loose familiar Strains;
 How *Nassau's* Godlike Acts adorn his Lines,
 And all the *Heroe* in full Glory Shines.
 We see his Army set in just Array,
 And *Boin's* Dy'd Waves run Purple to the Sea.
 Nor *Simois* choak'd with Men, and Arms, and Blood;
 Nor rapid *Xanthus*' celebrated Flood,
 Shall longer be the Poet's highest Themes, [Streams.
 Tho' Gods and Heroes fought, promiscuous in their

But

But now, to Nassau's secret Councils rais'd,
He Aids the Heroe, whom before he Prais'd.

I've done at length; and now, Dear Friend, receive
The last poor Present that my Muse can give,
I leave the Arts of Poetry and Verse
To them that practise 'em with more Success.
Of greater Truths I'll now prepare to tell,
And so at once, Dear Friend and Muse, Farewell.

On the Happiness of a Retir'd LIFE.

By Mr. CHARLES DRYDEN. *Sent to*
his Father from Italy.

AS in a Shipwreck some poor Sailor tost,
By the rude Ocean on a Foreign Coast,
Vows to the Gods, he never more for Gain
Will tempt the Danger of the Faithless Main;
But hugs himself upon the friendly Shoar,
And loves to hear the raging Billows roar,
That spend their Malice, and can hurt no more.
Just so the Wretch, who can no longer stand
The Shocks of Fortune, and is wreck'd at Land,
Lays down the Burden of his Cares, to find
A Solitary Place, and Quiet Mind:
Choosing Content with Poverty to meet,
Before a Fortune, infamously great.
Thus, in respect of Gold and Silver, Poor,
But rich in Soul, and Virtue's better Store:
He Digs in Nature's Mines, and from her Soil
He Reaps the noblest Harvest of his Toil;
His Thoughts mount upward to their Mother Sky,
And, purg'd from Dross, exert th' Etherial Energy;
The dusky Prospect of his Life grows clear,
And Golden Scenes of Happiness appear.

Then

Then from the Summit of Philosophy,
 Secure himself, Mankind he may descry,
 Industrious in the Search of their own Misery.
 Like moiling Ants, in various Paths they run,
 And strive in vain the Rubs of Life to shun.
 To different Ends their Actions they address,
 Which meet, and center in Unhappiness.
 One toils, and struggles, in Pursuit of Fame,
 And grasps, with Greediness, an empty Name:
 Wing'd with Ambition, others soar so high,
 They fall, and cannot bear so thin a Sky:

This Wretch, like *Cræsus*, in the midst of Store
 Sits sadly Pining, and believes he's Poor.

The wise Man laughs at all their Pains, secure
 From lording Passions, which those Fools endure.
 Despair and Hope are banish'd from his Breast;
 Agues, and Feavers, that allow no Rest:
 And Lust, and Pride, the Mother of Disdain,
 And thirst of Honour, with her anxious Train,
 No longer warring, Peace of Soul deny,
 But Exiles of the Mind their once-lov'd Mansions fly.
 Nor Love misplac'd, nor Malice, now controul
 Right Reason's use, the Guardian of the Soul.
 The Thoughts unbiass'd, and no longer tost,
 Of solid Judgment now securely boast.
 His fierce, unruly Race of Passions die,
 And the free'd Soul asserts her Liberty.
 Instead of inward War, sweet Peace of Mind,
 And silent Ease, with all their quiet Kind,
 The noble Regions of his Heart regain;
 And with a calm and gentle Empire reign.

Silence becomes an amicable Guest, [Breast:
 And Peace, with downy Wings, sits brooding on his
 Soft Hours pass over, void of Noise and Strife,
 And gently waft him to the Verge of Life:

While in a slow, and regular Decay
 Death steals, unfelt, upon his setting Day:
 As mellow Fruits, ungather'd, drop away.

Blest Solitude! O harmless, easie State!
 Entrencht in Wisdom, from the Storms of Fate.

Thus

Thus on a bleaky Cliff, the regal Tree,
 Affail'd by Winds, and Heav'n's Inclemency,
 Expands his Branches o'er the Clouds, above
 Their Blasts, unmov'd as his Immortal *Jove*.
 The Gods smile on us, and propitious are,
 When Prudence does our Actions first prepare.
 The Stroaks of Fortune Fools alone endure;
 The Wise and Virtuous can themselves secure.

This *Charles of Spain*, and *Diocletian* knew,
 Who timely from the conquer'd World withdrew;
 Opprest with Fame, they laid the Burthen down,
 And wisely, for Content, exchange'd a Crown.
 Lords of themselves, and of their Passions grown,
 They made new *Realms* and *Conquests* of their own;
 Nor had they need more Nations to subdue,
 Themselves were Emperors and Empires too:
 Th' exterior Shows of Greatness they declin'd,
 And for an *Eden* lost, gain'd *Paradise of Mind*.

Elysium justly was by Poets feign'd,
 A Seat which none but quiet Souls obtain'd.
 Sweet *Myrtle* Groves (where Birds for ever sing)
 And Meadows smiling with Immortal Spring;
 Were secret Mansions of Eternal Rest,
 And made Retirements for the Pious Blest.

O! that kind Heav'n wou'd grant me a Retreat
 (Before I die) in some sweet Country Seat:
 Or (if my Wishes have too large a Bound)
 An humble Cottage fenc'd with *Osiers* round,
 Where Silver Streams in Flow'ry Valleys glide,
 And rows of Willows deck the River Side.
 O with what Pleasure wou'd my Soul forego
 This Riot of a Life! this Pomp of Woe!
 Supply'd with Food which Nature's Bounty gave,
 In need of nothing, nothing wou'd I crave;
 My future Actions shou'd my past Redeem,
 And all my Life be suited to my Theme.



To my Lady DURSLEY, on her
Reading Milton's *Paradise Lost*.

By Mr. PRIOR.

HERE reading how fond *Adam* was betray'd,
And how by Sin *Eve's* blasted Charms decay'd;
Our common Loss unjustly you complain;
Small is that Part of it which you sustain.

You still (fair Mother) in your Offspring trace
The Stock of Beauty destin'd for your Race;
Kind Nature, Forming them, the Features took
From Heav'n's own Work, in *Eve's* original Look.

You, happy Saint, the Serpent's Pow'r controul,
Whilst scarce one actual Guilt defiles your Soul:
And Hell does o'er your Mind vain Triumphs boast,
Which gains a Heav'n, for Earthly *Eden* lost.

With equal Virtue had frail *Eve* been arm'd,
In vain the Fruit had blush'd, the Serpent charm'd:
Our Blifs by Penitence had ne'er been bought;
Adam had never faln, or *Milton* wrote.

Upon the Poems of the English Ovid,
Anacreon, Pindar and Virgil, ABRA-
HAM COWLEY, in Imitation of his
own Pindarick Odes.

By T. SPRAT.

LET all this meaner Rout of Books stand by,
The common People of our Library;
Let them make way for *Cowley's* Leaves to come,
And be hung up within this Sacred Room:

Let

Let no prophane Hands break the Chain,
 Or give them unwish'd Liberty again.
 But let this Holy Relick be laid here,
 With the same Religious Care,
 As *Numa* once the Target kept,
 Which down from Heav'n leapt;
 Just such another is this Book,
 Which its Original from Divine Hands took,
 And brings as much good too, to those that on it look.
 But yet in this they differ, that cou'd be
 Eleven times likened by a mortal Hand,
 But this which here doth stand
 Will never any of its own sort see,
 But must still live without such Company.
 For never yet was writ,
 In the two learned Ages which Time left behind,
 Nor in this ever shall we find,
 Nor any one like to it,
 Of all the numerous Monuments of Wit.

II.

Cowley! What God did fill thy Breast,
 And taught thy Hand t' Indite?
 (For God's a Poet too,
 He doth create, and so do you)
 Or else at least
 What Angel sate upon thy Pen when thou didst write?
 There he sate and mov'd thy Hand
 As proud of his Command,
 As when he makes the dancing Orbs to reel,
 And spins out Poetry from Heaven's Wheel.
 Thy Hand too, like a better Sphear, [hear.
 Gives us more ravishing Musick, made for Men to
 Thy Hand too like the Sun which Angels move,
 Has the same Influence from above,
 Produces Gold and Silver of a nobler Kind,
 Of greater Price and more refin'd. [Race,
 Yet in this it exceeds the Sun, 't has no degenerate
 Brings forth no Lead, nor any thing so base.

VOL. IV.

O

III. What

III.

What holy vestal Hearth,
 What Immortal Breath,
 Did give so pure Poetick Flame its Birth?
 Just such a Fire as thine,
 Of such an unmixt glorious Shine,
 Was *Prometheus's* Flames,
 Which from no less than Heav'n came,
 Along he brought the sparkling Coal,
 From some Coelestial Chimney stole,
 Quickly the plundred Stars he left,
 And as he hastned down
 With the robb'd Flames his Hands still shone,
 And seem'd as if they were burnt for the Theft.
 Thy Poetry's compounded of the same,
 Such a bright Immortal Flame,
 Just so temper'd is thy Rage,
 Thy Fires as light and pure as they,
 And go as high as his did, if not higher,
 That thou may'st seem to us
 A true *Prometheus*, [Fire]
 But that thou didst not steal the least Spark of thy

IV.

Such as thine was *Arion's* Verse.
 Which he did to the list'ning Fish rehearse;
 Which when they heard play'd on his Lute,
 They first curs'd Nature that she made them mute.
 So noble were his Lines, which made the very Waves
 Strive to turn his Slaves,
 Lay down their boisterous Noise,
 And dance to his harmonious Voice,
 Which made the *Sirens* lend their Ear,
 And from his sweeter Tunes some Treachery fear;
 Which made the *Dolphin* proud,
 That he was allow'd,
 With *Atlas*, the great Porter of the Skies, to take
 Such Heav'nly Musick up, and carry't on his Back.
 So full and graceful thy Words go,
 And with the same Majestick Sweetness flow,

Yet

MISCELLANY POEMS. 291

Yet his Verse only carry'd him o'er the Seas,
But there's a very Sea of Wit in these,
As Salt and Boundless as the other Ocean is.

V.

Such as thine are, was great *Amphion's* Song,
Which brought the wond'ring Stones along;
The wond'ring Stones skipt from their Mother Earth,
And left their Father cold, as his first Breath,
They rose, and knew not by what magick Force they
So were his Words, so plac'd his Sounds, [hung.
Which forc'd the Marbles rise from out their Grounds,
Which cut and carved, made them shine,
A Work which can be out-done by none but thine.
The amazed Poet saw the Building rise,
And knew not how to trust his Eyes:
The willing Mortar came, and all the Trees
Leapt into Beams he sees.
He saw the Streets appear,
Streets, that must needs be Harmonious there:
He saw the Walls dance round t' his Pipe,
The Glorious Temple shew its Head,
He saw the Infant City ripe,
And all like the Creation by a Word was Bred.
So great a Verse is thine, which tho' it will not raise
Marble Monuments to thy Praise;
Yet 'tis no matter, Cities they must fall,
And Houses, by the greatest Glutton Time be eaten
But thy Verse builds a Fame for thee, [all:
Which Fire cannot devour, nor purifie,
Which Sword and Thunder doth defie,
As round, and full, as the great Circle of Eternity.

VI.

To thee the *English* Tongue doth owe,
That it need not seek
For Elegancy from the round-mouth'd *Greek*;
To thee, that *Roman* Poets now may hide,
In their own *Latium*, their Head:
To thee, that our enlarged Speech can shew,
Far more than the three western Daughters born
Out of the Ashes of the *Roman* Urn:

Daughters Born of a Mother, which did yield to admit
 The adulterate Seed of several Tongues with it:
 More than the smooth *Italian*, tho' Nature gave
 That Tongue in Poetry a Genius to have.

And that she might the better fit it to't,
 Made the very Land a Foot,

More than the *Spanish*, tho' that in one Mass,
 The *Morish*, *Jewish*, *Gothish* Treasures has,
 And just as in their Kingdom, in their Tongue,
 Most Quarters of the Earth together throng.

More than the Courtly *French*, tho' that doth pace,
 And not Trot o'er the Tongue its Race:

That has not any Thing, so elaborate Wit;
 Tho' it by its sliding seems to have more Oil in it.

Thy Soul hath gone thro' all the Muses Track;
 Where never Poets Feet were seen before,

Hath pass'd those Sands where others left their
 [Wrecks.

And Sailed an Ocean through, which some thought
 [had no Shore,

Thy Spirit has discover'd all Poetry;

Thou found'st no Tropicks in the Poets Sky.

More than the Sun can do, hast brought a sacred
 [Flower

To Mount *Parnassus*; and hast open'd to our Hand
Apollo's Holy Land,

Which yet hid in the frigid Zone did lye.

Thou hast Sail'd the Muses Globes,

Not as the other *Drake*, or *Ca'ndish* did, to Rob.

Thou hast brought home the Treasure too,

Which yet no *Spaniard* can claim his due:

Thou hast search'd thro' every Creek,

From the *East-Indies* of the Poets World, the *Greek*,

To the *America* of Wit,

Which was last known, and has most Gold in it,

That Mother-Tongue which we do speak,

This World thy greater Spirit has run through,

And view'd and conquer'd too,

A World as round and large as th' other is,

And

And yet in it there can be no Antipodes,
For none hereafter will go contrary to you.

VII.

Poets 'till now deserv'd Excuse, not Praise,
'Till now the Muses liv'd in Taverns, and the Bays
That they were truly Trees did shew,
Because by sucking Liquor they did only grow.

Verfes were counted Fiction, and a Lie

The very Nature of good Poetry.

He was a Poet that cou'd speak least Truth:

Sober and grave Men scorn'd the Name,

Which once was thought the greatest Fame.

Poets had nought else of *Apollo*, but his Youth:

Few ever spake in Rhime, but that their Feet

The Trencher of some liberal Man might meet,

Or else they did some rotten Mistress paint,

Call her their Goddess, or their Saint.

Tho' contrary in this, they to their Master run,

For the great God of Wit, the Sun,

When he doth shew his Mistress, the white Moon,

He makes her Spots, as well as Beauty, to be shewn.

'Till now the Sisters were too Old, and therefore grew

Extreamly Fabulous too:

'Till you, Sir, came, they were despis'd;

They were all Heathens yet,

Nor ever into the Church could get;

And tho' they had a Font so long, yet never were

VIII.

[Baptiz'd.

You, Sir, have rais'd the Price of Wit,

By bringing in more Store of it:

Poetry, the Queen of Arts, can now

Reign, without dissembling too.

You have shewed a Poet must not needs be bad;

That one may be *Apollo's* Priest,

And be fill'd with his Oracles, without being Mad:

'Till now, Wit was a Curse (as to *Lot's* Wife,

'Twas to be turn'd to Salt)

Because it made Men lead a Life,

Which was nought else but one continual Fault.

294 *The* FOURTH PART of

You first the Muses to the *Christians* brought,
And you then first the holy Language taught:
In you good Poetry and Divinity meet,
You are the first Bird of Paradise with Feet.

IX.

Your *Miscellanies* do appear,
Just such another glorious indigested Heap,
As the first Mass was, where
All Heav'ns and Stars inclosed were,
Before they each one to their place did leap.
Before God the great Censor them bestow'd,
According to their Ranks, in several Tribes abroad;
Whilst yet Sun and Moon
Were in perpetual Conjunction:
Whilst all the Stars were but one Milky Way,
And in natural Embraces lay.
Whilst yet none of the Lamps of Heav'n might
Call this their own, and that another's Light.
So glorious a Lump is thine,
Which Chymistry may separate, but not refine:
So mixt, so pure, so united does it shine,
A Chain of Sand, of which each Link is all Divine.

X.

Thy *Mistress* shews, that *Cupid* is not always Blind,
Where we a pure exalted Muse do find,
Such as may well become a glorified Mind.
Such Songs tune Angels when they Love,
And do make Courtship to some Sister Mind above.
(For Angels need not scorn such soft Desires,
Seeing thy Heart is touch'd with the same Fires.)
So when they cloath themselves in Flesh,
And their Light in some human Shapes do dress,
(For which they fetch'd Stuff from the Neighbour-
[ing Air:]
So when they stoop, to like some mortal Fair,
Such Words, such Odes as thine they use,
With such soft Strains, Love into her Heart infuse.
Thy Love is on the Top, if not above Mortality;
Clean, and from Corruption free,
Such as Affections in Eternity shall be;

Which

MISCELLANY POEMS. 295

Which shall remain unspotted there,
Only to shew what once they were :
Thy *Cupid's* Shafts all Golden are ;
Thy *Venus* has the Salt, but not the Froth o'th' Sea,

XI.

Thy high *Pindaricks* soar
So high, where never any Wing 'till now could get ;
And yet thy Wit
Doth seem so great, as those that do fly lower.
Thou stand'st on *Pindar's* Back ;
And therefore thou a higher Flight dost take :
Only thou art the Eagle, he the Wren,
Thou hast brought him from the Dust,
And made him live again.
Pindar has left his Barbarous *Greece*, and thinks it just
To be led by thee to the *English* Shore ;
An Honour to him : *Alexander* did no more,
Nor scarce so much, when he did save his House be-
When his Word did assuage [fore,
A warlike Army's violent Rage :
Thou hast given to his Name, [er Flame.
Than that great Conqueror sav'd him from, a bright-
He only left some Walls where *Pindar's* Name might
Which with Time and Age decay : [stay,
But thou hast made him once again to live ;
Thou didst to him new Life and Breathing give.
And as in the last Resurrection,
Thou hast made him rise more glorious, and put on
More Majesty ; a greater Soul is given to him, by you,
Than ever he in happy *Thebes* or *Greece* could shew.

XII.

Thy *David* too ----
But hold thy headlong Pace, my Muse ;
None but the Priest himself doth use
Into the holy'st Place to go.
Check thy young *Pindarick* Heat,
Which makes thy Pen too much to Sweat ;
'Tis but an Infant yet,
And just now left the Teat,

By Cowley's matchless Pattern Nurst :

Therefore it is not fit,

That it should dare to speak so much at first.

No more, no more for shame.

Let not thy Verſe be as his Worth is, Infinite :

It is enough that thou hast learn'd, and spoke thy Fa-
ther's Name.

He that thinks, Sir, he can enough praise you,
Had need of brazen Lungs and Forehead too.

News from NEWCASTLE.

England's a perfect World, has *Indies* too;
Correct your Maps, *Newcastle* is *Peru*:
Let haughty *Spaniards* triumph till 'tis cold;
Our sooty Minerals purifie his Gold.
This will sublime and hatch th' abortive Oar,
When the Sun tires, and Stars can do no more.
No Mines are curreant, unrefin'd and gross;
Coals make the Sterling, Nature but the Dross.
For Metals, *Bacchus*-like, two Births approve,
Heaven's heat's the *Semele*, and ours the *Jove*.
Thus Art does polish Nature, 'tis the Trade;
So every Madam has a Chamber-maid.
Who'd dote on Gold, a thing so strange and odd?
'Tis most contemptible when made a God.
All Sin and Mischiefs it does raise and swell;
One *India* more would make another Hell.
Our Mines are Innocent, nor will the North
Tempt frail Mortality with too much worth.
Their Art so precious, rich enough to fire
A Lover, yet make no Idolater.
The moderate Value of our guiltless Ore
Makes no Man Atheist, nor no Woman Whore.
Yea, why should hallow'd Vestals sacred Shrine
Deserve more honour than a flaming Mine?

These

These pregnant Wombs of heat would fitter be,
 Than a few Embers for a Deity.
 Had he our Pits, the *Persian* would admire
 No Sun, but warm's Devotion at our fire:
 He'd leave the rambling Traveller, and prefer
 Our profound *Vulcan* above *Phæbus'* Car.
 For, wants he Heat, or Light, or would have store
 Of both? 'tis here: What can the Sun give more?
 Nay, what's the Sun, but in a different Name,
 A nobler Coal-pit, or a Mine of Flame?
 Then let this Truth reciprocally run,
 The Sun's Heaven's Coalery, and Coals our Sun:
 A Sun that scorchereth not, lock'd up i'th' deep;
 The Lion's chain'd, the Bandog is asleep.
 That Tyrant-fire which uncontroul'd do's rage,
 Is here confin'd, like *Bajazet* in's Cage:
 For in each Coal-pit there does couchant dwell
 A muzled *Ætna*, or an harmless Hell;
 That Cloud but kindled, light you'll soon descry,
 Then will a Day break from the gloomy Sky;
 Then you'll unbutton, though *December* blow,
 And sweat i'th' midst of Icicles and Snow:
 The Dog-days then at *Christmas*; thus is all
 The Year made *June* and *Æquinoctial*.

If heat offend, our Pits afford you shade;
 The Summer's Winter, Winter's Summer made:
 A Coal-pit's both a Ventiduct and Stove;
 What need we Baths? we need no Bower nor Grove.
 Such Pits and Caves were Palaces of old,
 Poor Inns, God wot, yet in an Age of Gold;
 And what would now be thought a strange Design,
 To build a House, was then to undermine.
 People liv'd under Ground, and happy Dwellers
 Whose loftiest Habitations were all Cellars:
 Those Primitive times were innocent, for then
 Man, who turn'd after Fox, but made his Den.

But, see a Sail of — trim and fine,
 To Court the rich *Infanta* of the Mine;
 Hundreds of bold *Leanders* do confront,
 For this lov'd *Hero*, the rough *Hellepont*;

598 *The FOURTH PART of*

'Tis an Armado Royal does engage
 For some new *Hellen* with this Equipage;
 Prepar'd too, should we their Addressee bar,
 To force their Mistress, with a ten Years War:
 But that our Mine's a common Good, a Joy
 Made not to ruin, but enrich our *Troy*.
 But oh! these bring it with 'em, and conspire
 To pawn that Idol for our Smoak and Fire.
 Silver but Ballast, this they bring on Shore,
 That they may treasure up our better Ore.
 For this they venture Rocks and Storms, desire
 All the extremity of Sea and Sky.
 For the glad purchase of this precious Mold,
 Cowards dare Pirates, Misers part with Gold.
 Hence is it, when the doubtful Ship sets forth,
 The Naving needle still directs her North;
 And Nature's secret Wonder to attest
 Our *India's* Worth, discards both East and West
 For *Tyne*; nor only Fire commends this Spring,
 A Coal-pit is a Mine of every thing.
 We sink a Jack-of-All-trades Shop, and found
 An Inverse Burse, an Exchange under Ground.
 This *Proteus*-earth converts to what you'll ha't,
 Now you may wear't to Silk, now turn't to Plate:
 And, what's a Metamorphosis more dear,
 Dissolve it, and 'twill turn to *London-Beer*.
 And whatsoever that gaudy City boasts,
 Each Month does drive to our attractive Coasts:
 We shall exhaust their Chamber, and devour
 Their Treasures at *Guild-Hall*, and Mint i'th' *Tower*.
 Our Stayth's their Mortgag'd Streets will soon divide,
 Blazon their *Cornhill-stella*, share *Cheap-side*.
 Thus shall our Coal-pits, Charity and Pity,
 At distance undermine and fire the City.
 Should we exact, they'd pawn their Wives, and treat
 To swoop those Coolers for our sovereign Heat.
 'Bove kisses and embraces fire controuls;
 No *Venus* heightens like a Peck of Coals.
Medea was the Drug of some old Sire;
 And *Aeson's* Bath a lusty Sea-coal fire.

Chimneys

Chimneys are old Mens Mistresses, their Sins
 A modern Dalliance with their meazled Shins,
 To all Defects a Coal-pit gives a Cure;
 Gives Youth to Age, and Raiment to the Poor.
 Pride first wore Cloathes, Nature disdains attire;
 She made us naked, 'cause she gave us Fire.
 Full Wharffs are Ward-robcs, and the Taylor's charm
 Belongs to th' Collier, he must keep us warm.
 The quilted Alderman in all's Aray
 Finds but cold comfort in a Summers-day;
 Girt, wrapt, and muffled, yet with all this stir
 Scarce warm, when smother'd in his drousie Fur;
 Nor proof against keen Winter's batteries,
 Should he himself wear all's own Liveries;
 But Chil-blans under Silver-spurs bewails,
 And in embroyder'd Buskins blows his Nails.
 Rich Meadows and full Crops are elsewhere found;
 We can reap Harvests from our barren Ground.
 The bald parch'd Hills that circumscribe our Tyne,
 Are no less pregnant in our happy Mine.
 Their unfledg'd Tops so well content our Palats,
 We envy none their Nosegays and their Sallets.
 A gay Rank Soil, like a young Gallant goes,
 And spends it self, that it may wear fine Clothes;
 Whilst all its worth is to its back confin'd,
 Ours wears plain out-side, but is richly lin'd.
 Winter's above, 'tis Summer underneath,
 A trusty Morglay in a rusty Sheath.
 As precious Sables sometimes enterlace
 A wretched Serge, or Grograin Cassock case;
 Rocks own no Spring, are pregnant with no Showers,
 Crystals and Gems are there instead of Flowers.
 Instead of Roses, Beds of Rubies set,
 And Emeralds recompence the Violet.
 Dame Nature, not like other Madams, wears,
 Though she is bare, Pearls in her Eyes and Ears.
 What though our Fields present a naked sight?
 A Paradise should be an *Adamite*.
 The Northern Lad his bonny Lads throws down,
 And gives her a black Bag for a green Gown.

A Hymn

*A Hymn to HARMONY, written in
Honour of St. Cecilia's Day, 1701.*

By Mr. CONGREVE.

*Set to Musick by Mr. JOHN ECCLES, Master of Her
Majesty's Musick.*

O *Harmony*, to thee we sing,
To thee the grateful Tribute bring
Of Sacred Verse, and sweet resounding Lays;
Thy Aid invoking while thy Pow'r we praise.
All Hail to thee

All-pow'rful *Harmony*!

Wise Nature owns thy undisputed Sway,
Her wond'rous Works resigning to thy Care;
The Planetary Orbs thy Rule obey,
And tuneful roll, unerring in their way,
Thy Voice informing each melodious Sphere.
Chorus. All Hail to thee

All-powerful *Harmony*!

II.

Thy Voice, O *Harmony*, with awful Sound
Could penetrate th' Abyss profound
Explore the Realms of ancient Night,
And search the living Source of unborn Light;
Confusion heard thy Voice and fled,
And *Chaos* deeper plung'd his vanquish'd Head.
Then didst thou, *Harmony*, give birth
To this fair form of Heav'n and Earth;
Then all those Shining Worlds above
In Mystick Dance began to move
Around the radiant Sphere of Central Fire,
A never ceasing, never silent Choir.
Cho. Confusion heard thy Voice and fled,
And *Chaos* deeper plung'd his vanquish'd Head.

Thou

III.

Thou only, Goddess, first could'st tell
The mighty Charms in Numbers found;
And didst to Heav'nly Minds reveal
The secret force of tuneful Sound.

When first *Cyllenius* form'd the Lyre,

Thou didst the God inspire;

When first the vocal Shell he strung,

To which the Muses sung:

[plaid;

Then first the Muses sung; melodious Strains *Apollo*

And Musick first began by thy auspicious Aid.

Hark, hark, again *Urania* sings!

Again *Apollo* strikes the trembling Strings!

And see, the list'ning Deities around

Attend insatiate, and devour the Sound.

Chor. Hark, hark, again *Urania* sings!

Again *Apollo* strikes the trembling Strings!

And see, the list'ning Deities around

Attend insatiate, and devour the Sound.

IV.

Descend *Urania*, Heav'nly Fair,

To the relief of this afflicted World repair;

See how with various Woes oppress'd,

The wretched Race of Men is worn;

Consum'd with cares, with doubts distress'd,

Or by conflicting Passions torn.

Reason in vain employs her Aid,

The furious Will on Fancy waits;

While Reason still by Hopes or Fears betray'd,

Too late advances or too soon retreats.

Musick alone with sudden Charms can bind

The wand'ring Sense, and calm the troubled Mind.

Chor. Musick alone with sudden Charms can bind

The wand'ring Sense, and calm the troubled Mind.

V.

Begin the pow'rful Song, ye Sacred Nine,

Your Instruments and Voices join;

Harmony, Peace, and sweet Desire

In ev'ry Breast inspire.

Revive

302 *The FOURTH PART of*

Revive the melancholy drooping Heart,
And soft Repose to restless Thoughts impart.

Appease the wrathful Mind,

To dire Revenge and Death inclin'd:

With balmy Sounds his boiling Blood assuage,

And melt to mild Remorse his burning Rage.

'Tis done; and now tumultuous Passions cease;

And all is hush'd, and all is Peace.

The weary World with welcome Ease is blest,

By Musick lull'd to pleasing Rest.

Chor. 'Tis done; and now tumultuous Passions cease;

And all his hush'd, and all is Peace.

The weary World with welcome Ease is blest,

By Musick lull'd to pleasing Rest.

VI.

Ah, sweet Repose, too soon expiring !

Ah, foolish Man, new Toils requiring !

Curs'd Ambition, Strife pursuing,

Wakes the World to War and Ruin.

See, see, the Battle is prepar'd ;

Behold the Hero comes !

Loud Trumpets with shrill Fifes are heard,

And hoarse resounding Drums.

War, with discordant Notes and jarring Noise,

The Harmony of Peace destroys.

Chor. War, with discordant Notes and jarring Noise,

The Harmony of Peace destroys.

VII.

See the forsaken fair, with streaming Eyes

Her parting Lover mourn ;

She weeps, she sighs, dispairs and dies,

And watchful wastes the lonely livelong Nights,

Bewailing past Delights,

That may no more, no never more return.

O sooth her Cares

With softest, sweetest Airs,

'Till Victory and Peace restore

Her faithful Lover to her tender Breast,

Within her folding Arms to rest,

Thence

Thence never to be parted more,
No never to be parted more.

Chor. Let Victory and Peace restore
Her faithful Lover to her tender Breast,
Within her folding Arms to rest,
Thence never to be parted more.
No, never to be parted more.

VIII.

Enough, Urania, heav'nly fair,
Now to thy Native Skies repair,
And rule again the Starry Sphere;
Cecilia comes, with holy Rapture fill'd,
To ease the World of Care.
Cecilia, more than all the Muses skill'd!
Phœbus himself to her must yield,
And at her Feet lay down
His Golden Harp and Lawrel Crown;
The soft enervate Lyre is drown'd
In the deep Organ's more Majestick Sound.
In peals the swelling Notes ascend the Skies;
Perpetual Breath the swelling Notes supplies,
And lasting as her Name,
Who form'd the tuneful Frame,
Th' immortal Musick never dies.

Grand Chor. Cecilia, more than all the Muses skill'd!
Phœbus himself to her must yield,
And at her Feet lay down
His Golden Harp and Lawrel Crown;
The soft enervate Lyre is drown'd
In the deep Organ's more majestick Sound.
In peals the swelling Notes ascend the Skies;
Perpetual Breath the swelling Notes supplies,
And lasting as her Name,
Who form'd the tuneful Frame,
Th' immortal Musick never dies.



*The HYPOCRITE, written upon the
L— Shaft—— in the Year 1678.*

By Mr. CARRYL.

THou'rt more inconstant than the Wind or Sea,
Or that still veering Sex, out-done by thee :
Reeling from Vice to Vice, thou hast run through
Legions of Sins more than the Casuists know :
Of whom thy Friends were wont to say, Poor Devil,
At least he was not constant to his Evil,
Dealing so long in Sins of Pomp and Glory,
Who wou'd have thought (to make up *Gusman's* Story)
Hypocrisie at last shou'd enter in,
And fix this floating Mercury of Sin.
All his old Sins, like Misses out of Date,
Turn Pensioners to this new Miss of State :
His Actions, Look, and Garb, take a new Frame,
And wear the Liv'ry of this sullen Dame :
Plain Band, and Hair, and Cloaths disguise the Man,
All but his Dealing and his Heart, is plain.
Not *Ovid's* Stories, nor the Wife of *Lot*,
Can boast a Change beyond our State Biggot :
All on the sudden, in one fatal Morn,
Our Courtier did to a stark Quaker turn.
Some think
He does, as Criminals who would defeat
The Course of Justice, Madness counterfeit :
No, Godliness, that once much pity'd thing,
Of his new Fiddle is the only String.
For the *poor Church*'s all his tender Care,,
And *Pop'ry's* growth he sounds in ev'ry Ear :
At which the dirty Rout run grunting in,
As when the old Wife's Kettle rings the Swine.
So the Court Dame, who in her Youthful Pride
No pleasure to her craving Sense deny'd,

But,

But, unreserv'd, with ev'ry fresh Delight,
 Did prodigally feast her Appetite,
 Age drawing on, when thro' her Youth's decay,
 Her Servants with her Beauty drop away;
 For Winter Quarters, she Religion takes,
 And of Necessity a Virtue makes.
 And when the Wrinkles of her Face, no Cure
 Will longer from the help of Art endure,
 Cov'ring the worn-out Sinner with the Saint,
 As once her Face, she now her Soul does Paint.
 Since Churches are not, must Religion be
 Of guilty Persons still the Sanctuary?
 When Great Men fall, or Popular Men wou'd rise
 Both from Religion borrow their Disguise.
 Then like *Achilles* in his Fate-proof Arms,
 They boldly march, guided with holy Charms,
 And Brow-beat *Cesar*, and defie his Laws;
 Who dare resist the Champion of God's Cause?
*But when the Place, or Pension is your own,
 When the opposing Party is run down,
 Religion and God's Cause aside are cast,
 Like Actor's Habit, when the Play is past.*

This Dame *Hypocrisie*, with a sour Face,
 Does fit supply old Mother *Mosely's* place:
 She for his Body did Provision find,
 This caters for the Letch'ry of his Mind,
 And for his vast Ambition, and his Pride,
 And his insatiate Avarice does provide;
 His Body thus and Soul together vie,
 In Vice's Empire, for the Sov'reignty.
 In Ulcers that, this does abound in Sin,
Lazar without, and *Lucifer* within,
 The Silver Pipe is no sufficient Drain
 For the Corruption of this little Man;
 Who, tho' he Ulcers have in ev'ry part,
 Is no where so corrupt as in his Heart.



PROLOGUE to the PROPHETESS.

Written by Mr. DRYDEN, and Spoken by
Mr. BETTERTON.

WHAT *Nostradame*, with all his Art, can guess
The Fate of our approaching *Prophetess*?
A Play, which, like a Prospective let right,
Presents our vast Expences close to Sight;
But turn the Tube, and there we sadly view
Our distant Gains; and those uncertain too.
A sweeping Tax, which on our selves we raise,
And all, like you, in hopes of better Days.
When will our Losses warn us to be Wise?
Our Wealth decreases, and our Charges rise.
Money, the sweet Allurer of our Hopes,
Ebbs out in Oceans, and comes in by Drops;
We raise new Objects to provoke Delight,
But you grow sated, ere the second Sight.
False Men, ev'n so you serve your Mistresses,
They rise three Stories in their Tow'ring Dress:
And after all, you Love not long enough
To pay the Rigging, ere you leave 'em off.
Never content with what you had before,
But true to Change, and *English* Men all o'er.
Now Honour calls you hence; and all your Care
Is to provide the horrid Pomp of War.
In Plume and Scarf, Jack-Boots and *Bilbo* Blade,
Your Silver goes, that shou'd support our Trade.
Go, unkind Hero's, leave our Stage to mourn;
'Till rich from vanquish'd Rebels you return:
And the fat Spoils of *Teague* in Triumph draw,
His Firkin-Butter, and his *Usquebaugh*.
Go, Conqu'rors of your Male and Female Foes;
Men without Hearts, and Women without Hoses.
Each bring his Love a *Bogland* Captive home,
Such proper Pages will long Trains become:

With

With Copper Collars, and with Brawny Backs,
Quite to put down the Fashion of our Blacks.
Then shall the Pious Muses pay their Vows,
And furnish all their Laurels for your Brows;
Their tuneful Voice shall raise for your Delights;
We want not Poets fit to sing your Flights.
But you bright Beauties, for whose only sake
These Doughty Knights such Dangers undertake,
When they with happy Gales are gone away,
With your propitious Presence grace our Play;
And with a Sigh their Empty Seats survey:
Then think, on that bare Bench my Servant fate,
I see him Ogle still; and hear him Chat:
Selling facetious Bargains, and propounding
That witty Recreation, call'd Dum-founding.
Their Loss with Patience we will try to bear;
And wou'd do more, to see you often here!
That our dead Stage, reviv'd by your fair Eyes,
Under a Female Regency may rise.

*The VISION of BEN. JOHNSON, on
the Muses of his Friend Michael
Drayton, Esq;*

IT hath been question'd, *Michael*, if I be
A Friend at all; or, if at all, to thee:
Because, who made the question, have not seen
Those ambling Visits, pass in Verse, between
Thy *Muse*, and mine, as they expect. 'Tis true:
You have not writ to me, nor I to you;
And, tho' I now begin, 'tis not to rub
Hanch against Hanch, or raise a rhyming Club
About the Town: This reck'ning I will pay,
Without conferring Symbols. This's my Day.
It was no Dream! I was awake, and saw!
Lend me thy Voice, O *Fame*, that I may draw
Wonder

308 *The FOURTH PART of*

Wonder to Truth! and have my Vision hurl'd,
Hot from thy Trumpet, round about the World.

I saw a Beauty from the Sea to rise,
That all Earth look'd on: and that Earth, all Eyes!

It cast a Beam as when the chearful Sun
Is fair got up, and Day some Hours begun!

And fill'd an Orb as circular, as Heaven!

The Orb was cut forth into Regions seven,
And those so sweet, and well-proportion'd parts,

As it had been the Circle of the Arts!

When, by thy bright *Ideas* standing by,
I found it pure, and perfect *Poesy*.

There read I, streight, thy learned *Legends* three,
Heard the soft *Airs*, between our Swains and thee,

Which made me think, the old *Theocritus*,

Or Rural *Virgil*, come to pipe to us.

But then, th' epistolar *Heroick* Songs,

Their Loves, their Quarrels, Jealousies, and Wrongs,

Did all so strike me, as I cry'd, who can

With us be call'd, the *Naso*, but this Man?

And looking up, I saw *Minerva's* Fowl

Pearch'd over Head, the wise *Athenian* Owl:

I thought thee then our *Orpheus*, that wouldst try,

Like him, to make the Air one Volary:

And I had styl'd thee *Orpheus*, but before

My Lips could form the Voice, I heard that roar,

And rouze, the marching of a mighty Force,

Drums against Drums, the neighing of the Horse,

The Fights, the Cries; and wond'ring at the Jars

I saw, and read, it was thy *Barons Wars*!

O, how in those, dost thou instruct these Times,

That Rebels Actions are but valiant Crimes!

And carried, tho' with Shout, and Noise, confess
A wild, and an authoriz'd Wickedness!

Say'st thou so, *Lucan*? But thou scorn'st to stay

Under one Title. Thou hast made thy way

And flight about the Isle, well near, by this,

In thy admired *Periégesis*,

Or universa lCircumduction

Of all that read thy *Poly-Olbion*.

That

That read it? that are ravish'd! such was I
 With every Song, I swear, and so would die:
 But that I hear, again, thy Drum to beat
 A better Cause, and strike the bravest Heat
 That ever yet did fire the *English* Blood!
 Our Right in *France*! if rightly understood
 There, thou art *Homer*! Pray thee, use the Style
 Thou hast deserv'd: And let me read the while
 Thy Catalogue of Ships, exceeding his,
 Thy List of Aids, and Force; for so it is;
 The Poet's art! and for his Country's sake
 Brave are the Musters, that the Muse will make.
 And when he Ships them where to use their Arms,
 How do his Trumpets breathe! What loud Alarms!
 Look, how we read the *Spartans* were inflam'd
 With bold *Tyrtaeus*' Verse, when thou art nam'd,
 So shall our *English* Youth urge on, and cry
 An *Agincourt*, an *Agincourt*, or die.
 This Book! it is a *Catechism* to fight,
 And will be bought of every Lord, and Knight,
 That can but read; who cannot, may in Prose
 Get broken Pieces, and fight well by those.
 The Miseries of *Margaret* the Queen
 Of tender Eyes will more be wept, than seen;
 I feel it by mine own, that overflow,
 And stop my sight, in every Line I go.
 But then refreshed, with thy *Fairy Court*,
 I look on *Cynthia*, and *Sirena's* Sport,
 As on two flowry Carpets, that did rise,
 And with their grassie green restor'd mine Eyes.
 Yet give me leave to wonder at the Birth
 Of thy strange *Moon-Calf*, both thy strain of Mirth,
 And Gossip-got Acquaintance, as, to us
 Thou hadst brought *Lapland*, or old *Cobalus*,
Empusa, *Lamia*, or some Monster more
 Than *Africk* knew, or the full *Grecian* store!
 I gratulate it to thee, and thy *Ends*,
 To all thy virtuous, and well-chosen Friends.
 Only my Loss is, that I am not there:
 And, 'till I worthy am to wish I were,

I call

I call the World, that envies me, to see
If I can be a Friend, and Friend to thee.

*To my Honoured Friend Sir ROBERT
HOWARD, on his Excellent Poems.*

By Mr. JOHN DRYDEN.

AS there is Musick uninform'd by Art
In those wild Notes, which with a merry Heart
The Birds in unfrequented Shades express,
Who better taught at home, yet please us less:
So in your Verse, a native Sweetness dwells,
Which shames Composure, and its Art excells.
Singing, no more can your soft numbers grace,
Than Paint adds Charms unto a Beauteous Face.
Yet as when mighty Rivers gently creep,
Their even Calmness does suppose them deep;
Such is your Muse: No Metaphor swell'd high
With dangerous boldness lifts her to the Sky;
Those mounting Fancies, when they fall again,
Shew Sand and Dirt at bottom do remain.
So firm a Strength, and yet withal so sweet,
Did never but in *Sampson's* Riddle meet.
'Tis strange each Line so great a weight should bear,
And yet no sign of Toil, no Sweat appear.
Either your Art hides Art, as *Stoicks* feign
Then least to feel, when most they suffer Pain;
And we, dull Souls, admire, but cannot see
What hidden Springs within the Engine be:
Or, 'tis some Happiness that still pursues
Each Act and Motion of your Graceful Muse.
Or is it Fortune's Work, that in your Head
The curious * Net that is for Fancies spread,

* Rete Mirabile.

Lets thro' its Meshes every meaner Thought,
 While rich *Idea's* there are only caught.
 Sure that's not all; this is a piece too fair
 To be the Child of Chance, and not of Care.
 No Atoms casually together hurl'd
 Could e'er produce so beautiful a World.
 Nor dare I such a Doctrine here admit,
 As would destroy the Providence of Wit.
 'Tis your strong *Genius* then which does not feel
 Those Weights wou'd make a weaker Spirit reel:
 To carry weight, and run so lightly too,
 Is what alone your *Pegasus* can do.
 Great *Hercules* himself cou'd ne'er do more,
 Than not to feel those Heav'ns and Gods he bore.
 Your easier Odes, which for Delight were penn'd,
 Yet our Instruction make their second End:
 We're both enrich'd and pleas'd, like them that Woove
 At once a Beauty, and a Fortune too.
 Of Moral Knowledge Poesie was Queen,
 And still she might, had wanton Wits not been;
 Who like ill Guardians liv'd themselves at large,
 And not content with that, debauch'd their Charge:
 Like some brave Captain, your successful Pen
 Restores the Exil'd to her Crown again;
 And gives us hope, that having seen the Days
 When nothing flourish'd but Fanatick Bays,
 All will at length in this Opinion rest,
 " A Sober Prince's Government is best.
 This is not all; your Art the way has found
 To make th' Improvement of the richest Ground,
 That Soil which those Immortal Laurels bore,
 That once the Sacred *Maro's* Temples wore.
Elisa's Grievs are so exprest by you,
 They are too Eloquent to have been true.
 Had she so spoke, *Aeneas* had obey'd
 What *Dido*, rather than what *Jove* had said.
 If Funeral Rites can give a Ghost Repose,
 Your Muse so justly has discharged those,
Elisa's Shade may now its wandering cease,
 And claim a Title to the Fields of Peace.

But

But if *Aeneas* be oblig'd, no less
 Your Kindness great *Achilles* doth confess;
 Who dress'd by *Statius* in too bold a Look,
 Did ill become those Virgin Robes he took.
 To understand how much we owe to you,
 We must your Numbers, with your Author's view;
 Then we shall see his Work was lamely rough,
 Each Figure stiff, as if design'd in Buff;
 His Colours laid so thick on every place,
 As only shew'd the Paint, but hid the Face.
 But as in Perspective we Beauties see,
 Which in the Glass, not in the Picture, be;
 So here our Sight obligingly mistakes
 That Wealth which his your Bounty only makes.
 Thus vulgar Dishes are by Cooks disguis'd,
 More for their dressing, than their substance priz'd.
 Your curious * Notes to search into that Age,
 When all was Fable but the Sacred Page,
 That since in that dark Night we needs must stray,
 We are at least mis-led in pleasant way.
 But what we most admire, your Verse no less
 The Prophet than the Poet doth confess.
 Ere our weak Eyes discern'd the doubtful Streak
 Of Light, you saw Great *Charles* his Morning break.
 So skilful Seamen ken the Land from far,
 Which shews like Mists to the dull Passenger.
 To *Charles* your Muse first pays her duteous Love,
 As still the Antients did begin from *Jove*.
 With *Monk* you end, whose Name preserv'd shall be,
 As *Rome* Recorded † *Rufus*' Memory,
 Who thought it greater Honour to obey
 His Country's Interest, than the World to sway.
 But to write worthy things of worthy Men,
 Is the peculiar Talent of your Pen:
 Yet let me take your Mantle up, and I
 Will venture in your Right to Prophecie.

* Annotations on *Statius*.

† Hic finis est *Rufus*, qui pulso vindice quondam
Imperium asseruit non sibi sed *Patria*.

" This Work, by Merit first of Fame secure,
 " Is likewise happy in its Geniture :
 " For since 'tis Born, when *Charles* ascends the Throne,
 " It shares, at once, his Fortune and its own.

*To the Lady CASTLEMAIN, upon her
 encouraging his first Play.*

By the same Hand.

AS Seamen, Shipwrack'd on some happy Shore,
 Discover Wealth in Lands unknown before;
 And, what their *Art* had labour'd long in vain,
 By their Misfortunes happily obtain;
 So my much-envy'd Muse, by Storms long tost,
 Is thrown upon your hospitable Coast,
 And finds more favour by her ill Success,
 Than she cou'd hope for by her Happiness.
 Once *Cato's* Virtue did the Gods oppose;
 While they the Victor, he the Vanquish'd chose:
 But you have done what *Cato* cou'd not do,
 To chuse the Vanquish'd, and restore him too.
 Let others still Triumph, and gain their Cause
 By their Deserts, or by the *World's Applause*;
 Let Merit Crowns, and Justice Lawrels give,
 But let me happy by your Pity live.
 True Poets empty Fame and Praise despise,
 Fame is the Trumpet, but your Smile the Prize :
 You sit above, and see vain Men below
 Contend, for what you only can bestow :
 But those great Actions, others do by chance,
 Are, like your *Beauty*, your *Inheritance* :
 So great a Soul, such Sweetness join'd in one,
 Cou'd only spring from noble *Grandison* :
 You, like the Stars, not by Reflection bright,
 Are born to your own Heaven, and your own Light;
 Vol. IV. P Like

Like them are good, but from a nobler Cause,
 From your own Knowledge, not from Nature's Laws,
 Your Pow'r you never use, but for Defence,
 To guard your own, or others Innocence:
 Your Foes are such, as they, not you, have made,
 And Virtue may repel, tho' not invade.
 Such Courage did the *antient Heroes* show,
 Who, when they might prevent, wou'd wait the Blow:
 With such assurance as they meant to say,
 We will o'ercome, but scorn the safest way.
 What further fear of danger can there be?
 Beauty, which captives all things, sets me free.
 Posterity will judge by my Success,
 I had the *Grecian Poet's* Happiness,
 Who, waving Plots, found out a better way,
 Some God descended, and preserv'd the Play.
 When first the Triumphs of your Sex were sung
 By those old Poets, *Beauty* was but young,
 And few admir'd the native Red and White,
 'Till Poets drest them up, to charm the sight;
 So *Beauty* took on trust, and did engage
 For Sums of Praises, 'till she came to Age.
 But this long growing Debt to Poetry
 You justly (*Madam*) have discharg'd to me,
 When your *Applause* and *Favour* did infuse
 New Life to my condemn'd and dying Muse.



A
P O E M

TO HIS
MAJESTY,

Presented to the
LORD KEEPER,

In the YEAR 1695.

By Mr. ADDISON, of *Mag. Coll. Oxon.*

Printed in the Year MDCCXXVII.

THE ...

M E O

TO HIS

M A J E S T Y

Presented to the

L O R D S K E E P E R S

In the Year 1695.

By Mr. ADDISON, of Mag. Coll. Oxon.

Printed in the Year MDCCLXXVII.



*To the Right Honourable Sir JOHN
SOMMERS, Lord Keeper of the
Great Seal.*

IF yet your Thoughts are loose from State Affairs,
Nor feel the Burden of a Kingdom's Cares;
If yet your Time and Actions are your own:
Receive the Present of a Muse unknown.
A Muse that, in Advent'rous Numbers, Sings
The Rout of Armies, and the Fall of Kings,
Britain advanc'd, and Europe's Peace restor'd,
By Sommers' Counsels, and by Nassau's Sword.

To you, my Lord, these daring Thoughts belong,
Who help'd to raise the Subject of my Song;
To you the Heroe of my Verse reveals
His great Designs, to you in Council tells
His inmost Thoughts, determining the Doom
Of Towns unstorm'd, and Battels yet to come.
And well cou'd you, in your immortal Strains,
Describe his Conduct, and reward his Pains:
But since the State has all your Cares engroft,
And Poetry in higher Thoughts is lost,
Attend to what a lesser Muse indites,
Pardon her Faults, and countenance her Flights.

On you, my Lord, with anxious Fear I wait,
 And from your Judgment must expect my Fate,
 Who, free from vulgar Passions, are above
 Degrading Envy, or misguided Love :
 If you, well-pleas'd, shall smile upon my Lays,
 Secure of Fame, my Voice I'll boldly raise ;
 For next to what you Write, is what you Praise.





TO THE
K I N G.

W H E N now the Business of the Field is o'er,
The Trumpets sleep, and Cannons cease to
When ev'ry dismal Eccho is decay'd, [Roar,
And all the Thunder of the Battel laid;
Attend, auspicious *Prince*, and let the Muse,
In humble Accents, milder Thoughts infuse.

Others, in bold prophetick Numbers skill'd,
Set thee in Arms, and led thee to the Field;
My Muse, expecting on the *British* Strand,
Waits thy Return, and welcomes thee to Land:
She oft has seen thee pressing on the Foe,
When *Europe* was concern'd in ev'ry Blow;
But durst not in Heroick Strains rejoice; [Voice:
The Trumpets, Drums, and Cannons drown'd her
She saw the *Boyn* run thick with human Gore,
And floating Corps lye beating on the Shore;
She saw thee climb the Banks, but try'd in vain
To Trace her *Heroe* through the dusty Plain,
When thro' the thick embattel'd Lines he broke,
Now plung'd amidst the Foes, now lost in Clouds of
Smoke.

O that some Muse, renown'd for lofty Verse,
In daring Numbers wou'd thy Toils rehearse!

Draw thee belov'd in Peace, and fear'd in Wars,
 Inur'd to Noon-day Sweats, and Mid-night Cares!
 But still the God-like Man, by some hard Fate,
 Receives the Glory of his Toils too late ;
 Too late the Verse the mighty Act succeeds,
 One Age the Heroe, one the Poet breeds.

A thousand Years in full Succession ran,
 Ere *Virgil* rais'd his Voice, and sung the Man
 Who, driv'n by stress of Fate, such Dangers bore
 On stormy Seas, and a disastrous Shore,
 Before he settl'd in the promis'd Earth,
 And gave the Empire of the World its Birth.

Troy long had found the *Grecians* bold and fierce,
 Ere *Homer* muster'd up their Troops in Verse ;
 Long had *Achilles* quell'd the *Trojans* Lust,
 And laid the Labour of the Gods in Dust,
 Before the tow'ring *Muse* began her Flight,
 And drew the Heroe raging in the Fight ;
 Engag'd in tented Fields, and rolling Floods,
 Or slaught'ring Mortals, or a Match for Gods.

And here, perhaps, by Fate's unerring Doom,
 Some mighty Bard lyes hid in Years to come,
 That shall in *William's* God-like Acts engage,
 And, with his Battels, warm a future Age :
Hibernian Fields shall here thy Conquests show,
 And *Boyn* be sung, when it has ceas'd to flow ;
 Here *Gallick* Labours shall advance thy Fame,
 And here *Senef* shall wear another Name.
 Our late Posterity, with secret dread,
 Shall view thy Battels, and with Pleasure read
 How, in the bloody Field, too near advanc'd,
 The guiltless Bullet on thy Shoulder glanc'd.

The Race of *Nassau* was by Heav'n design'd,
 To curb the proud Oppressors of Mankind,
 To bind the Tyrants of the Earth with Laws,
 And fight in ev'ry injur'd Nation's Cause ;
 The World's great Patriots ; they for Justice call,
 And as they Favour, Kingdoms rise or fall.
 Our *British* Youth, unus'd to rough Alarms,
 Careless of Fame, and negligent of Arms,

Had

Had long forgot to Meditate the Foe,
 And heard unwarm'd the martial Trumpet blow;
 But now, inspir'd by thee, with fresh Delight
 Their Swords they brandish, and require the Fight,
 Renew their antient Conquests on the Main,
 And act their Fathers Triumphs o'er again;
 Fir'd, when they hear now *Agincourt* was strow'd
 With *Gallic* Corps, and *Cressy* swam in Blood.
 With eager Warmth they Fight, ambitious all
 Who first shall storm the Breach, or mount the Wall;
 In vain the thronging Enemy by force
 Would clear the Ramparts, and repel their Course;
 They break through all, for *William* leads the way,
 Where Fires rage most, and loudest Engines play.
Namure's late Terrours and Destruction show,
 What *William*, warm with just Revenge, can do:
 Where once a thousand Turrets rais'd on high
 Their gilded Spires, and glitter'd in the Sky,
 An undistinguish'd heap of Dust is found,
 And all the Pile lyes smoaking on the Ground.

His Toils for no ignoble Ends design'd,
 Promote the common Welfare of Mankind;
 No wild Ambition moves, but *Europe's* Fears,
 The Cries of Orphans, and the Widow's Tears;
 Opprest Religion gives the first Alarms,
 And injur'd Justice sets him in his Arms;
 His Conquests Freedom to the World afford,
 And Nations bless the Labours of his Sword.

Thus when the forming Muse wou'd Copy forth
 A perfect Pattern of Heroick Worth,
 She sets a Man Triumphant in the Field,
 O'er Giants cloven down, and Monsters kill'd,
 Reeking in Blood, and smear'd with Dust and Sweat,
 Whilst angry Gods conspire to make him Great.

Thy Navy Rides on Seas before unprest
 And strikes a Terror through the haughty *East*;
Algiers and *Tunis* from their sultry Shore
 With horror hear the *British* Engines Roar,
 Fain from the neighb'ring dangers wou'd they run,
 And wish themselves still nearer to the Sun.

The *Gallick* Ships are in their Ports confin'd,
 Deny'd the common use of Sea and Wind,
 Nor dare again the *British* Strength engage;
 Still they remember that destructive Rage
 Which lately made their trembling Host retire,
 Stunn'd with the Noise, and wrapt in Smoak and Fire;
 The Waves with wide unnumber'd Wrecks were strow'd,
 And Planks, and Arms, and Men, promiscuous flow'd.

Spain's numerous Fleet that perish'd on our Coast,
 Cou'd scarce a longer Line of Battel boast,
 The Winds cou'd hardly drive 'em to their Fate,
 And all the Ocean labour'd with the weight.

Where-e'er the Waves in restless Errors roll,
 The Sea lyes open now to either Pole:
 Now may we safely use the *Northern* Gales,
 And in the *Polar Circle* spread our Sails;
 Or deep in *Southern* Climes, secure from Wars,
 New Lands explore, and sail by other Stars;
 Fetch uncontroll'd each Labour of the Sun,
 And make the Product of the World our own.

At length, proud Prince, ambitious *Lewis*, cease
 To plague Mankind, and trouble *Europe's* Peace;
 Think on the Structures which thy Pride has rais'd,
 On Towns unpeopled, and on Fields laid waste:
 Think on the heaps of Corps, and streams of Blood,
 On every guilty Plain, and purple Flood,
 Thy Arms have made, and cease an impious War,
 Nor waste the Lives entrusted to thy Care:
 Or if no milder Thought can calm thy Mind,
 Behold the great Avenger of Mankind,
 See mighty *Nassau* through the Battel ride,
 And see thy Subjects gasping by his side:
 Fain wou'd the pious Prince refuse th' Alarm,
 Fain wou'd he check the Fury of his Arm;
 But when thy Cruelties his Thoughts engage,
 The Heroe kindles with becoming Rage;
 Then Countries stoln, and Captives unrestor'd,
 Give strength to ev'ry Blow, and edge his Sword.
 Behold with what resistless Force he falls
 On Towns besieg'd, and thunders at thy Walls!

Ask *Villeroy*, for *Villeroy* beheld
The Town surrender'd, and the Treaty seal'd;
With what amazing strength the Forts were won,
Whilst the whole Pow'r of *France* stood looking on.

But stop not here, behold where *Berkley* stands,
And executes his injur'd King's Commands;
Around thy Coast his bursting Bombs he pours
On flaming Citadels, and falling Tow'rs;
With hissing Streams of Fire the Air they streak,
And hurl Destruction round 'em where they break;
The Skies with long-ascending Flames are bright,
And all the Sea reflects a quivering Light.

Thus *Aetna*, when in fierce Eruptions broke,
Fills Heav'n with Ashes, and the Earth with Smoke;
Here Craggs of broken Rocks are twirl'd on high,
Here molten Stones and scatter'd Cinders fly,
Its Fury reaches the remotest Coast,
And strows the *Asiatick* Shore with Dust.

Now does the Sailor from the neighbouring Main
Look after *Gallick* Towns and Forts in vain.
No more his wonted Marks he can descry,
But sees a long unmeasur'd Ruin lye;
Whilst, pointing the naked Coast, he shows
His wond'ring Mates where Towns and Steeples rose,
Where crowded Citizens he lately view'd,
And singles out the place where once *St. Maloes* stood.

Here *Russel's* Actions should my Muse require;
And wou'd my Strength but second my Desire,
I'd all his boundless Bravery rehearse,
And draw his Cannons thundring in my Verse:
High on the Deck shou'd the greater Leader stand,
Wrath in his Look, and Lightning in his Hand;
Like *Homer's Hector* when he flung his Fire
Amidst a thousand Ships, and made all *Greece* retire.

But who can run the *British* Triumphs o'er,
And count the Flames dispers'd on ev'ry Shore?
Who can describe the scatter'd Victory,
And draw the Reader on from Sea to Sea?
Else who cou'd *Ormond's* God-like Acts refuse,
Ormond, the Theme of ev'ry *Oxford* Muse?

Fain

Fain wou'd I here his mighty Worth proclaim;
 Attend him in the noble Chace of Fame,
 Through all the Noise and Hurry of the Fight;
 Observe each Blow, and keep him still in sight.
 Oh, did our *British* Peers thus Court Renown,
 And Grace the Coats, their great Fore-fathers won!
 Our Arms wou'd then triumphantly advance,
 Nor *Henry* be the last that conquer'd *France*.
 What might not *England* hope, if such abroad
 Purchas'd their Country's Honour with their Blood:
 When such, detain'd at home, support our State
 In *William's* stead, and bear a Kingdom's Weight,
 The Schemes of *Gallick* Policy o'erthrow,
 And blast the Councils of the common Foe;
 Direct our Armies, and distribute Right,
 And render our *Maria's* Loss more light.

But stop, my Muse, th' ungrateful Sound forbear,
Maria's Name still wounds each *British* Ear:
 Each *British* Heart *Maria* still does wound,
 And Tears burst out unbidden at the Sound;
Maria still our rising Mirth destroys,
 Darkens our Triumphs, and forbids our Joys.

But see, at length, the *British* Ships appear!
 Our *Nassau* comes! And as his Fleet draws near,
 The rising Masts advance, the Sails grow white,
 And all the pompous Navy floats in sight.
 Come, mighty Prince, desir'd of *Britain*, come!
 May Heav'n's propitious Gales attend thee home!
 Come, and let longing Crowds behold that Look,
 Which such Confusion and Amazement strook
 Through *Gallick* Hosts: But, Oh! let us descry
 Mirth in thy Brow, and Pleasure in thy Eye;
 Let nothing dreadful in thy Face be found,
 But for awhile forget the Trumpet's sound;
 Well-pleas'd, thy People's Loyalty approve,
 Accept their Duty, and enjoy their Love.
 For as when lately mov'd with fierce Delight,
 You plung'd amidst the Tumult of the Fight,
 Whole heaps of Death encompass'd you around,
 And Steeds o'er-turn'd lay Foaming on the Ground:

So crown'd with Laurels now, where-e'er your go,
Around you blooming Joys, and peaceful Blessings flow.

A Song for St. CECILIA's Day, 1687.

By Mr. J. DRYDEN.

I.

FROM Harmony, from Heavenly Harmony
This Universal Frame began.

When Nature underneath a heap
Of jarring Atoms lay,

And cou'd not heave her Head,
The tuneful Voice was heard from high,
Arise ye more than dead.

Then cold, and hot, and moist, and dry,
In order to their stations leap,
And Musick's Power obey.

From Harmony, from Heavenly Harmony

This Universal Frame began:

From Harmony to Harmony

Through all the compass of the Notes it ran,

The Diapason closing full in Man.

II.

What Passion cannot Musick raise and quell!

When *Jubal* struck the corded Shell,

His list'ning Brethren stood around,

And wond'ring, on their Faces fell

To worship that Celestial Sound.

Less than a God they thought there could not dwell

Within the hollow of that Shell

That spoke so sweetly and so well.

What Passion cannot Musick raise and quell!

III. The

Fain wou'd I here his mighty Worth proclaim;
 Attend him in the noble Chace of Fame,
 Through all the Noise and Hurry of the Fight;
 Observe each Blow, and keep him still in sight.
 Oh, did our *British* Peers thus Court Renown,
 And Grace the Coats, their great Fore-fathers won!
 Our Arms wou'd then triumphantly advance,
 Nor *Henry* be the last that conquer'd *France*.
 What might not *England* hope, if such abroad
 Purchas'd their Country's Honour with their Blood:
 When such, detain'd at home, support our State
 In *William's* stead, and bear a Kingdom's Weight,
 The Schemes of *Gallick* Policy o'erthrow,
 And blast the Councils of the common Foe;
 Direct our Armies, and distribute Right,
 And render our *Maria's* Loss more light.

But stop, my Muse, th' ungrateful Sound forbear,
Maria's Name still wounds each *British* Ear:
 Each *British* Heart *Maria* still does wound,
 And Tears burst out unbidden at the Sound;
Maria still our rising Mirth destroys,
 Darkens our Triumphs, and forbids our Joys.

But see, at length, the *British* Ships appear!
 Our *Nassau* comes! And as his Fleet draws near,
 The rising Masts advance, the Sails grow white,
 And all the pompous Navy floats in sight.
 Come, mighty Prince, desir'd of *Britain*, come!
 May Heav'n's propitious Gales attend thee home!
 Come, and let longing Crowds behold that Look,
 Which such Confusion and Amazement strook
 Through *Gallick* Hosts: But, Oh! let us descry
 Mirth in thy Brow, and Pleasure in thy Eye;
 Let nothing dreadful in thy Face be found,
 But for awhile forget the Trumper's sound;
 Well-pleas'd, thy People's Loyalty approve,
 Accept their Duty, and enjoy their Love.
 For as when lately mov'd with fierce Delight,
 You plung'd amidst the Tumult of the Fight,
 Whole heaps of Death encompass'd you around,
 And Steeds o'er-turn'd lay Foaming on the Ground:

So crown'd with Laurels now, where-e'er your go,
Around you blooming Joys, and peaceful Blessings flow.

A Song for St. CECILIA's Day, 1687.

By Mr. J. DRYDEN.

I.

FROM Harmony, from Heavenly Harmony
This Universal Frame began.

When Nature underneath a heap
Of jarring Atoms lay,
And cou'd not heave her Head,
The tuneful Voice was heard from high,
Arise ye more than dead.

Then cold, and hot, and moist, and dry,
In order to their stations leap,
And Musick's Power obey.

From Harmony, from Heavenly Harmony
This Universal Frame began:

From Harmony to Harmony
Through all the compass of the Notes it ran,
The Diapason closing full in Man.

II.

What Passion cannot Musick raise and quell?

When Jubal struck the corded Shell,
His list'ning Brethren stood around,
And wond'ring, on their Faces fell
To worship that Celestial Sound.
Less than a God they thought there could not dwell
Within the hollow of that Shell
That spoke so sweetly and so well.

What Passion cannot Musick raise and quell!

III. The

III.

The Trumpet's loud Clangor
 Excites us to Arms,
 With shrill Notes of Anger
 And mortal Alarms.
 The double double double beat
 Of the thund'ring Drum
 Cries, heark the Foes come;
 Charge, Charge, 'tis too late to retreat.

IV.

The soft complaining Flute
 In dying Notes discovers
 The Woes of hopeless Lovers,
 Whose Dirge is whisper'd by the warbling Lute.

V.

Sharp Violins proclaim
 Their jealous Pangs, and Desperation,
 Fury, frantick Indignation,
 Depth of Pains, and height of Passion,
 For the fair, disdainful Dame.

VI.

But oh! what Art can teach,
 What human Voice can reach
 The sacred Organ's praise?
 Notes inspiring holy Love,
 Notes that wing their Heavenly ways
 To mend the Choirs above.

VII.

Orpheus cou'd lead the savage race;
 And Trees unrooted left their place,
 Sequacious of the Lyre:
 But bright Cecilia rais'd the wonder higher:
 When to her Organ vocal Breath was giv'n,
 An Angel heard, and straight appear'd,
 Mistaking Earth for Heav'n.

Grand

Grand CHORUS.

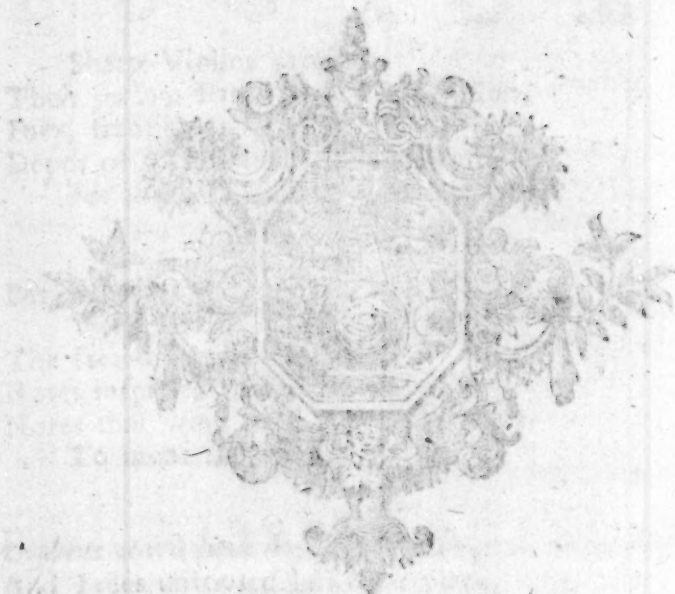
*As from the pow'r of Sacred Lays
The Spheres began to move,
And sung the great Creator's praise
To all the Bless'd above;
So when the last and dreadful hour
This crumbling Pageant shall devour,
The Trumpet shall be heard on high,
The Dead shall live, the Living die,
And Musick shall untune the Sky.*



LETTERS

GRAND CHORUS

As from the part of sacred land we are
 The spirit of the world is in our
 And long to great Creation's
 The all the world is in our
 As from the part of sacred land we are
 The spirit of the world is in our
 And long to great Creation's
 The all the world is in our
 As from the part of sacred land we are
 The spirit of the world is in our
 And long to great Creation's
 The all the world is in our



LETTERS

LETTERS

AND

POEMS,

AMOROUS

AND

GALLANT.

By *WILLIAM WALCH*, Esq;

Printed in the Year MDCCXXVII.

LETTERS

AND

POEMS

AMOROUS

AND

GALLANT

BY WILLIAM WATSON ESQ.

Printed in the Year MDCCLXXVII

be
w
sa
th
of
th
in
fi
fe
sto
B
fa
son
all
be
th
an
or

P R E F A C E.

I*T has been so usual among modern Authors to write Prefaces, that a Man is thought rude to his Reader, who does not give him some Account before-hand of what he is to expect in the Book. That which may make somewhat of this kind more necessary in my Case, than others is, That a great part of this Collection consists of familiar Letters, which sort of Writings some Learned Persons among us have thought unfit to be publish'd. It must be confess'd indeed, that a great Beauty of Letters does often consist in little Passages of private Conversation, and References to particular Matters, that can be understood by none but those to whom they are written: But to draw a general Conclusion from thence, That familiar Letters can please none, but those very Persons, is to conclude against the common Experience of all the World; since besides the great applauses have been given the Letters of Cicero and Pliny among the Romans; we see no Book has been better received among the Spaniards, than the Letters of Guevara; or among the French, than those of Voiture and*
Balsac:

Balsac: *Not to mention the Italians, among whom there has been hardly any considerable Man, who has not publish'd Letters with good Success. What may have contributed very much to the kind Reception these things have met, is, that there is no sort of Writing so necessary for People to understand as this. A Man may have a great deal of Wit, without being able to write Verses or make Harangues; and may live in very good repute, without having occasion of doing either. But a Man can hardly live in the World, without being able to write Letters. There is no state of Life in which a Faculty of that kind is not requisite; and there are few Days pass, in which a Man has not occasion to make use of it.*

The Style of Letters ought to be free, easie and natural: As near approaching to familiar Conversation as possible. The two best Qualities in Conversation, are good Humour and good Breeding; those Letters are therefore certainly the best that shew the most of those two Qualities. There are some Men so surly, so ill-natur'd, and so ill bred, that tho' we can hardly deny 'em to have Wit; yet we can say, at least, that we are sorry they have it. And indeed, as their Wit is troublesome to other People, so I can hardly imagine of what great use it can be to themselves. For if the end of Wit be not to render one's self agreeable, I shall scarce envy 'em any other use they can make of it.

The second Part of this Collection consists of Amorous Verses. Those who are conversant with the

Writings

Writings of the Ancients, will observe a great difference between what they and the Moderns have publish'd upon this Subject. The occasions upon which the Poems of the former are written, are such as happen to every Man almost that is in Love; and the Thoughts such as are natural for every man in love to think. The Moderns, on the other hand, have sought out for Occasions, that none meet with, but themselves, and fill their Verses with Thoughts that are surprizing and glittering, but not tender, passionate, or natural to a Man in Love.

To judge which of these two are in the right; we ought to consider the End that People propose in writing Love-Verses: And that I take, not to be the getting Fame or Admiration from the World, but the obtaining the Love of their Mistress; and the best way I conceive to make her love you, is to convince her that you love her. Now this certainly is not to be done by forced Conceits, far-fetch'd Similes, and shining Points; but by a true and lively Representation of the Pains and Thoughts attending such a Passion.

Si vis me flere, dolendum est

Primum ipsi tibi, tunc tua me infortunia lædent.

I would as soon believe a Widow in great Grief for her Husband, because I saw her dance a Corant about his Coffin, as believe a Man in Love with his Mistress for his writing such Verses, as some great Modern Wits have done upon theirs.

I am satisfied that Catullus, Tibullus, Propertius, and Ovid, were in love with their Mistresses, while they upbraid them, quarrel with them, threaten them, and forswear them; but I confess I cannot believe Petrarch in Love with his, when he writes Conceits upon her Name, her Gloves, and the Place of her Birth. I know it is natural for a Lover in Transports of Jealousie to treat his Mistress with all the Violence imaginable; but I cannot think it natural for a Man who is much in Love, to amuse himself with such Trifles as the other. I am pleas'd with Tibullus, when he says, he could live in a Desert with his Mistress, where never any Human Foot-steps appeared, because I doubt not but he really thinks what he says; but I confess I can hardly forbear laughing when Petrarch tells us, he could live without any other Sustenance than his Mistress's Looks. I can very easily believe a Man may love a Woman so well, as to desire no Company but hers; but I can never believe a Man can love a Woman so well, as to have no need of Meat and Drink if he may look upon her. The first is a Thought so natural for a Lover, that there is no Man really in Love but thinks the same thing; the other is not the Thought of a Man in Love, but of a Man who would impose upon us with a pretended Love (and that indeed very grossly too) while he had really none at all.

It would be endless to pursue this Point; and any Man who will but give himself the trouble to compare

what

what the Ancients and Moderns have said upon the same Occasions, will soon perceive the advantage the former have over the others. I have chosen to mention Petrarch only, as being by much the most famous of all the Moderns who have written Love-Verses: And it is, indeed, the great Reputation which he has gotten, that has given Encouragement to this false sort of Wit in the World: For People seeing the great Credit he had, and has, indeed, to this day, not only in Italy, but over all Europe; have satisfied themselves with the Imitation of him, never enquiring whether the way he took was the right or not.

There are no Modern Writers perhaps who have succeeded better in Love-Verses than the English; and it is indeed just that the fairest Ladies should inspire the best Poets. Never was there a more copious Fancy or greater reach of Wit, than what appears in Dr. Donne; nothing can be more gallant or gentile than the Poems of Mr. Waller; nothing more gay or sprightly than those of Sir John Suckling; and nothing fuller of Variety and Learning than Mr. Cowley's. However, it may be observ'd, that among all these, that Softness, Tenderneſs, and Violence of Passion which the Ancients thought most proper for Love-Verses, is wanting; and at the same time that we must allow Dr. Donne to have been a very great Wit; Mr. Waller a very gallant Writer; Sir John Suckling a very gay one, and Mr. Cowley a great Genius; yet methinks I can hardly fancy any

one of them to have been a very great Lover. And it grieves me that the Ancients, who could never have handsomer Women than we have, should nevertheless be so much more in Love than we are. But it is probable the great Reason of this may be the Cruelty of our Ladies; for a Man must be imprudent indeed to let his Passion take very deep root, when he has no reason to expect any sort of return to it. And if it be so, there ought to be a Petition made to the Fair, that they would be pleas'd sometimes to abate a little of their Rigour, for the propagation of good Verse. I do not mean, that they should confer their Favours upon none but Men of Wit: That would be too great a Confinement indeed: But that they would admit them upon the same foot with other People; and if they please now and then to make the Experiment, I fancy they will find Entertainment enough from the very Variety of it.

There are three sorts of Poems that are proper for Love: Pastorals, Elegies, and Lyrick Verses, under which last I comprehend all Songs, Odes, Sonnets, Madrigals, and Stanza's. Of all these, Pastoral is the lowest, and, upon that account, perhaps most proper for Love; since it is the Nature of that Passion to render the Soul soft and humble. These three sort of Poems ought to differ, not only in their Numbers, but in the Designs, and in every Thought of them. Though we have no Difference between the Verses of Pastoral and Elegy in the Modern Lan-

guages, yet the Numbers of the first ought to be looser and not so sonorous as the other; the Thoughts more simple, more easie, and more humble. The Design ought to be the representing the Life of a Shepherd, not only by talking of Sheep and Fields, but by shewing us the Truth, Sincerity and Innocence that accompanies that sort of Life. For tho' I know our Masters, Theocritus and Virgil, have not always conform'd in this Point of Innocence; Theocritus, in his Daphnis, having made his Love too wanton, and Virgil in his Alexis, plac'd his Passion upon a Boy; yet (if we may be allow'd to censure those whom we must always reverence) I take both those things to be Faults in their Poems, and should have been better pleas'd with the Alexis, if it had been made to a Woman; and with the Daphnis, if he had made his Shepherds more modest. When I give Humility and Modesty as the Character of Pastoral, it is not, however, but that a Shepherd may be allow'd to boast of his Pipe, his Songs, his Flocks, and to shew a Contempt of his Rival, as we see both Theocritus and Virgil do. But this must be still in such a manner, as if the Occasion offer'd it self, and was not sought, and proceeded rather from the Violence of the Shepherd's Passion, than any natural Pride or Malice in him.

There ought to be the same difference observ'd between Pastorals and Elegies, as between the Life of the Country and the Court. In the first, Love ought

to be represented as among Shepherds, in the other as among Gentlemen. They ought to be smooth, clear, tender and passionate. The Thoughts may be bold, more gay, and more elevated than in Pastoral. The Passions they represent, either more Gallant or more Violent, and less innocent than the others. The Subjects of them Prayers, Praises, Expostulations, Quarrels, Reconcilements, Threatnings, Jealousies, and, in fine, all the natural Effects of Love.

*Lyricks may be allow'd to handle all the same Subjects with Elegy; but to do it however in a different manner. An Elegy ought to be so entirely one thing, and every Verse ought so to depend upon the other, that they should not be able to subsist alone: Or, to make use of the Words of a * great Modern Critick, there must be*

—— a just Coherence made
Between each Thought, and the whole Model laid
So right, that every step may higher rise,
Like goodly Mountains, 'till they reach the Skies.

Lyricks on the other hand, tho' they ought to make one Body, as well as the other, yet may consist of Parts that are entire of themselves. It being a Rule in Modern Languages, that every Stanza ought to make up a compleat Sense, without running into the

* My Lord Mulgrave.

other. Frequent Sentences, which are accounted Faults in Elegies, are Beauties here. Besides this, Malherb, and the French Poets after him, have made it a Rule in the Stanzas of six Lines, to make a pause at the third; and in those of ten Lines, at the third and the seventh. And it must be confess'd that this exactness renders them much more Musical and Harmonious; tho' they have not always been so Religious in observing the latter Rule as the former.

But I am engag'd in a very vain, or a very foolish Design: Those who are Criticks, it wou'd be a presumption in me to pretend I cou'd instruct; and to instruct those who are not, at the same time I write my self, is (if I may be allow'd to apply another Man's Simile) like selling Arms to an Enemy in time of War. Tho' there ought, perhaps, to be more indulgence shewn to things of Love and Gallantry, than any others; because they are generally written when People are young, and intended for Ladies who are not supposed to be very old; and all young People, especially of the fair Sex, are more taken with the liveliness of Fancy, than the correctness of Judgment. It may be also observ'd that to write of Love well, a Man must be really in Love; and to correct his Writings well, he must be out of Love again. I am well enough satisfied, I may be in Circumstances of writing of Love; but I am almost in despair of ever being in Circumstances of correcting it. This

I hope may be a Reason for the Fair and the Young, to pass over some of the Faults; and as for the Grave and Wise, all the Favour I shall beg of them is, that they won'd not read 'em. Things of this Nature are calculated only for the former. If Love-Verses work upon the Ladies, a Man will not trouble himself with what the Criticks say of them; and if they do not, all the Commendations the Criticks can give him, will make but very little amends. All I shall say for these trifles is, That I pretend not to vie with any Man whatsoever. I doubt not but there are several now living, who are able to write better upon all Subjects, than I am upon any one: But I will take the boldness to say, That there is no one Man among them all, who shall be readier to acknowledge his own Faults, or to do Justice to the Merits of other People.





LETTERS.

Gallant and Amorous.

LETTER I.

To two Masques,

TH O' I cannot boast much of Particularity to the Person I love, yet as to the Love it self, I may safely say, It is one of the most particular under the Sun. Others think it enough to fall in Love with a Lady after having seen her: I am in love with two, without having ever seen either: Not that I would willingly admit two Tyrants into my Heart; but though one of you may perhaps be Monarch there, yet neither you nor I knowing which it is, the matter must rest in doubt 'till another Opportunity. For he who condemned *Paris* as too bold a Man, in daring to judge of the three Goddesses Beauties, when he saw 'em naked, would have thought me a bold one indeed, if I shou'd pretend to make a Judgment between two

Q 3

Ladies

342 *Letters Gallant and Amorous.*

Ladies in Masques. Consider a little under what difficulty you make me labour : If I shou'd commend the Colour of your Hair, and it was all the while deep red ; the smoothness and delicacy of your Skins, when they were rough and tawney ; the fineness of your Shapes, while you were stuck up with Iron Bodice ; the brightness of your Eyes, and they shou'd prove blear'd and squinting : Do but imagine when I had done this, what sort of an Effect it wou'd have upon you. Whatever Inconveniences of this Nature happen, it is your own Faults ; for my part I leave this encountring with Helmets over their Faces, to Sir *Amadis* and his Knights Errant ; the way of Duelling is alter'd, People do not only encounter barefac'd, but strip when they go to it. As for this way, I can assure you, I find it not in the least fair ; and had rather be in love with the most hard-hearted Beauty living, than continue in this uncertain State, and neither know what I love, why I love, nor whether I love, or no. Take pity, Ladies, upon a Lover in distress ; clear the Business to me, and let me know if I am in good earnest, when I profess my self

Your most passionate Admirer,

LETTER II.

To one of the former.

IT is by Faith alone that I fancy you the most Charming, but I find by Experience you are one of the most unreasonable Ladies under the Sun. I concluded I had done the boldest Action in the World, to declare a Passion to two Masques ; but you, Madam, set up a Title of your own, and are not satisfied without Particularity, and Constancy.

Your

Your Charms, I confess, Madam, as far as I saw of them, are very great : The Masque was very good *Genoa Velyer*; the Gloves very good *Blois* Gloves, and the Hackney-Coach, for ought I know, lin'd with very good green Plush. Now, Madam, though so far I do stedfastly believe, yet to fall constantly and particularly in love with Masques, Gloves, or Hackney-Coaches, is what I do not find a Precedent for, in any of the *French Romances*; and being naturally diffident of my self, I shou'd be loth to begin a new sort of Gallantry, without knowing how it would take. Consider, Madam, a little better upon the reasonableness of your Request; for Particularity and Constancy are very hardly to be answer'd for, at our Years. It is, I doubt not, Madam, in your Power to blow my Love up to that height whenever you please; and to confess a Truth to you, I have a very great Stock of Particularity and Constancy lying upon my Hands at this time, and know not how to apply it. I have all the reason in the World to imagine it is kept for you; but however, Madam, it would be necessary to have one view of you, before I can be positive in that point. I am satisfied in my Conscience that I have done all my Duty in the thing; let it lye at your Door if the Humour break off; for my Part I cannot imagine how you will be able to answer it to all the World, if you shou'd, for want of discovering your self, lose the most constant and most faithful Lover under the Sun,



LETTER III.

To the same.

COnstancy and Fidelity are, without doubt, great Virtues, tho' not always great Charms in a Mistress; but as to your Invisibilty, it is a Quality that does not please me at all. I grant you, Madam, it is a pretty æreal sort of Beauty, and may do very well for spiritual Lovers; but for me, Madam, who am a little embarrass'd with Matter, and who generally carry a Body of six Foot long about with me, it wou'd be convenient to have some more corporeal Accomplishments. Descend, Madam, in this case, to your Lover's Capacity, and make use of his Senses to represent you as Charming, as without doubt you are, to his Imagination. For though I must confess Fancy has been very kind to you in this point, yet it wou'd be convenient to call in the Help of the Eyes to strengthen the Evidence: I expect therefore from your next Letter, an Appointment where I may meet you in a visible manner. These are the only Terms upon which I can treat any further with you; for though you write the most agreeably in the World, yet you must certainly own, that after having been monstrously in love for a whole Week together, it is very reasonable a Man shou'd know at last with whom it is.



LETTER IV.

To the same.

YES really, Madam, I think you are in the right of it; Hanging and Drowning are such vulgar ways of dying, that for my Part I wou'd rather live a thousand Years, than make use of either. Then, Madam, they are the most inconvenient Methods in the World; Drowning will spoil your Cloaths, and Hanging your Complexion; besides several other things that might be said to dissuade you from it, but that I know a word to the Wife is enough. I am of Opinion you had better defer all sort of dying 'till another Opportunity; tho' you are positive in it. I wou'd rather recommend Mr. Boyle's Air-Pump as a newer Invention; or being poisoned in Perfumes, as somewhat that looks pleasant enough. But to be less serious, Madam, make no doubt of your own Perfections, and reckon that in having me, you have the most reasonable Lover, of an unreasonable Lover, in the World. I confess were I to form a Beauty to my self, she shou'd be-----let me consider a little upon it; she shou'd be-----I protest, Madam, I know not what she shou'd be: Monstrously in love with me, that is certain; for the rest, I shou'd trust the Stars. I think I may say, without Flattery, I love my self so well, that I can love any body else that does so too; and shou'd prefer that single Beauty, of an immoderate Passion for me in a Mistress, to all the other Charms in the World, as Bayes does the single beating of Armies in his Heroe, to all the moral Virtues put together. If you can answer for the Charm, Madam, take no care for any other; he must be unreasonable indeed, who is not satisfied with that, in a Lady of Sixteen.

—SSC—

Q 5

LET.

L E T T E R V.

To the Fair Unbeliever.

ST. *Jerome* says, (*St. Jerome*, I must confess, is a very odd beginning of a *Billet-doux*) That a Man who can with patience suffer himself to be call'd Heretick, ought not to be esteem'd a good Christian: And in common Account you see, one who is called Coward, if he does not resent the Affront, shall always be thought such. As my Provocations are much greater than either of these, so if my Indignation were answerable to 'em, you could not expect to be forgiven by me, even in the Article of Death: For after all People can say of Hereticks and Cowards, they will allow 'em to be Men; but by your Reflections upon me, you wou'd degrade me from that Rank, without allowing me any place among the inferiour Creatures. Had you call'd me Brute, or Beast, I had not been so zealous in my own Justification: Daily Experience convinces us, That Men who have no more Understanding than Horses, or Mules, provided they have all the other Qualifications of those noble Animals, may be acceptable enough to some; or other of the Fair Sex; but want of Virility is an Imputation that will cut a Man off from all sort of Communication with 'em. Had the Husbands or old Women had this Opinion of me, I shou'd not have been so violent in my own Defence. Scandals, as well as Oaths, ought to be taken in the Sense of those that impose 'em: I shou'd not be angry at a *Turk*, or a *Jew*, for thinking me of their Religion; because, whatever I thought, it was what made them like me the better; but this wou'd be no Reason to make me forgive a Christian for calling me so. In like manner, Madam, though I cou'd have pardon'd the Husbands and old Women
for

for saying such a thing of me, yet I can very hardly pardon you for it. It were in vain to call Witnesses in this case, or turn you over to another Hand for Satisfaction in that point, which can only properly be resolv'd by my self; and it were as vain to think to clear my self by Words from an Imputation that ought to be done by Actions; I shall therefore only challenge you to meet me at your own Place and Time; where I doubt not to give you full Satisfaction in this point, and convince you that I am not the Man (or rather indeed the no Man) that you take me to be. In the mean time I shall remain your most Humble, (a Curse on that Humble) but I mean,

Madam,

*Your most affectionate and passionate Lover
and Servant.*

LETTER VI.

I Have been waiting these three Months to tell you a thing that may be said in three Words; it is, *I love you.* I will grant you, Madam, that this is no necessary Reason why you shou'd love me again; but you must grant me in Recompence, That it is a very sufficient Reason why I shou'd tell you of it. I do not expect you shou'd write me a Letter in return to this, and therefore venture it without a Name: It is from your Eyes alone, I shall attend my Answer. But, Madam, that we may not mistake one another in this point, and that I may not take for an Encouragement of my Passion, what you intend for a Discouragement of it; I
must

must tell you, That if you do not look upon me after this, I shall believe you are in love, and that makes you bashful: If you look angrily, I shall think it is to give me occasion to come and justify my self; and if you look negligently, I shall conclude 'tis Management to disguise the Amour from the World: In fine, Madam, I shall take nothing for a Refusal of my Heart, but looking very kindly upon me. But that you may not be mistaken in the Person who sends this, and imagine it to come from some Lord with a blue Garter, or white Staff, that comes from a Commoner without either: I will describe my self so, as you may know me well enough to encourage my Passion, if you like it, but not so as to make a Trophy of me, if you do not. My Stature is somewhat above the ordinary; my Body neither very big, nor very small; my Hair light; my Eyes dark; and Love has not as yet made me either very lean, or very pale: My Humour is the most commodious for a Lover in the World, not so much inclin'd to Hanging or Drowning, perhaps, as some others, but for Passion and Constancy, no Man goes beyond me. If you will accept of a Heart with all these Qualifications, I offer you mine; if not, send it me back by the Penny-Post, if you know me by any other Title than that of

Your most humble Servant.



L E T.

LETTER VII.

To the same.

I Grant you, Madam, there are others who will love you as much as I; but are there any who will love you as little? Yes, Madam, I understand very well what I say, Will they love you as little? for that is the only difficulty you have to apprehend. There is no question but a Man who is possess'd of the most charming Creature in the Universe, will be constant to her as long as she pleases; but it is a great Question, if he will part with her as soon as she pleases. This is the Rock upon which those Ladies split, who will admit of none but constant Lovers; not considering that the Women are as changeable as the Men can be for the Lives of them; and consider, pray, into what pretty Circumstances a Lady brings her self, who is plagu'd with an obstinate old Lover, when she is passionately in love with a new one. I know not what those Crimes are the Lady you tell me lays to my Charge, but I fancy an importunate Perseverance in Love of the same Woman, is not one of the Number: And whenever you please to make the Experiment, as the least sign in the World is sufficient after these Preliminaries, to make me a most passionate Lover; so the least sign you give me afterwards of any new Amour, shall make me lay aside that Title, for the less ambitious one of

Your most humble Servant.



LET.

L E T T E R VIII.

To a Lady who had spoken against him.

THERE may have been other Men, perhaps, besides my self, who have fallen in love with a Woman they did not know; but for a Man to do it for no other reason than her declaring against him, is, I believe, an Honour that has been reserved for your humble Servant. They tell me, Madam, you are so far from liking me your self, that you will not believe any body else can: That you find nothing agreeable in my Person, from the Crown of my Head, to the Soal of my Foot: That for my Wit, (for every body, Madam, carries somewhat about them which they call Wit) it is all Affectation: That I am an Abstract of Vanity: That I am so much in love with my self, that it is impossible for me to be so with any body else. These things, Madam, that might have put some People into Anger, have put me into Love: For as those who are naturally peevish, will be angry at People, let them endeavour never so much to please 'em; so we who are naturally amorous, cannot avoid being in love with a Lady, let her take never so much pains to anger us. And indeed, Madam, did People ground their Passions upon Reason, you have given me one of the most reasonable Causes to love you in the World: For as there is no Man of Wit but knows himself to be a Fool, so he ought to have an Opinion of their Judgments, who find it out as well as himself. It is reported as an Instance of the Bravery of the *Amazons*, That they wou'd never marry a Man, 'till they had fought with him first; and if he beat 'em very much, he might expect to be loved very much by them. Now I, Madam, who profess as great a Veneration for Wit, as the *Amazons* had for Courage, cannot have so good a Reason

son for Love, as your having exercis'd your Wit upon me: Tho' it is possible you may attribute my Passion to another Cause, and as you think I love nothing besides my self, may have some kindness for you, because you are never like to be my Rival: however, assure your self, Madam, it is no such thing, but knowing the worst you can say of me to be true, and having a natural Affection for Truth, Wit, and Women, (you will think a Man a very general Lover, that can love Truth, Wit, and Women, at the same time) I must needs be infinitely in love with you, in whom I find 'em all together. Be not however deluded into a better Opinion of me, by what any body can say; for as it is only your hating me that makes me love you, as soon as that ceases, I am afraid my Love will do so too. As you therefore value my Kindness, take heed of having any for me; and satisfy your self, That as long as you continue to think me a silly, idle, conceited Fop, I shall continue to be, with all the Passion imaginable,

M A D A M,

Yours, &c.

L E T T E R IX.

To a Masqu'd Lady.

TH O' I doubt not, Madam, but you have made the most considerable Conquests under the Sun, yet give me leave to say, you never made any so extraordinary as this before: You have subdu'd, without the Conqueror's common Vanity, of making your self known, and have gain'd the most absolute Victory in the World, without so much as unsheathing
ing

ing your Face. I, who never knew a Woman cou'd overcome me, am now overcome by I know not who: And can both boast of the greatest Passion, and greatest Faith in Nature together: The seeing you, which is the reason of other People's Love, might, for ought I know, destroy mine; for I have rais'd Idea's of you, to which it is very difficult for any thing in Nature to arrive. I imagine you the most charming Creature in the Universe, and at the same time fancy you to be somewhat more, than I imagine. I have dress'd you up in all the different Shapes of Nature. In whatever you appear, it has been always the most amiable: And after having suppos'd you Maid, Wife, and Widow by turns, I find I can love you infinitely, be you any one of them. Did I know in which State you were, I wou'd certainly make love to all of it, 'till I arriv'd at you; and for want of that, I am forc'd to confine my self to Womankind. I leave it to your own Conscience, Madam, whether you can leave the most constant Lover in Nature, in this Condition; tho' if it feel no Remorse for the last Disappointment, I shall very hardly ever trust it more: Yet however extravagant my Passion is, do not apprehend that I shou'd make any malicious Reflections on you to the World; let my other Virtues be what they will, my Fidelity is unquestionable: And assure your self, there is no Man breathing less apt to tell a Secret that he does not know, than,

M A D A M,

Your, &c.



LET.

LETTER X.

To a Friend.

S I R,

FOR Friend I can hardly call you, since under that Disguise you have done me one of the greatest Injuries in the World; and it is vain for me to guard my Territories against the malicious Designs of Enemies and Rivals; when you, whom I never took for either, have more prejudiced me in an Amour, than they cou'd with all their Forces together. But that I may not condemn you without a Cause, nor conclude you guilty 'till I hear what you can say in your own Justification, I will give you a plain account of the Business. Meeting one of the Ladies last Night, with whom I am in love, she began a Discourse of Lovers, wherein she shew'd the many Inconveniencies that attended the having a Man of Wit in that Capacity. I, who do not naturally love to dispute with a fair Lady (especially in a Cause where I thought my self no more concern'd than if she had talk'd of *Jews* or *Mahometans*) agreed with her in all she said; when she turn'd briskly upon me, and told me, For that Reason a Woman must have a care of having any thing to do with me.

told her that was acting after the manner of some late Judges; call a thing Treason without Law, and then hang a Man for it without Proof: That I appeal'd to all the World for my Innocence in the matter, and defied my greatest Enemies to bring any Evidence of my Guilt. She told me she had it from such a one, who had it from another; and that, in fine, the original Author of this Calumny was your self. Now tho' I grant you that some People might have said such a thing as this, out of Inadvertency; yet I can hardly believe a Man of your
Fru.

Prudence to have done it upon that account. You who very well know, That to commend a Man for a Wit to the Women, is like commending him for a good Protestant to the Fathers of the Inquisition; and he that reported me an Eunuch among 'em, cou'd not do it upon a more malicious account. They love a tame, easie, governable Fool, and fancy all Wits ill-natur'd and proud: Have not you often told me so? And after that to put me upon 'em for one! Well, Sir, I am a Gentleman, nor shall I pass by such a thing as this, without Satisfaction. I expect therefore you shou'd either give it me under your Hand, That you never said any such thing of me; or if you really said it, That you shou'd go immediately to the Person to whom you did it, and assure 'em you were misinform'd in the thing, and that to your Knowledge, Ireland it self never bred a more tame, easie Fool than I am: For here lyes the greatest danger; I have gotten a Rival of that Country, and you know how difficult it is to succeed in a Contest with one of them, when want of Wit is to give the Preference. After all, methinks if you wou'd be hearty in the thing, you may bring me out of these Difficulties: I know you have Wit enough to convince 'em that I have none; and if the worst come to the worst, it is but carrying you to 'em, to shew the difference. In that hopes, I resume the Title of

Yours, &c.



L E T.

LETTER XI.

To a Lady in the Country, who was going to be Married.

AFTER having written you a Letter upon your first going down, I have never dar'd to venture one since, lest I shou'd be mistaken in my Address, and for ought I know, to write to you now by the Title of Mrs.——, may be as uncivil as to treat the King with the Title of Prince of *Orange*. However, Madam, blame not me for it, since we are here in perfect Ignorance of the Matter. We had very positive news one while of your being married; and as positive after, that it was not yet done, which some here took, I can assure you, for a great Act of Mercy. Half a dozen Sparks of your Acquaintance have provided themselves either with Love-Songs, or Epithalamiums, to send you, as occasion shall require, without being yet able to know which wou'd be most proper: And here are half a dozen more, who have had Halsters about their Necks, ever since the Report of your going to be married; for they are resolv'd to be ready upon the first Notice, that the same Post which brings the News of your Wedding, may carry back that of their Deaths. 'Tis true, Madam, I took the boldness to advise 'em not to be over-hasty in the Affair, since they might do it afterwards at their own Convenience; and Experiments of this Nature were difficult enough to correct, when they were once ill done. But all I could say was in vain; they are positive in the matter, and half a dozen of the handsomest Trees in the Park are mark'd out for the Execution. I must confess, I endeavour'd to divert 'em as much as I cou'd from chusing that place, for the Benefit of the Company that walks there; I told 'em it was contrary to all Precedent, to make use of Elms, or Lime-Trees, since the Willow had time out of

m i

mind been reserv'd for that use; and that a Lover who did not hang himself according to form, had as good never hang himself at all. They answer'd me very surlily, (tho' very truly too I must own) That it was not my Business: That it was a very hard case People might not hang themselves without asking my leave; and as they wou'd not hinder me whenever I was going about such a thing, so they took it very ill that I shou'd pretend to hinder them. I must confess, Madam, I cou'd say very little in the case; and you may believe I had no great Mind to enter upon a Quarrel with People in their Circumstances; but I thought the acquainting you with it, was a Duty that became

Your, &c.

L E T T E R XII.

To a Lady that ask'd him for his Heart.

THOU' to tell a Man that you will dispose of his Heart to one who shall use it ill, is but a very small Encouragement for him to part with it; yet since you say you have a particular Fancy for mine, I cannot refuse you such a Trifle as that, upon whatever Terms you demand it. I have enclosed it therefore in this Letter, and trusted it to the Penny-Post, lest your Generosity shou'd have made you give a Messenger more for the bringing it, than the thing itself is really worth. I wish, Madam, it were better for your sake; and can assure you, That were it the most modish one in the World, it shou'd be at your Service. As it is, Madam, I am afraid you will think it very old-fashion'd, and too much given to those antiquated Qualities, Constancy and Fidelity. It is probable the Lady for whom you intend it, may despise those Things, and think a Heart of that sort as ridiculous

ridiculous as a Lover in a short Cloak, slash Sleeves, pink'd Doublet, and trunk Hose. But let her not be prejudic'd against things for their first Appearances; I have seen a very awkward Beginner, come to Dance very well at last, and it is not impossible but by good Management the Heart may be brought quite off those disagreeable Qualities. You may please to tell her, That it having been bred up very tenderly 'till now, it wou'd be convenient to treat it a little kindlier than ordinary at first, lest it shou'd be apt to run away: She should encourage his Sighs now and then with a kind of Whisper; and when she sees the Fire grow a little faint, let her give but one or two kind Looks, and it will blaze out afresh. Having been troubled with an extraordinary Fever, since it was in the presence of a certain Lady, it ought not to be expos'd to the open Air, for fear of catching Cold; she may conveniently enough confine it to her Bed-Chamber, where it may be of great use rightly manag'd; and wake her in a Morning with half a dozen deep-fetch'd Sighs, better than any Larum-Clock. You see, Madam, what Confidence I have in your Conduct, since I trust you to dispose of a Heart for me, that I have never been able to dispose of my self. You will think, perhaps, it is but making a Virtue of Necessity, and surrendring up a Fort which I am not able to hold out against you. However, Madam, the fiercest Conquerors are kind to Garrisons that yield upon the first Summons; and as I know your Power to be greater than any of theirs, so I doubt not but your Virtues are answerable to 'em. All the Favour I shall beg for my Heart, is, That it may be treated as a Prisoner of War, and that I may have the liberty of keeping a Correspondence with it, during its Confinement. To show you I intend nothing but what is fair, I am satisfied you shou'd read all the Letters I write; and that none shou'd come to me, but by your Approbation. And indeed you need not fear this making any escape; for if I can guess at all at his Humour, he will pre-

fer such a Captivity to all the Liberty in the World and will not be so proud of the Titles of Prince, or Conqueror, as that of your *Prisoner and Slave*.

LETTER XIII.

To the same.

*If streaming Blood my fatal Letter stain,
Imagine, ere you read, the Writer slain:
One Hand the Sword, and one the Pen employs,
And in my Lap the ready Paper lies.*

Ovid's *Epist.*

I Have been these six Hours in debate, Whether I shou'd stab my self, or write to you first: At last, Madam, I have determin'd on the latter: For I consider that if I you should hear a Fellow mounted upon a Cricket, singing some doleful Ballad of my Death, you wou'd be at a loss to know the cause of so sad an Accident; and, in an Age so inquisitive as ours, wou'd take it much better to have a relation of the thing from the first hand, than to be put to the trouble of stopping to enquire of it in the Street, or trusting it to the Fidelity of a *Grub-street* Historian. The Business then in short, Madam, is this: Coming home about Twelve a Clock at Night, I found a Letter, to tell me, That I shou'd meet you in — at Five a Clock in the Afternoon. Now, Madam, I am really so sensible of my Guilt of disappointing you in this manner, that after having arraign'd, judg'd, and condemn'd my self for it, I am just now upon the Point of Execution. I must confess, some People have advis'd me to the contrary, and tell me you cannot take it ill that I did not meet you, when you know how late it was before I received

ceiv'd the Letter. But I told them, That after having written to you, I ought never to have stirr'd from home, but staid in expectation of an Answer. For tho' it was urg'd in my Defence, that I had some great Business which call'd me out; and that I had little hopes you shou'd have granted me the Honour of meeting you so soon; yet this Excuse does not satisfy me in the least: For why a Devil shou'd a Man pretend to make Love, when he has great Business, and little Hope? This Consideration has absolutely determin'd me for a sudden Execution; and whatever you may think upon the first sight of this Letter, yet before you can have read it out; you may assure your self I shall be no more

Your, &c.

P O S T S C R I P T.

I have a thing just now come into my Head, that may possibly make me defer my Execution, 'till I hear farther from you. Different People having different Tastes, and there being as many ways of killing Lovers, as there are of dressing Eggs, it wou'd anger me very much if I shou'd stab my self for your sake, when you wou'd rather have me hang'd or drown'd.

L E T T E R X I V.

To the same.

IT is well, Madam, you prepared me for a Disappointment in your Letter, otherwise, I confess, I am very impatient under those Circumstances. I hope it was not in revenge for my missing the other
Assigna-

Assignment; if it be, reckon we are upon the square now. You will certainly grant, you have all the reason in the World to make me amends for this; and it is with a great deal of impatience I expect a more favourable Opportunity. In recompence, you shall dispose of me, in whatever manner you please; and I am sure you must allow, That if I am not the most passionate Lover in the World, I am at least the most convenient: For whenever you have a mind to give Sir——, or Mr.—— opportunities of saying soft things, you shall see that I manage the other Party to your advantage, as naturally as can be. Then, Madam, if after this, you have any occasion to make 'em jealous again, there is no Man in the World fitter for such an Employment than my self. You may make use of me, Madam, in any of these Capacities, (but still make use of me) and you will not only oblige your self, but

Your, &c.

LETTER XV.

To the same.

Certainly the Lady who accus'd me of Indifference last Night, has the least reason in the World to do so. Is it Indifference to be always following her up and down? Is it Indifference to shun all Company for hers? Is it Indifference to gaze upon her with all the tenderness in Nature? These are but the outward Signs; but, oh! cou'd she look within, and accuse of Indifference a Heart that burns with the most violent Passion that ever was! It is true, Madam, the rest of the World may, with justice enough, tax me with it: For as there is but one Person living, who can make me otherwise; so Prudence ob-

liges

liges me to manage things so, as to disguise my Passion from all the World beside. And is there no return due to this, but a Resolution to deceive me? Well, Madam; it is some comfort to me however, That if you can but for one half hour delude me into an Opinion that I am belov'd by you, that short Cheat will be a greater Satisfaction, than all Woman-kind can grant me beside.

LETTER XVI.

To the same.

I See I am destin'd to destruction! Why, O Heaven! did I ever see her? Or since I did, why did any Body else? Had I never, I cou'd never have been happy; and by having seen you, I am the most miserable Wretch breathing. These will appear Mysteries, perhaps, to you; and if you think me distracted when I writ this, you will think right: Love, Rage, Jealousie, and Despair, are tearing my Soul in pieces. If you have any Compassion for a Man whom you have rendred the most miserable in the World, give me an Opportunity of meeting you to Day, though it be but for one half Hour. I wou'd not have you come to the Walks after this Rain, for fear you shou'd catch cold; and a meeting at Shops or *Indian Houses*, may make People suspicious. Though I die if I see you not, yet I wou'd rather do so, than bring your Health or Reputation in any danger. Think, oh think upon some way of satisfying my Request; and do not apprehend that this Distraction which I show you, shou'd appear to any body else, to your prejudice. I wish every one were as careful of you as I am; yet I lie, I do not wish it; for to be so, they must love you at the same rate; and I had rather allow 'em all the Favours you

can grant, than that. Adieu——I am——alas I know not what I am, but that I am miserable, and that I am

Yours,

LETTER XVII.

To the same.

I Think I have taken all the ways imaginable to convince you that I love you above the World; however, Madam, you shall see I will yet do more, which is, never to see you again. It is true, Mrs.---- told me, I might come to you to-day; but she told me at the same time, That you thought it improper for me to come so often. Had you any kindness for me, you cou'd not have refus'd my Visits upon so cold a Reason as their being improper; and if you have not, you cannot be pleas'd that I make 'em at all. You shall see therefore, Madam, how much I value your Quiet above my own, since I engage my Word to you (and I am sure, Madam, neither you nor any Woman in the World, can say I have ever broken my Word with 'em) that I will never make you another Visit, or come into any place where you are, except you give me very good assurance that my Company will be more acceptable to you, than I have reason to believe it has been of late.



LET.

LETTER XVIII.

To the same.

THAT this Parting has not been sought of my side, Heav'n can be my Witness; and how little Satisfaction I take in it, every Vein in my Heart can testify. No; I tremble, I am all confusion, and I die when I think upon it; and it is only in complaisance to you, that I have resolv'd it. I see you are picking little Occasions of quarrelling with me; I see you are uneasie when I am with you, and I see you do not make a return that is suitable to a Passion so violent and so sincere as mine is. Heavens! Madam, what wou'd you have me do! Shou'd I come to put you out of Humour? Or wou'd you have me appear as a Spectacle of your Rigour to your more-favour'd Servants? No, Madam, I had too much tenderness for you, to give you any disturbance; and give me leave to say, I have not so mean a Spirit as to follow any Woman, when I have reason to believe she thinks me troublesome, how difficult soever it may be to quit her.

Since you command it, I shall not fail of waiting upon you once more, before we part for ever.

LETTER XIX.

To a Friend.

Written from the Country.

THE Dialogues of *Plato*, with your last Letter, have quite turn'd my Head. What Delicacy of Invention! What sublimity of Thought! I talk no
R 2 more

364 *Letters Gallant and Amorous.*

more of Women, of Gallantry; I think of nothing but Philosophy and Seraphick Love. Oh Vanity of Pomp, of Glory, of Trifles, falsely called Pleasures! They appear beautiful to the sight, but once tasted, they leave nothing but Shame, Sorrow, and Repentance. Let us give others leave to play the Fool, while we enjoy the sweetness of Philosophy. Oh charming Quiet! Oh dear Repose! Oh Life truly celestial! Mounted upon the lofty tops of Philosophy, we regard at our ease the Vanity, the Folly, the Madness of the World: The greatest Cities appear nothing but great Herds of Madmen; so many Men, so many Follies.

*Suave mari magno turbantibus aquora ventis,
E terrâ magnum alterius spectare laborem.
Sed nil dulcius est bene quam munita tenere
Edita doctrinâ sapientum templa serena;
Despicere, unde queas alios, passimque videre
Errare, atque vias palantes querere vita.*

The Soul of Man, according to Plato, has two Wings; the one coelestial, with which he flies up to the Empyrean Heav'n; the other terrestrial, which pulls her down to the Earth again. It is the first of these that raises you to those lofty divine Paths, reach'd by none but the greatest Wits, the noblest Souls; The other brings Men down to the things of this World; to Vanity, to Sin, to Marriage! Poor Husbands! you have truly observ'd how soon Beauty flies away; but, alas! Love flies away much sooner: Uncomplaisant Companion that he is, who tho' he comes with Beauty, will not stay with it. Great Politicians without doubt these Husbands! who suffer an eternal Slavery for a thing of so little Duration. But what signifies that to us? Let us leave 'em in peace (if there be any such thing as Peace in Marriage) and love me as I love you.

LET.

L E T T E R XX.

To the same.

From LONDON.

IT is so long since I wrote to you, that I am almost ashamed of doing it now: But, to say the truth, I have too just an Excuse for my Neglect, being relaps'd into a former Malady, and notwithstanding all the Assistance of Philosophy, fallen in love ten times more than ever. I am ashamed to tell you how long I have been so; but I am ten times more ashamed to tell you, I do not yet find the least decay in my Passion, though I have reason enough to believe the Lady did not care though she saw me hanging up at her Gate. Well; we may put as good a Face upon the Matter as we will; but first or last I see Constancy comes upon us all. In the humour I am at present, I had a good Mind to forswear ever being in love again. And yet upon better Thoughts, I think I had as good try it once more: For of three Amours I have had in my Life-time, (as for Amourettes, those are not worth mentioning) I valu'd the one Mistress after I left loving her; I loved another, after I left valuing her: I love and value the third, after having lost all hopes of her: So that methinks, according to the Course of my Passions, I ought to love and value the next, after having obtain'd her. However, from this time forward, upon what Follies soever you fall, be pleased for my sake to spare those of Love; being very well satisfied, there is not one Folly of that kind (except Marriage) which I have not already committed. I have been, without rallery, in love with the Beauty of a Woman whom I have never seen; with the Wit of one whom I have never heard speak, nor seen any thing that she has written; and with the Heroick Virtues of a Woman,

without knowing any one Action of her Life, that cou'd make me think she had any. Considering how very common these Qualities are, I suppose you will not ask me if I have ever been mistaken. I know not what you think in the Country; but, for my Part, I am of Opinion a Man must resolve to abandon Women or Philosophy entirely, for they will never agree well together. After an absence of five or six Months from Town, I find the Ladies still the same; that is to say, still various. Those who were in love when I went from hence, are in love still; but they are in love with other Men. They are constant to Love, but inconstant to the Lovers: And in this point, to speak the Truth among Friends, I think there is no great Difference between the two Sexes. The Men complain of the Women's Inconstancy, and the Women of the Men's; for my Part, being unwilling to disoblige either, I am very apt to agree with both. But *Cupid* will have it so; and what can weak Mortals do against so potent a God? Adieu, live pleasantly, that is, Philosophically; and guard your Heart from the Pains of Love.





P O E M S.

To his Book.

GO, little Book, and to the World impart,
The faithful Image of an am'rous Heart:
Those who Love's dear, deluding Pains
have known,
May in my fatal Stories read their own.
Those who have liv'd from all its Torments free,

May find the Thing they never felt, by me.
Perhaps advis'd, avoid the gilded Bait,
And, warn'd by my Example, shun my Fate.
While with calm Joy, safe landed on the Coast,
I view the Waves on which I once was tost.
Love is a medly of Endearments, Jars,
Suspensions, Quarrels, Reconcilements, Wars;
Then Peace again. Oh! wou'd it not be best,
To chase the fatal Poison from our Breast?
But since so few can live from Passion free,
Happy the Man, and only Happy he,
Who with such lucky Stars begins his Love,
That his cool Judgment does his Choice approve.
Ill-grounded Passions quickly wear away;
What's built upon Esteem, can ne'er decay.

E L E G Y.

The unrewarded Lover.

LET the dull Merchant curse his angry Fate,
 And from the Winds and Waves his Fortune wait:
 Let the loud Lawyer break his Brains, and be
 A Slave to wrangling Coxcombs for a Fee;
 Let the rough Soldier fight his Prince's Foes,
 And for a Livelihood his Life expose:
 I wage no War, I plead no Cause but Love's,
 I fear no Storms, but what *Celinda* moves.
 And what grave Censor can my Choice despise?
 But here, fair Charmer, here the diff'rence lies;
 The Merchant, after all his Hazards past,
 Enjoys the Fruit of his long Toils at last;
 The Soldier high in his King's Favour stands,
 And after having long obey'd, commands:
 The Lawyer, to reward his tedious Care,
 Roars on the Bench, that babled at the Bar;
 While I take Pains to meet a Fate more hard,
 And reap no Fruit, no Favour, no Reward.

E P I G R A M.

Written in a Lady's Table-Book.

WITH what strange Raptures wou'd my Soul be
 Were but her Book an Emblem of her Breast?
 As I from that all former Marks efface,
 And, uncontroul'd, put new ones in their Place;
 So might I chase all others from her Heart,
 And my own Image in the stead impart.
 But, ah! how short the blifs wou'd prove, if he
 Who seiz'd it next, might do the same by me.

E L E-

E L E G Y.

The Power of VERSE.

To his Mistress.

W Hile those bright Eyes subdue where-e'er you will,
 And, as you please, can either save, or kill;
 What Youth so bold the Conquest to design?
 What Wealth so great to purchase Hearts like thine?
 None but the Muse that Privilege can claim,
 And what you give in Love, return in Fame.
 Riches and Titles with your Life must end;
 Nay cannot even in Life your Fame defend:
 Verse can give Fame, can fading Beauties save,
 And, after Death, redeem 'em from the Grave;
 Embalm'd in Verse, thro' distant Times they come,
 Preserv'd, like Bees, within an Amber Tomb.
 Poets, (like Monarchs, on an Eastern Throne,
 Restrain'd by nothing but their Will alone)
 Here can cry up, and there as boldly blame,
 And, as they please, give Infamy or Fame.
 In vain the * Tyrian Queen resigns her Life,
 For the bright Glory of a spotless Wife,
 If lying Bards may false Amours rehearse,
 And blast her Name with arbitrary Verse.
 While † one who all the absence of her Lord,
 Had her wide Courts with pressing Lovers stor'd;
 Yet by a Poet grac'd, in deathless Rhymes,
 Stands a chaste Pattern to succeeding Times.
 With pity then the Muses Friends survey,
 Nor think your Favours there are thrown away;
 Wisely like Seed on fruitful Soil they're thrown,
 To bring large Crops of Glory and Renown.
 For as the Sun that in the Marshes breeds
 Nothing but nauseous and unwholesome Weeds;

* Dido, † Penelope.

R 5

With

With the same Rays on rich and pregnant Earth,
 To pleasant Flowers, and useful Fruits gives birth:
 So Favours cast on Fools, get only Shame;
 On Poets shed, produce eternal Fame:
 Their gen'rous Breasts warm with a genial Fire,
 And more than all the Muses can inspire.

J E A L O U S I E.

I.

WHO cou'd more Happy, who more Blest cou'd
 live, [move ?
 Than they whom kind, whom am'rous Passions
 What Crowns, what Empires greater Joys cou'd give,
 Than the soft Chains, the Slavery of Love?
 Were not the Blis too often crost,
 By that unhappy, vile Distrust;
 That gnawing Doubt, that anxious Fear, that dange-
 rous Malady, [lousie.
 That terrible tormenting Rage, that Madness Jea-

II.

In vain *Celinda* boasts she has been true;
 In vain she swears she keeps untouch'd her Charms;
 Dire Jealousie does all my Pains renew,
 And represents her in my Rival's Arms.
 His Sighs I hear, his Looks I view,
 I see her damn'd Advances too;
 I see her smile, I see her kiss; and, oh! methinks I
 see [for me.
 Her give up all those Joys to him, she shou'd reserve

III.

Ingrateful fair One, canst thou hear my Groans?
 Canst thou behold these Tears that fill my Eyes?
 And yet, unmov'd by all my Pains, my Moans,
 Into another's Arms resign my Prize?
 If Merit cou'd not gain your Love,
 My Sufferings might your Pity move:

Might

MISCELLANY POEMS. 371

Might hinder you from adding thus, by jealous
Frenzies, more [too much before.
New Pangs, to one whom hopes Love had plagu'd

IV.

Think not, false Nymph, my Fury to out-storm,
I scorn your Anger, and despise your Frown:
Dress up your Rage in its most hideous Form,
It will not move my Heart when Love is flown;
No, tho' you from my Kindness fly,
My Vengeance you shall satisfy;
The Muse that wou'd have sung your Praise, shall now
aloud proclaim [Shame.
To the malicious, spiteful World, your Infamy and

V.

Ye Gods! she weeps; behold that falling Show'r!
See how her Eyes are quite dissolv'd in Tears!
Can she in vain that precious Torrent pour?
Oh, no, it bears away my Doubts and Fears.
'Twas Pity sure that made it flow;
For the same Pity stop it now:
For every charming, heav'nly Drop, that from those
Eyes does part, [o'er-flowing Heart.
Is paid with Streams of Blood, that gush from my

VI.

Yes, I will love; I will believe you true,
And raise my Passions up as high as e'er;
Nay, I'll believe you false, yet love you too,
Let the least Sign of Penitence appear.
I'll frame Excuses for your Fault,
Think you surpriz'd, or meanly caught;
Nay, in the Fury, in the height of that abhorr'd Em-
brace, [in the place.
Believe you thought, believe at least, you wish'd me

VII.

Oh let me lye whole Ages in those Arms,
And on that Bosom lull asleep my Cares:
Forgive those foolish Fears of fancy'd Harms,
That stab my Soul, while they but move thy Tears:
And think, unless I lov'd thee still,
I had not treated thee so ill;

For

372 *The FOURTH PART of*

For these rude Pangs of Jealousie, are much more
certain Signs [Fancy coins.
Of Love, than all the tender Words an amorous

VIII.

Torment me with this horrid Rage no more;
Oh! smile, and grant one reconciling Kifs!
Ye Gods, she's kind, I'm Ecstasie all o'er!
My Soul's too narrow to contain the Blifs.

Thou pleasing Torture of my Breast,
Sure thou wert fram'd to plague my Rest,
Since both the Ill and Good you do, alike my Peace
destroy; [of Joy.
That kills me with excess of Grief, This with excess

Cure of JEALOUSIE.

WHAT Tortures can there be in Hell,
Compar'd to what fond Lovers feel,
When doating on some fair One's Charms,
They think she yields 'em to their Rival's Arms?

As Lions tho' they once were tame,
Yet if sharp Wounds their Rage enflame,
Lift up their stormy Voices, roar,
And tear the Keepers they obey'd before:

So fares the Lover, when his Breast
By jealous Frenzy is possess'd,
Forswears the Nymph for whom he burns;
Yet strait to her whom he forswears, returns.

But when the Fair resolves his Doubt,
The Love comes in, the Fear goes out;
The Cloud of Jealousie's dispell'd,
And the bright Sun of Innocence reveal'd.

With

With what strange Raptures is he blest!
Raptures too great to be express.
Tho' hard the Torment's to endure,
Who wou'd not have the Sickness, for the Cure?

S O N N E T.

D E A T H.

W H A T has this Bugbear Death that's worth
our Care?

After a Life in Pain and Sorrow pass,
After deluding Hope and dire Despair,
Death only gives us Quiet at the last.

How strangely are our Love and Hate misplac'd!
Freedom we seek, and yet from Freedom flee;
Courting those Tyrant-Sins that chain us fast,
And shunning Death that only sets us free.

'Tis not a foolish Fear of future Pains, [Stains?]
(Why shou'd they fear who keep their Souls from
That makes me dread thy Terrors, Death, to see:
'Tis not the Loss of Riches, or of Fame,
Or the vain Toys the Vulgar Pleasures name,
'Tis nothing, *Celia*, but the losing thee.

E L E G Y.

To his Mistress.

C *Ælia*, your Tricks will now no longer pass,
And I'm no more the Fool that once I was,
I know my happier Rival does obtain
All the vast Bliss for which I sigh in vain.

Him,

Him, him you love; to me you use your Art :
 I had your Looks, another had your Heart.
 To me you're sick, to me of Spies afraid :
 He finds your Sickness gone, your Spies betray'd.
 I sigh beneath your Window all the Night;
 He in your Arms possesses the Delight.
 I know you treat me thus, false Fair, I do;
 And, oh! what plagues me worse, he knows it too :
 To him my Sighs are told, my Letters shown;
 And all my Pains are his Diversion grown.
 Yet since you cou'd such horrid Treasons act,
 I'm pleas'd you chose out him to do the Fact :
 His Vanity does for my Wrongs atone;
 And 'tis by that I have your Falshood known.
 What shall I do? for treated at this rate,
 I must not love; and yet I cannot hate.
 I hate the Actions, but I love the Face;
 Oh, were thy Virtue more, or Beauty less!
 I'm all Confusion, and my Soul's on Fire,
 Torn by contending Reason and Desire :
 This bids me love, that bids me Love give o'er;
 One counsels best, the other pleases more.
 I know I ought to hate you for your Fault;
 But, oh! I cannot do the thing I ought.
 Canst thou, mean Wretch! canst thou contented prove,
 With the cold Relicks of a Rival's Love?
 Why did I see that Face to charm my Breast?
 Or having seen, why did I know the rest?
 Gods! if I have obey'd your just Commands,
 If I've deserv'd some Favour of your Hands,
 Make me that tame, that easie Fool again,
 And rid me of my Knowledge, and my Pain.
 And you, false Fair! for whom so oft I've griev'd,
 Pity a Wretch that begs to be deceiv'd;
 Forswear your self for one who dies for you,
 Vow not a Word of the whole Charge was true;
 But Scandals all, and Forgeries, devis'd
 By a vain Wretch, neglected and despis'd.
 I too will help to forward the Deceit,
 And, to my Power, contribute to the Cheat.

And thou, bold Man, who think'st to rival me,
For thy Presumption I cou'd pardon thee;
I cou'd forgive thy lying in her Arms,
I cou'd forgive thy rifling all her Charms;
But, oh! I never can forgive the Tongue,
That boasts her Favours, and proclaims my Wrong.

Upon the same Occasion.

WHAT Fury does disturb my Rest?
What Hell is this within my Breast?
Now I abhor, and now I love;
And each an equal Torment prove.
I see *Celinda's* Cruelty,
I see she loves all Men but me;
I see her Falshood, see her Pride,
I see ten thousand Faults beside;
I see she sticks at nought that's ill;
Yet, oh ye Powers! I love her still.
Others on Precipices run,
Which, blind with Love, they cannot shun.
I see my Danger, see my Ruin,
Yet seek, yet court my own undoing;
And each new Reason I explore
To hate her, makes me love her more.

The ANTIDOTE.

WHEN I see the bright Nymph who my Heart
does enthrall,
When I view her soft Eyes, and her languishing Air,
Her Merit so great, my own Merit so small,
It makes me Adore, and it makes me Despair.
But

But when I consider that she squanders on Fools
 All those Treasures of Beauty with which she is stor'd;
 My Fancy it damps, my Passion it cools,
 And it makes me despise what before I ador'd.

Thus sometimes I despair, and sometimes I despise;
 I love, and I hate, but I never esteem
 The Passion grows up, when I view her bright Eyes,
 Which my Rivals destroy, when I look upon them.

How wisely does Nature things so diff'rent unite!
 In such odd Compositions our Safety is found;
 As the Blood of the Scorpion is a Cure for the Bite;
 So her Folly makes whole, whom her Beauty does
 Wound.

Upon a FAVOUR offer'd.

CÆlia, too late you wou'd repent;
 The off'ring all your Store;
 Is now but like a Pardon sent
 To one that's dead before.

While at the first you cruel prov'd;
 And grant the Bliss too late;
 You hinder'd me of one I lov'd,
 To give me one I hate.

I thought you innocent, as fair,
 When first my Court I made;
 But when your Fallhoods plain appear,
 My Love no longer stay'd.

Your Bounty of those Favours shown,
 Whose Worth your first deface;
 Is melting valu'd Medals down,
 And giving us the Brass.

Oh,

Oh, since the thing we beg's a Toy,
That's priz'd by Love alone,
Why cannot Women grant the Joy,
Before our Love is gone?

The RECONCILEMENT.

BE gone, ye Sighs! be gone, ye Tears!
Be gone, ye Jealousies and Fears!
Celinda swears she never lov'd,
Celinda swears none ever mov'd
Her Heart, but I; if this be true,
Shall I keep Company with you?
What tho' a senseless Rival swore,
She said as much to him before?
What tho' I saw him in her Bed?
I'll trust not what I saw, but what she said.
Curse on the Prudent and the Wise,
Who ne'er believe such pleasing Lies:
I grant she only does deceive;
I grant 'tis Folly to believe;
But by this Folly I vast Pleasures gain,
While you with all your Wisdom live in Pain.

DIALOGUE, *between a Lover and*
his Friend.

(Irregular VERSES.)

F R I E N D.

Value thy self, fond Youth, no more
On Favours *Mulus* had before;
He had her first, her Virgin Flame;
You like a bold Intruder came

To

378 *The* FOURTH PART of

To the cold Relicks of a Feast,
When he at first had seiz'd the best.

LOVER.

When he, dull Sot, had seiz'd the worse,
I came in at the Second Course;
'Tis Chance that first makes People love,
Judgment their riper Fancies move.
Mulus, you say, first charm'd her Eyes;
First, she lov'd Babies and Dirt Pies;
But she grew wiser, and in time
Found out the Folly of those Toys, and him.

FRIEND.

If Wisdom change in Love begets,
Women, no doubt, are wondrous Wits.
But Wisdom that now makes her change to you,
In time will make her change to others too.

LOVER.

I grant you no Man can foresee his Doom;
But shall I grieve because an Ill may come?
Yet I'll allow her Change, when she can see
A Man deserves her more than me,
As much as I deserve her more than he.

FRIEND.

Did they with our own Eyes see our Desert,
No Woman e'er cou'd from her Lover part.
But oh! they see not with their own,
All things to them are through false Opticks shown.
Love at the first does all your Charms encrease,
When the Tube's turn'd, Hate represents 'em less.

LOVER.

Whate'er may come, I will not grieve
For Dangers that I can't believe.
She'll ne'er cease loving me; or if she do,
'Tis ten to one I cease to love her too.



E P I G R A M.

L Y C E.

GO, said old *Lyce*, senseless Lover, go,
 And with soft Verses court the Fair; but know,
 With all thy Verses, thou canst get no more
 Than Fools without one Verse have had before.
 Enrag'd at this, upon the Bawd I flew;
 And that which most enrag'd me was, 'twas true.

The Fair MOURNER.

IN what sad Pomp the mournful Charmer lyes?
 Does she lament the Victim of her Eyes?
 Or wou'd she Hearts with soft Compassion move,
 To make 'em take the deeper stamp of Love?
 What Youth so wise, so wary to escape,
 When Rigour comes, drest up in Pity's shape?
 Let not in vain those precious Tears be shed,
 Pity the dying Fair One, not the Dead;
 While you unjustly of the Fates complain,
 I grieve as much for you, as much in vain.
 Each to relentless Judges make their moan,
 Blame not Death's Cruelty, but cease your own:
 While raging Passion both our Souls does wound,
 A Sovereign Balm might sure for both be found;
 Wou'd you but wipe your fruitless Tears away,
 And with a just Compassion mine survey.



E P I G R A M.

To his false Mistress.

THOU saidst that I alone thy Heart cou'd move,
 And that for me thou wou'dst abandon *Love*.
 I lov'd thee then, not with a Love defil'd,
 But as a Father loves his only Child.
 I know thee now, and tho' I fiercelier burn,
 Thou art become the Object of my Scorn.
 See what thy Falshood gets; I must confess
 I love thee more, but I esteem thee less.

E P I G R A M.

Love and Jealousie.

HOW much are they deceiv'd, who vainly strive,
 By jealous Fears, to keep our Flames alive?
 Love's like a Torch, which if secur'd from Blasts,
 Will faintlier burn; but then it longer lasts.
 Expos'd to Storms of Jealousie and Doubt,
 The Blaze grows greater, but 'tis sooner out.

E L E G Y.

*The Petition.**(In Imitation of Catullus.)*

IS there a pious Pleasure, that proceeds
 From contemplation of our virtuous Deeds?
 That all mean, sordid Actions we despise,
 And scorn to gain a Throne by Cheats and Lies?
Thyrsis,

MISCELLANY POEMS. 381

Thyrsis, thou hast sure Blessings laid in Store,
 From thy just dealing in this curst Amour.
 What Honour can in Words or Deeds be shown,
 Which to the Fair thou hast not said and done?
 On her false Heart they all are thrown away;
 She only swears, more eas'ly to betray.
 Ye Powers! that know the many Vows she broke,
 Free my just Soul from this unequal Yoke!
 My Love boils up, and, like a raging Flood,
 Runs through my Veins, and taints my Vital Blood.
 I do not vainly beg she may grow Chaste,
 Or with an equal Passion burn at last;
 The one she cannot practise, tho' she wou'd,
 And I condemn the other, tho' she shou'd.
 Nor ask I Vengeance on the perjur'd Jilt:
 'Tis Punishment enough to have her Guilt.
 I beg but Balsam for my bleeding Breast,
 Cure for my Wounds, and from my Labours Rest.

E L E G Y.

Upon quitting his Mistress.

I Know, *Celinda*, I have born too long,
 And, by forgiving, have encreas'd my Wrong:
 Yet if there be a Power in Verse to slack
 Thy Course in Vice, or bring fled Virtue back,
 I'll undertake the Task; howe'er so hard,
 A gen'rous Action is its own Reward.
 Oh! were thy Virtues equal to thy Charms,
 I'd fly from Crowns to live within those Arms:
 But who, oh who, can e'er believe thee just,
 When such known Falshoods have destroyed all Trust?
 Farewell, false Fair! nor shall I longer stay;
 Since we must part, why should we thus delay?

Your

382 *The FOURTH PART of*

Your Love alone, was what my Soul cou'd prize;
 And missing that, can all the rest despise.
 Yet should I not repent my Follies past,
 Cou'd you take up, and grow reserv'd at last;
 'Twould please me, parted from your fatal Charms,
 To see you happy in another's Arms.
 Whatever Threat'nings Fury might extort,
 Oh! fear not I shou'd ever do you hurt:
 For tho' my former Passion is remov'd,
 I wou'd not injure one I once had lov'd.
 Adieu! While thus I waste my time in vain,
 Sure there are Maids I might intirely gain:
 I'll search for such, and to the first that's true,
 Re-sign the Heart so hardly freed from you.

To his M I S T R E S S.

Against Marriage.

YES, all the World must sure agree,
 He who's secur'd of having thee,
 Will be entirely blest;
 But 'twere in me too great a Wrong,
 To make one who has been so long
 My Queen, my Slave at last.

Nor ought those things to be confin'd,
 That were for publick Good design'd;
 Cou'd we in foolish Pride,
 Make the Sun always with us stay,
 'Twou'd burn our Corn and Grass away,
 To starve the World beside.

Let not the Thoughts of Parting fright,
 • Two Souls which Passion does unite;

For

MISCELLANY POEMS. 383

For while our Love does last,
Neither will strive to go away;
And why the Devil shou'd we stay,
When once that Love is past?

EPIGRAM.

CHLOE.

Chloe new-married looks on Men no more;
Why then 'tis plain for what she look'd before.

EPIGRAM.

CORNUS.

Cornus proclaims aloud, his Wife's a Whore;
Alas, good Cornus, what can we do more?
Wert thou no Cuckold, we might make thee one;
But being one, we cannot make thee none.

EPIGRAM.

THRASO.

Thraso picks Quarrels when he's drunk at Night;
When sober in the Morning, dares not fight.
Thraso, to shun those Ills that may ensue,
Drink not at Night, or drink at Morning too.

EPIGRAM.

E P I G R A M.

GRIPE and SHIFTER.

RICH *Gripe* does all his Thoughts and Cunning
 bend,
 T' encrease that Wealth he wants the Soul to spend.
 Poor *Shifter* does his whole Contrivance set
 To spend that Wealth, he wants the Sense to get.
 How happy wou'd appear to each his Fate,
 Had *Gripe* his Humour, or he *Gripe's* Estate!
 Kind Fate and Fortune, blend 'em if you can,
 And of two Wretches, make one happy Man.

To CÆLIA, upon some Alterations
 in her Face.

AH, *Calia*! where are now the Charms,
 That did such wondrous Passions move?
 Time, cruel Time, those Eyes disarms,
 And blunts the feeble Darts of Love.

What Malice does the Tyrant bear
 To Womens Int'rest, and to ours?
 Beauties to which the Publick share,
 The greedy Villain first devours.

Who, without Tears, can see a Prince,
 That Trains of fawning Courties had,
 Abandon'd, left without Defence?
 Nor is thy helpless Fate less sad.

Thou who so many Fools hast known,
 And all the Fools wou'd hardly do,
 Shou'dst now confine thy self to one!
 And he, alas! a Husband too.

See the ungrateful Slaves, how fast
They from thy setting Glories run;
And in what mighty Crowds they haste,
To worship *Flavia's* rising Sun!

In vain are all the practis'd Wiles,
In vain those Eyes wou'd Love impart;
Not all th' Advances, all the Smiles,
Can move one unrelenting Heart.

While *Flavia*, charming *Flavia* still,
By Cruelty, her Cause maintains;
And scarce vouchsafes a careless Smile
To the Poor Slaves that wear her Chains.

Well, *Calia*, let them waste their Tears
But sure they will in time Repine,
That thou hast not a Face like hers,
Or she has not a Heart like thine.

The RETIREMENT.

ALL hail, ye Fields, where constant Peace attends!
All hail, ye sacred, solitary Groves!
All hail, ye Books, my true, my real Friends,
Whose Conversation pleases, and improves!

Could one who study'd your sublimer Rules,
Become so mad to search for Joys abroad?
To run to Towns, to herd with Knave and Fools,
And undistinguish'd pass'd among the Crowd?

One to ambitious Fancy's made a Prey,
Thinks Happiness in great Preferment lies;
Nor fears for that his Country to betray,
Curst by the Fools, and laught at by the Wife.

S

Others,

386 *The FOURTH PART of*

Others, whom avaricious Thoughts bewitch,
Consume their Time, to multiply their Gains;
And fancying Wretched all that are not Rich,
Neglect the End of Life, to get the Means.

Others the Name of Pleasure does invite,
All their dull Time in sensual Joys they live;
And hope to gain that solid firm Delight
By Vice, which Innocence alone can give.

But how perplex, alas! is human Fate?
I whom nor Avarice, nor Pleasures move;
Who view with scorn the Trophies of the Great,
Yet must my self be made a Slave to Love.

If this dire Passion never will be gone,
If Beauty always must my Heart enthrall;
Oh! rather let me be confin'd to one,
Than madly thus be made a Prey to all!

One who has early known the Poms of State;
(For things unknown 'tis Ign'rance to condemn)
And after having view'd the gawdy Bait,
Can boldly say, The Trifle I contemn.

In her blest Arms contented cou'd I live,
Contented cou'd I die: But, oh! my Mind
I feed with Fancies, and my Thoughts deceive,
With hope of things impossible to find.

In Women how shou'd Sense and Beauty meet?
The wisest Men their Youth in Follies spend;
The best is he that earliest finds the Cheat,
And sees his Errors while there's time to mend.

PASTORAL

PASTORAL ECLOGUES.

ECLOGUE I.

DAPHNE.

Sicilian Muse, my humble Voice inspire
To sing of *Daphne's* Charms and *Damon's* Fire.
Long had the faithful Swain suppress'd his Grief,
And since he durst not hope, ne'er ask'd Relief.
But at th' arrival of the fatal Day,
That took the Nymph and all his Joys away;
With dying Looks he gaz'd upon the Fair,
And what his Tongue could not, his Eyes declare:
'Till with deep Sighs, as if his heart-strings broke,
Pressing her Hand, these tender Things he spoke:

DAMON.

Ah lovely Nymph! behold your Lover burn,
And view the Passion which you'll not return.
As no Nymph's Charms did ever equal thine;
So no Swain's Love did ever equal mine.
How happy, Fair, how happy should I be,
Might I but Sacrifice my self for thee?
Cou'd I but please thee with my dying Verse,
And make thee shed one Tear upon my Herse?

DAPHNE.

Too free an Offer of that Love you make,
Which now, alas, I have not Pow'r to take:
Your Wounds I cannot, tho' I wou'd, relieve:
Phaon has all the Love that I can give.
Had you among the rest at first assail'd
My Heart, when free, you had perhaps prevail'd.
Now if you blame, oh blame not me, but Fate,
That never brought you 'till 'twas grown too late.

DAMON.

Had the Fates brought me then, too charming Fair,
I could not hope, and now I must despair.

388 *The FOURTH PART of*

Rul'd by your Friends, you quit the Lover's Flame,
For Flocks, for Pastures, for an empty Name.
Yet tho' the blest Possession Fate denies;
Oh let me gaze for ever on those Eyes.
So just, so true, so innocent's my Flame,
That *Phaon*, did he see it, cou'd not blame.

D A P H N E.

Such generous Ends I know you still pursue,
What I can do, be sure I will for you.
If on Esteem, or Pity, you can live,
Or hopes of more, if I had more to give;
Those you may have, but cannot have my Heart:
And since we now perhaps for ever part;
Such noble Thoughts through all your Life express,
May make the Value more, the Pity less.

D A M O N.

Can you then go? Can you for ever part
(Ye Gods! what shivering Pains surround my Heart!)
And have one Thought to make your Pity less?
Ah *Daphne*, cou'd I half my Pangs express,
You cou'd not think, tho' hard as Rocks you were,
Your Pity ever cou'd too great appear.
I ne'er shall be one Moment free from Pain,
'Till I behold those charming Eyes again.
When gay Diversions do your Thoughts employ,
I wou'd not come to interrupt the Joy:
But when from them you some spare Moment find,
Think then, oh think on whom you leave behind!
Think with what Heart I shall behold the Green,
Where I so oft those charming Eyes have seen!
Think with what Grief I walk the Groves alone,
When you, the Glory of them all, are gone!
Yet, oh! that little Time you have to stay,
Let me still speak, and gaze my Soul away!
But see, my Passion that small Aid denies;
Grief stops my Tongue, and Tears o'er-flow my Eyes.



ECLOGUE

E C L O G U E II.

G A L A T E A.

T *Hyrsis*, the gayest one of all the Swains,
 Who fed their Flocks upon th' *Arcadian* Plains;
 While Love's mad Passion quite devour'd his Heart,
 And the coy Nymph that caus'd, neglects his Smart;
 Strives in low Numbers, such as Shepherds use,
 If not to move her Breast, his own t' amuse.
 You, *Chloris*, who with scorn refuse to see
 The mighty Wounds that you have made on me;
 Yet cannot sure with equal Pride disdain,
 To hear an humble Hind of his complain.

Now while the Flocks and Herds to Shades retire,
 While the fierce Sun sets all the World on fire;
 Thro' burning Fields, thro' rugged Brakes I rove,
 And to the Hills and Woods declare my Love.
 How small's the Heat? how easie is the Pain
 I feel without, to that I feel within?

Yet scornful *Galatea* will not hear,
 But from my Songs and Pipe still turns her Ear.
 Not so the sage *Corisca*, nor the fair
Climena, nor rich *Ægon*'s only Care;
 From them my Songs a just Compassion drew,
 And they shall have them, since contemn'd by you.

Why name I them, when ev'n chaste *Cynthia* stays,
 And *Pan* himself, to listen to my Lays?
Pan, whose sweet Pipe has been admir'd so long,
 Has not disdain'd sometimes to hear my Song.
 Yet *Galatea* scorns whate'er I say;
 And *Galatea*'s wiser sure than they.

Relentless Nymph! can nothing move your Mind?
 Must you be deaf, because you are unkind?
 Tho' you dislike the Subject of my Lays,
 Yet sure the Sweetness of my Voice might please.

It is not thus that you dull *Mopsus* use,
 His Songs divert you, tho' you mine refuse.
 Yet I cou'd tell you, fair One, if I wou'd,
 (And since you treat me thus, methinks I shou'd)
 What the wise *Lycon* said, when in yon Plain
 He saw him Court in hope, and me in vain;
 Forbear, fond Youth, to chase a heedless Fair,
 Nor think with well-tun'd Verse to please her Ear;
 Seek out some other Nymph, nor e'er repine,
 That one who likes his Songs, shou'd fly from thine.
 Ah, *Lycon*! ah! your Rage false Dangers forms;
 'Tis not his Songs, but 'tis his Fortune Charms:
 Yet, scornful Maid, in time you'll find those Toys
 Can yield no real, no substantial Joys;
 In vain his Wealth, his Titles, gain Esteem,
 If for all that you are asham'd of him.

Ah, *Galatea*, wou'dst thou turn those Eyes,
 Wou'dst thou but once vouchsafe to hear my Cries:
 In such soft Notes I wou'd my Pains impart,
 As cou'd not fail to move thy rocky Heart;
 With such sweet Songs I wou'd thy Fame make known,
 As *Pan* himself might not disdain to own.
 Oh cou'dst thou, fair One, but contented be
 To tend the Sheep, and chase the Hares with me;
 To have thy Praises eccho'd thro' the Groves,
 And pass thy Days with one who truly Loves;
 Nor let those gaudy Toys thy Heart surprize,
 Which the Fools envy, and the Sage despise.

But *Galatea* scorns my humble Flame,
 And neither asks my Fortune, nor my Name.
 Of the best Cheese my well-stor'd Dairy's full,
 And my soft Sheep produce the finest Wool;
 The richest Wines of *Greece* my Vineyards yield,
 And smiling Crops of Grain adorn my Field.

Ah, foolish Youth! in vain thou boast'st thy Store,
 Have what thou wilt, if *Mopsus* still has more.
 See whil'st thou sing'st, behold her haughty Pride,
 With what disdain she turns her Head aside!
 Oh, why wou'd Nature, to our Ruin, place
 A Tyger's Heart, with such an Angel's Face?

Cease,

Cease, Shepherd, cease at last thy fruitless Moan;
Nor hope to gain a Heart already gone.
While Rocks and Caves thy tuneful Notes resound,
See how thy Corn lyes wither'd on the Ground!
The hungry Wolves devour thy fatten'd Lambs;
And bleating for the Young, makes lean the Dams.
Take, Shepherd, take thy Hook, thy Flocks pursue,
And when one Nymph proves cruel, find a new.

E C L O G U E III.

D A M O N.

(Taken from the Eighth Eclogue of Virgil.)

A Rise, O *Phosphorus*! and bring the Day,
While I in Sighs and Tears consume away;
Deceiv'd with flattering hopes of *Nisa's* Love;
And to the Gods my vain Petitions move:
Tho' they've done nothing to prevent my Death,
I'll yet invoke them with my dying Breath.
Begin, my Muse, begin th' Arcadian Strains.

Arcadia's famous for its spacious Plains,
Its whistling Pine-Trees, and its shady Groves,
And often hears the Swains lament their Loves,
Great *Pan* upon its Mountains feeds his Goats,
Who first taught Reeds to warble rural Notes.
Begin, my Muse, begin th' Arcadian Strains.

Mopsus weds *Nisa*! Oh, well-suited Pair!
When he succeeds, what Lover can despair?
After this Match, let Mares and Griffins breed;
And Hounds with Hares in friendly Consort feed.
Go, *Mopsus*, go; provide the Bridal Cake;
And to thy Bed the blooming Virgin take:
In her soft Arms thou shalt securely rest
Behold, the Evening comes to make thee blest!
Begin, my Muse, begin th' Arcadian Strains.

I

Oh!

Oh! *Nisa*, happy in a lovely Choice!
 While you with Scorn neglect my Pipe and Voice;
 While you despise my humble Songs, my Herd,
 My shaggy Eye-brows, and my rugged Beard;
 While through the Plains disdainfully you move,
 And think no Shepherd can deserve your Love;
Mopsus alone can the nice Virgin win,
 With charming Person, and with graceful Mien.
Begin, my Muse, begin th' Arcadian Strains.

When first I saw you on those fatal Plains,
 I reach'd you Fruit; your Mother too was there;
 Scarce had you seen the thirteenth Spring appear:
 Yet Beauty's Buds were opening in your Face;
 I gaz'd, and Blushes did your Charms encrease.
 'Tis Love, thought I, that's rising in her Breast;
 Alas, your Passion, by my own, I guest;
 Then upon Trust, I fed the raging Pains.
Begin, my Muse, begin th' Arcadian Strains.

Oh Love! I know thee now; thou ow'st thy Birth
 To Rocks; some craggy Mountains brought thee
 forth:

Nor is it Human Blood that fills thy Veins.
Begin, my Muse, begin th' Arcadian Strains.

Relentless Love the bold *Medea* shew'd
 To stain her Hands in her own Childrens Blood.
 Was she more cruel, or more wicked he?
 He was a wicked Counsellor, a cruel Mother she.
Begin, my Muse, begin th' Arcadian Strains.

Now let the Screech-Owls vie with warbling Swans;
 Upon hard Oaks let blushing Peaches grow,
 And from the Brambles, liquid Amber flow.
 The harmless Wolves, the rav'nous Sheep shall shun;
 And valiant Deer, at fearful Grey-hounds run:
 Let the Sea rise, and overflow the Plains.
Begin, my Muse, begin th' Arcadian Strains.

Adieu, ye Flocks, no more shall I pursue!
 Adieu, ye Groves, a long, a long Adieu!
 And you, coy Nymph, who all my Vows disdain,
 Take this last Present from a dying Swain.

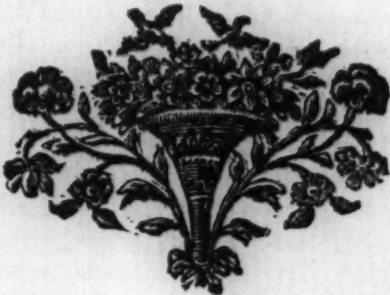
Since

MISCELLANY POEMS. 393

Since you dislike whate'er in Life I said,
You may be pleas'd, perhaps, to hear I'm dead:
This Leap shall put an end to all my Pains.
Now cease, my Muse, now cease th' Arcadian Strains.

Thus *Damon* sung while on the Cliff he stood,
Then headlong plung'd into the raging Flood.
All with united Grief the Loss bemoan,
Except the Authress of his Fate alone,
Who hears it with an unrelenting Breast.
Ah, cruel Nymph! forbear your Scorns at least!
How much foe'er you may the Love despise,
'Tis barb'rous to insult on one that dies.

The End of the FOURTH PART.



MISCELLANEOUS

So, you think, perhaps, to hear the
I cannot be pleased to hear the
The deep fall on the end of my
You say, my little, and you say
That I have long been on the
Then, I have long been on the
All with me, O! the love of
Except the love of the love of
Who heart is with an everlasting
The heart is with an everlasting
The heart is with an everlasting
The heart is with an everlasting

THE END OF THE FOUNTAIN



